WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON.

VOL. XV.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

SCIO.

(Fontana dé Melek Mehmet, Pasha)

Published by John Murray, Albemarle Street 1838.

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LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1833.

THE

WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON:

WITH

HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS,

AND HIS LIFE,

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

VOL. XV.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Volume contains three Cantos of Don Juan,—the first and second written at Venice, in 1818; and the third written at Ravenna, in October, 1819. A Dedication, and several other stanzas hitherto suppressed, are now given in the proper places; and from two separate MSS. of the Poet many curious various readings have been supplied.

Two prose pieces, on the subject of Don Juan, one of which had not before been published, are also included in this Volume.

In the notes to *the shipwreck* in Canto II. we have endeavoured to trace minutely the authorities which the Poet had before him when composing that extraordinary description. Since the sheets went to press, Lord Byron's own copy of Erasmus's Dialogues has been politely forwarded for our use in reference to that Canto. The delightful colloquy entitled "Naufragium" must, as it is obvious from his Lordship's pencil-marks, have been much in his hands; and we may here give one passage,

which, had our attention been called to it sooner, would have formed a marginal note to stanza xliv. Canto II.:—

"Aderat Anglus quidam, qui promittebat montes aureos Virgini Walsamgamicæ, si vivus attigisset terram: alii multa promittebant ligno crucis, quod esset in tali loco. Unum audivi, non sine risu, qui clarâ voce, ne non exaudiretur, polliceretur Christophoro, qui est Lutetiæ in summo templo, mons verius quam statua, *cereum tantum quantus esset ipse.* Hæc cum vociferans quantum poterat identidem inculcaret, qui forte proximus assistebat illi notus, cubito illum tetigit, ac submonuit: Vide quid pollicearis: etiamsi rerum omnium tuarum auctionem facias, non fueris solvendo. Tum ille, voce jam pressiore, ne videlicet exaudiret Christophorus: Tace, inquit, fatue! An credis me ex animo loqui? Si semel contigero terram, non daturus sum illi candelam sebaceam!" *

London, February 15. 1833.

* "There was there a certain Englishman, who promised golden mountains to Our Lady of Walsingham, if he touched land again. Others promised many things to the Wood of the Cross, which was in such a place. I heard one, not without laughter, who, with a clear voice, lest he should not be heard, promised Christopher, who is at Paris, on the top of a church, — a mountain more truly than a statue, — *a wax candle as big as he was himself.* When, bawling out as hard as he could, the man reiterated this offer, an acquaintance that by chance stood next, known to him, touched him with his elbow, and said — 'Have a care what you promise; though you make an auction of all your goods, you 'll not be able to pay.' Then he says, with a voice now lower, to wit, lest Christopher should hear, — 'Hold your tongue, you fool; do you think I speak from my heart? If once I touch land, I 'll not give him a tallow candle.'" — CLARKE's *Translation.*

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DON JUAN.

"Difficile est propriè communia dicere." — Hor.

PREFACE.

THE reader of the "Notices of the Life of Lord Byron" is already in possession of abundant details, concerning the circumstances under which the successive cantos of Don Juan were produced. We think it right, however, to repeat, in this place, some of the most striking passages of the Poet's own letters, with reference to this performance: —

September 19. 1818. — "I have finished the First Canto (a long one, of about 180 octaves) of a poem in the style and manner of Beppo, encouraged by the good success of the same. It is called Don Juan, and is meant to be a little quietly facetious upon every thing. But I doubt whether it is not — at least, as far as it has yet gone — too free for these very modest days. However, I shall try the experiment anonymously; and if it don't take, it will be discontinued. It is dedicated to Southey, in good, simple, savage verse, upon the Laureate's politics, and the way he got them."

January 25. 1819. — "Print it entire, omitting, of course, the lines on Castlereagh, as I am not on the spot to meet him. I have acquiesced in the request and representation; and having done so, it is idle to detail my arguments in favour of my own self-love and 'poeshie;' but I *protest*. If the poem has poetry, it would stand; if not, fall; the rest is 'leather and prunello,' and has never yet affected any human production 'pro or con.' Dulness is the only annihilator in such cases. As to the cant of the day, I despise it, as I have ever done all its other finical fashions, which become you as paint became the ancient Britons. If you admit this prudery, you must omit half Ariosto, La Fontaine, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, all the Charles Second writers; in short, *something* of most who have written before Pope and are worth reading, and much of Pope himself. *Read him* — most of you *don't* — but *do* — and I will forgive you; though the inevitable consequence would be, that you would burn all I have ever written, and all your other wretched Claudians of the day (except Scott and Crabbe) into the bargain."

February 1. 1819. — " I have not yet begun to copy out the Second Canto, which is finished, from natural laziness, and the discouragement of the milk and water they have thrown upon the First. I say all this to them as to you, that is, for *you* to say to *them*, for I will have nothing underhand. If they had told me the poetry was bad, I would have acquiesced; but they say the contrary, and then talk to me about *morality* — the first time I ever heard the word from any body who was not a rascal that used it for a purpose. I maintain that it is the most moral of poems; but if people won't discover the moral, that is their fault, not mine."

April 6. 1819. — " You sha'n't make *canticles* of my cantos. The poem will please, if it is lively; if it is stupid, it will fail: but I will have none of your damned cutting and slashing. If you please, you may publish *anonymously;* it will perhaps be better; but I will battle my way against them all, like a porcupine."

August 12. 1819. — " You are right, Gifford is right, Crabbe is right, Hobhouse is right — you are all right, and I am all wrong; but do, pray, let me have that pleasure. Cut me up root and branch; quarter me in the Quarterly; send round my ' disjecti membra poetæ,' like those of the Levite's concubine; make me, if you will, a spectacle to men and angels; but don't ask me to alter, for I won't: — I am obstinate and lazy — and there 's the truth. — You ask me for the plan of Donny Johnny: I *have* no plan; I *had* no plan; but I had or have materials; though if, like Tony Lumpkin, ' I am to be snubbed so when I am in spirits,' the poem will be naught, and the poet turn serious again. If it don't take, I will leave it off where it is, with all due respect to the public; but if continued, it must be in my own way. You might as well make Hamlet (or Diggory) ' act mad' in a strait waistcoat, as trammel my buffoonery, if I am to be a buffoon; their gestures and my thoughts would only be pitiably absurd and ludicrously constrained. Why, man, the soul of such writing is its licence; at least the *liberty* of that *licence*, if one likes — *not* that one should abuse it. It is like Trial by Jury and Peerage, and the Habeas Corpus — a very fine thing, but chiefly in the *reversion;* because no one wishes to be tried for the mere pleasure of proving his possession of the privilege. (1)

" But a truce with these reflections. You are too earnest and eager about a work never intended to be serious. Do you suppose that I could have any intention but to giggle and make giggle? — a playful satire, with as little poetry as could be helped, was what I meant. And as to the indecency, do, pray, read in Boswell what Johnson, the sullen moralist, says of Prior and Paulo Purgante." (1)

August 24. 1819. — " Keep the anonymous: it helps what fun there may be. But if the matter grow serious about ' Don Juan,' and you feel yourself in a scrape, or me either, *own that I am the author. I* will never shrink; and if *you* do, I can always answer you in the question of Guatimozin to his minister — each being on his own coals. (2) I wish that I had been in better spirits; but I am out of sorts, out of nerves, and, now and then, (I begin to fear) out of my senses."

(1) [See Croker's Boswell, vol. iv. p. 45.]

(2) [" Am I now reposing on a bed of flowers ? " — ROBERTSON.]

Such additional particulars, respecting the production of the later Cantos, as may seem to deserve preservation, shall be given as the poem proceeds. In the mean time, we have been much puzzled how to put the reader, who does not recollect the incidents of 1819, in possession of any thing like an adequate view of the nature and extent of the animadversion called forth by the first publication of Don Juan.

Cantos I. and II. appeared in London, in July, 1819, without the name either of author or bookseller, in a thin quarto; and the periodical press immediately teemed with the "*judicia doctorum — necnon aliorum.*" It has occurred to us, that on this occasion we might do worse than adopt the example set us in the Preface to the first complete edition of the Dunciad. We there read as follows: — "Before we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern Authors), we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our Poet: various, indeed — not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent Wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious." In like manner, therefore, let us now gratify our readers, by selecting, in reference to Don Juan, a few of the chief

Testimonies of Authors,

beginning with the most courtly, and decorous, and high-spirited of newspapers,

I. THE MORNING POST.

"The greatest anxiety having been excited with respect to the appearance of this Poem, we shall lay a few stanzas before our readers, merely

observing, that, whatever its character, report has been completely erroneous respecting it. If it is not (and truth compels us to admit it is not) the most moral production in the world, but more in the 'Beppo' style, yet is there nothing of the sort which Scandal with her hundred tongues whispered abroad, and Malignity joyfully believed and repeated, contained in it. 'Tis simply a tale and *righte merrie conceit*, flighty, wild, extravagant — immoral too, it must be confessed; but no arrows are levelled at innocent bosoms, no sacred family peace invaded; and they must have, indeed, a strange self-consciousness, who can discover their own portrait in any part of it. Thus much, though we cannot advocate the book, truth and justice ordain us to declare." [July, 1819.]

Even more complimentary, on this occasion, was the sober, matter-of-fact *Thwaits*ism of the

II. MORNING HERALD.

"It is hardly safe or discreet to speak of Don Juan, that truant offspring of Lord Byron's muse. It may be said, however, that, with all its sins, the copiousness and flexibility of the English language were never before so triumphantly approved — that the same compass of talent — 'the grave, the gay, the great, the small,' comic force, humour, metaphysics, and observation — boundless fancy and ethereal beauty, and curious knowledge, curiously applied, have never been blended with the same felicity in any other poem."

Next comes a harsher voice, from — probably Lees Giffard, Esq., LL.D. — at all events, from that staunch and undeviating organ of high Toryism, the "St. James's Chronicle," still flourishing, but now better known to London readers by its *daily* title of "The Standard."

III. ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

"Of indirect testimony, that the poem comes from the pen of Lord Byron, there is enough to enforce conviction. The same full command of our language, the same thorough knowledge of all that is evil in our nature, the condensed energy of sentiment, and the striking boldness of imagery — all the characteristics by which Childe Harold, the Giaour, and the Corsair, are distinguished — shine with kindred splendour in Don Juan. Would we had not to add another point of resemblance, in the utter absence of moral feeling, and the hostility to religion, which betray themselves in almost every passage of the new poem! But Don Juan is, alas! the most licentious poem which has for many years issued from the English press. There is, it is true, nothing so revolting in its plot as the stories of Manfred and Parisina; neither

is the hero so repulsively immoral as Childe Harold, or the Giaour; but, with equal laxity of sentiment, there is much more of voluptuous description, unattended, in the present ease, by the retributive suffering and penal remorse which cast the veil of their dark shadows over the gross sensuality of Lord Byron's other heroes."

The fourth on our list is "The New Times," conducted in those days by a worthy and learned man, Sir John Stoddart, LL.D., now Chief Justice of Malta.

IV. NEW TIMES.

"The popularity of the opera of 'Il Don Giovanni,' in all probability, suggested this poem. The hero is the same, and there is no obvious improvement in his morality. He has the same spirit of intrigue, and the same unrestricted success. The work is clever and pungent, sometimes reminding us of the earlier and more inspired day of the writer, but chiefly characterised by his latter style of scattered versification and accidental poetry. It begins with a few easy prefatory stanzas relative to the choice of a hero; and then details the learned and circumspect education of Don Juan, under his lady mother's eye. Lord Byron knows the additional vigour to be found in drawing from the life; and his portraiture of the literary matron, who is, like Michael Cassio, a great arithmetician, some touches on the folly of female studies, and a lament over the henpecked husbands who are linked to 'ladies intellectual,' are obviously the results of domestic recollections."

Lord Burleigh himself never shook his head more sagely than

V. THE STATESMAN.

"This is a very large book, affecting many mysteries, but possessing very few; assuming much originality, though it hath it not. The author is wrong to pursue so eccentric a flight. It is too artificial; it is too much like the enterprise of Icarus; and his declination, or, at any rate, that of his book, will be as rapid, if not as disastrous, as the fabled tumble of that ill-starred youth."

We pass to "The Literary Gazette," edited then, as now, by William Jerdan, Esq. of Grove House, Brompton; who is sure of being remembered hereafter for his gallant seizure of Bellingham, the assassin of Perceval, in the lobby of the House of Commons, on the 11th of May, 1812; and the

establishment of the first Weekly Journal of Criticism and Belles Letters in England.

VI. LITERARY GAZETTE.

"There is neither author's nor publisher's name to this book; and the large quarto titlepage looks quite pure, with only seventeen words scattered over its surface: perhaps we cannot say that there is equal purity throughout; but there is not much of an opposite kind, to offend even fastidious criticism, or sour morality. That Lord Byron is the author there is internal proof. The public mind, so agitated by the strange announcement of this stranger, in the newspaper advertisements, may repose in quiet; since we can assure our readers that the *avatar* so dreaded, neither refers to the return of Buonaparte, nor to the coming of any other great national calamity, but simply to the publication of an exceedingly clever and entertaining poem. Even when we blame the too great laxity of the poet, we cannot but feel a high admiration of his talent. Far superior to the libertine he paints, fancifulness and gaiety gild his worst errors, and no brute force is employed to overthrow innocence. Never was English festooned into more luxuriant stanzas than in Don Juan. Like the dolphin sporting in its native waves, at every turn, however grotesque, displaying a new hue and a new beauty, the noble author has shown an absolute control over his means; and at every cadence, rhyme, or construction, however whimsical, delighted us with novel and magical associations. The style and nature of this poem appear to us to be a singular mixture of burlesque and pathos, of humorous observation and the higher elements of poetical composition. Almost every stanza yields a proof of this; as they are so constructed, that the first six lines and the last two usually alternate with tenderness or whim. In ribaldry and drollery, the author is surpassed by many writers who have had their day and sunk into oblivion; but in highly wrought interest, and overwhelming passion, he is himself alone. Here is the basis of his fame; and we could wish that the structure stood uncontaminated with that levity and pruriency which the less scrupulous may laugh at to-day, but which has no claim to the applause of judicious or moral contemporaries, or of impartial posterity."

As the Editor of the Journal above quoted thought fit to insert, soon after, certain extracts from a work then — (and probably still) — in MS., entitled "Lord Byron's Plagiarisms," he (the Editor) will not think it indecorous in us here to append a specimen of the said work — which is known to have proceeded from no less a pen than that of

VII. ALARIC A. WATTS, ESQ.

"A great deal has been said, at various times, about the originality of Lord Byron's conception, as it respects the characters of the heroes and

heroines of his poetry. We are, however, disposed to believe, that his *dramatis personæ* are mostly the property of other *exhibitors*, although he may sometimes furnish them with new dresses and decorations, — with 'sable hair,' 'unearthly scowls,' 'a vital scorn' of all beside themselves, — and such additional improvements as he may consider necessary, in order to enable them to make their appearance with satisfaction to himself, and profit, or at least amusement, to the public. Sooth to say, there are few people better adapted to play the part of a Corsair than his lordship; for he is positively unequalled by any marauder we ever met with or heard of, in the extent and variety of his literary piracies, and unacknowledged obligations to various great men — aye, and women too — living as well as deceased."

The next Weekly Journalist whom we hold it proper to quote is "The Champion" — in other words, Thomas Hill, Esq., the generous original patron of Kirke White and Robert Bloomfield, so eloquently lauded by Southey in his Life of the former of these poets — then proprietor of

VIII. THE CHAMPION.

'Don Juan is undoubtedly from the pen of Lord Byron; and the mystery in the publication seems to be nothing but a bookseller's trick to excite curiosity and enhance the sale: for although the book is infinitely more immoral than the publications against which the prosecutions of the Society for the Suppression of Vice are directed, we find nothing in it that could be likely to be regarded as actionable. At the bar of moral criticism, indeed, it may and must be arraigned; and against the process and decrees of that court, the subterfuges appealed to will be no protection. Other writers, in their attacks upon whatever mankind may or ought to reverence, make their advances in partial detail; Lord Byron proceeds by general assault. Some, while they war against religion, pay homage to morality; and others, while they subvert all morals, cant about religion; Lord Byron displays at once all the force and energy of his faculties, all the powers of poetry, and the missiles of wit and ridicule, against whatever is respectable in either. There is, of course, a good deal of miscellaneous matter dispersed through the two cantos: and though, in those parts which affect to be critical, the wantonness of wit is sometimes more apparent than the sedateness of impartial judgment; and though the politics occasionally savour more of caustic misanthropy, than of that ardent patriotic enthusiasm which constitutes the charm of that subject — upon both these topics, on the whole, we find much more to commend than to censure."

Among the Monthly critics, the first place is due to the venerable Sylvanus Urban.

IX. GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"Don Juan is obviously intended as a satire upon some of the conspicuous characters of the day. The best friends of the poet must, with ourselves, lament to observe abilities of so high an order rendered subservient to the spirit of infidelity and libertinism. The noble bard, by employing his genius on a worthy subject, might delight and instruct mankind; but the present work, though written with ease and spirit, and containing many truly poetical passages, cannot be read by persons of moral and religious feelings without the most decided reprobation." [Aug. 1819.]

We next have the

X. MONTHLY REVIEW.

"Don Juan is a poem, which, if originality and variety be the surest test of genius, has certainly the highest title to it; and which, we think, would have puzzled Aristotle, with all his strength of poetics, to explain, have animated Longinus with some of its passages, have delighted Aristophanes, and have choked Anacreon with joy instead of with a grape. We might almost imagine that the ambition had seized the author to please and to displease the world at the same time; but we can scarcely think that he deserves the fate of the old man and his son and the ass, in the fable, — or that he will please nobody,—how strongly soever we may condemn the more than poetic licence of his muse. He has here exhibited that wonderful versatility of style and thought, which appears almost incompatible within the scope of a single subject; and the familiar and the sentimental, the witty and the sublime, the sarcastic and the pathetic, the gloomy and the droll, are all touched with so happy an art, and mingled together with such a power of union, yet such a discrimination of style, that a perusal of the poem appears more like a pleasing and ludicrous dream, than the sober feeling of reality. It is certainly one of the strangest, though not the best, of dreams; and it is much to be wished that the author, before he lay down to sleep, had invoked, like Shakspeare's Lysander, some good angel to protect him against the wicked spirit of slumbers. We hope, however, that his readers have learned to admire his genius without being in danger from its influence; and we must not be surprised if a poet *will* not always write to instruct as well as to please us. Still we must explicitly condemn and reprobate various passages and expressions in the poem, which we shall not insult the understanding, the taste, or the feeling of our readers by pointing out; endeavouring rather, like artful chemists, to extract an essence from the mass, which, resembling the honey from poisonous flowers, may yet be sweet and pure." [Aug. 1819.]

To which add a miscellany which, in spite of great occasional merit, is now defunct — the

XI. LONDON MAGAZINE.

" Lord Byron's poem of Don Juan, though a wonderful proof of the versatility of his powers, is avowedly licentious. It is a satire on decency, on fine feeling, on the rules of conduct necessary to the conservation of society, and on some of his own near connections. Vivacious allusions to certain practical irregularities are things which it is to be supposed innocence is strong enough to resist: but the quick alternation of pathos and profaneness, — of serious and moving sentiment and indecent ribaldry, — of afflicting, soul-rending pictures of human distress, rendered keen by the most pure and hallowed sympathies of the human breast, and absolute jeering of human nature, and general mockery of creation, destiny, and heaven itself — this is a sort of violence, the effect of which is either to sear or to disgust the mind of the reader, and which cannot be fairly characterised but as an insult and outrage."

The journal next to be cited is also now defunct; but the title has been revived.

XII. BRITISH MAGAZINE.

' Byron, after having achieved a rapid and glorious fame, has, by the publication of this poem, not only disgusted every well-regulated mind, and afflicted all who respected him for his extraordinary talents, but has degraded his personal character lower than even his enemies (of whom he has many) could have wished to see it reduced. So gratuituous, so melancholy, so despicable a prostitution of genius was never, perhaps, before witnessed. Much as we despise cant, we should despise ourselves still more, if we did not express contempt and indignation for the heartless profligacy which marks the volume before us. We wish we were the poet's next of kin: it should go hard but that a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* should issue. In the mean time we leave him, praying for him, with the clown in Twelfth Night: — ' Thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble! ' "

Another sage, long since dead and forgotten, was entitled the

XIII. EDINBURGH MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

" Don Juan presents to us the melancholy spectacle of the greatest poet of the age lending the enchantment of his genius to themes upon

which we trust that, for the benefit of mankind, the charm of its perverted inspiration will for ever be expended in vain. This is by far the most offensive of all Lord Byron's performances. We have here, for the first time in the history of our literature, a great work, of which the very basis is infidelity and licentiousness, and the most obtrusive ornaments are impure imaginations and blasphemous sneers. The work cannot perish; for it has in it, full and overflowing, the elements of intellectual vigour, and bears upon it the stamp of surpassing power. The poet is, indeed, 'damned to everlasting fame.'" [Sept. 1819.]

The Monthly organ of criticism possessing most sway among certain strictly religious circles, was, in 1819, as now, the

XIV. ECLECTIC REVIEW.

"We have followed Lord Byron thus far in his career: we care not to enter further into his secret. We have had enough of that with which his poetry is replete — himself. The necessary progress of character, as developed in his last *reputed* production, has conducted him to a point at which it is no longer safe to follow him even in thought, for fear we should be beguiled of any portion of the detestation due to this bold outrage. Poetry which it is impossible not to read without admiration, yet which it is equally impossible to admire without losing some degree of self-respect, can be safely dealt with only in one way, — by passing it over in silence. There are cases in which it is equally impossible to relax into laughter, or to soften into pity, without feeling that an immoral concession is made to vice. The author of the following stanzas might seem to invite our compassionate sympathy: —

'No more — no more — Oh! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:
Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

'No more — no more — Oh! never more, my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:
The illusion 's gone for ever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
And in thy stead I 've got a deal of judgment,
Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgement.'

These lines are exceedingly touching, and they have that character of

truth which distinguishes Lord Byron's poetry. He writes like a man who has that clear perception of the truth of things, which is the result of the guilty knowledge of good and evil; and who, by the light of that knowledge, has deliberately preferred the evil, with a proud malignity of purpose which would seem to leave little for the last consummating change to accomplish. When he calculates that the reader is on the verge of pitying him, he takes care to throw him back the defiance of laughter, as if to let him know that all the Poet's pathos is but the sentimentalism of the drunkard between his cups, or the relenting softness of the courtesan, who the next moment resumes the bad boldness of her degraded character. With such a man, who would wish to laugh or to weep? And yet, who that reads him can refrain alternately from either?"

Another now silent oracle was

XV. THE BRITISH CRITIC.

"A satire was announced, in terms so happily mysterious, as to set the town on the very tiptoe of expectation. A thousand low and portentous murmurs preceded its birth. At one time it was declared to be so intolerably severe, that an alarming increase was to be apprehended in the catalogue of our national suicides; at another, it was stated to be of a complexion so blasphemous, as, even in these days of liberality, to endanger the personal security of the bookseller. The trade, it was whispered, had shrunk back, one by one, from all the splendid temptations which attended the publication. Paternoster-row was paralysed. As the time of its birth drew near, wonders multiplied; and, as at that of old Owen Glendower —

'At its nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning cressets.'

Fearful indeed was the prodigy — a book without a bookseller; an advertisement without an advertiser — 'a deed without a name.' After all this portentous parturition, out creeps Don Juan, — and, doubtless, much to the general disappointment of the town, as innocent of satire as any other Don in the Spanish dominions. If Don Juan, then, be not a satire — what is it? A more perplexing question could not be put to the critical squad. Of the four hundred and odd stanzas which the two Cantos contain, not a tittle could, even in the utmost latitude of interpretation, be dignified by the name of poetry. It has not wit enough to be comic; it has not spirit enough to be lyric; nor is it didactic of any thing but mischief. The versification and morality are about upon a par; as far, therefore, as we are enabled to give it any character at all, we should pronounce it a narrative of degrading debauchery in doggrel rhyme. The style which the noble lord has adopted is tedious and wearisome to a most insufferable degree. Don Juan is no burlesque, nor mock heroic: it consists of the common adventure of a common man, ill conceived,

tediously told, and poorly illustrated. In the present thick and heavy quarto, containing upwards of four hundred doggrel stanzas, there are not a dozen places that, even in the merriest mood, could raise a smile. It is true that we may be VERY DULL DOGS, and as little able to comprehend the wit of his lordship, as to construe his poetry."

We now arrive at two authorities to which, on this occasion, uncommon attention is due, inasmuch as their castigations of Don Juan were considered worthy of very elaborate comment and reclamation on the part of Lord Byron himself. Of these, the first is that famous Article in the no otherwise famous work, since defunct, styled "The British Review," or, in the phrase of Don Juan —

XVI. "MY GRANDMOTHER'S REVIEW, THE BRITISH."

"Of a poem so flagitious, that no bookseller has been willing to take upon himself the publication, though most of them disgrace themselves by selling it, what can the critic say? His praise or censure ought to found itself on examples produced from the work itself. For praise, as far as regards the poetry, many passages might be exhibited; for condemnation, as far as regards the morality, all: but none for either purpose can be produced, without insult to the ear of decency, and vexation to the heart that feels for domestic or national happiness. This poem is sold in the shops as the work of Lord Byron; but the name of neither author nor bookseller is on the title page: we are, therefore, at liberty to suppose it not to be Lord Byron's composition; and this scepticism has something to justify it, in the instance which has lately occurred of the name of that nobleman having been borrowed for a tale of disgusting horror, published under the title of 'The Vampire.'

"But the strongest argument against the supposition of its being the performance of Lord Byron is this; — that it can hardly be possible for an English nobleman, even in his mirth, to send forth to the public the direct and palpable falsehood contained in the 209th and 210th stanzas of the First Canto.

'For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I 've bribed my grandmother's review — the British.

'I sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post —
I 'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is — that he had the money.'

No misdemeanour — not even that of sending into the world obscene and blasphemous poetry, the produet of studious lewdness and laboured impiety— appears to us in so detestable a light as the acceptance of *a present* by an editor of a Review, as the condition of praising an author; and yet the miserable man (for miserable he is, as having a soul of which he eannot get rid), who has given birth to this pestilent poem, has not scrupled to lay this to the eharge of 'The British Review;' and that, not by insinuation, but has aetually stated himself to have sent money in a letter to the Editor of this journal, who acknowledged the reeeipt of the same by a letter in return, with thanks. No peer of the British realm ean surely be capable of so ealumnious a falsehood, refuted, we trust, by the very eharaeter and spirit of the journal so defamed. We are compelled, therefore, to eonelude that this poem eannot be Lord Byron's produetion; and we, of eourse, expeet that Lord Byron will, with all gentlemanly haste, disclaim a work imputed to him, eontaining a ealumny so wholly the produet of malignant invention.

"If somebody personating the Editor of the British Review has reeeived money from Lord Byron, or from any other person, by way of bribe to praise his eompositions, the fraud might be traeed by the production of the letter whieh the author states himself to have received in return. Surely, then, if the author of this poem has any such letter, he will produce it for this purpose. But lest it should be said that we have not in positive terms denied the charge, we do utterly deny that there is one word of truth, or the semblanee of truth, as far as regards this Review, or its Editor, in the assertions made in the stanzas above referred to. We really feel a sense of degradation, as the idea of this odious imputation passes through our minds.

"We have heard, that the author of the poem under eonsideration designed what he has said in the 35th stanza as a sketeh of his own eharaeter: —

> 'Yet Jóse was an honourable man;
> That I must say, who knew him very well.'

If, then, he is this honourable man, we shall not eall in vain for an aet of justiee at his hands, in deelaring that he did not mean his word to be taken, when, for the sake of a jest (our readers will judge how far sueh a mode of jesting is defensible), he stated, with the partieularity which belongs to faet, the forgery of a groundless fiction." [No. XVIII. 1819.]

The foregoing vindication of the Editor of the British Review (Mr. Roberts) called forth from Lord Byron that "LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S REVIEW," which the reader will find in the present volume (see p. 41. *post*). We next solicit attention to the following passages from the redoubted organ of Northern Toryism, —

XVII. BLACKWOOD.

"In the composition of this work there is unquestionably a more thorough and intense infusion of genius and vice — power and profligacy — than in any poem which had ever before been written in the English or, indeed, in any other modern language. Had the wickedness been less inextricably mingled with the beauty, and the grace, and the strength of a most inimitable and incomprehensible muse, our task would have been easy. Don Juan is by far the most admirable specimen of the mixture of ease, strength, gaiety, and seriousness extant in the whole body of English poetry: the author has devoted his powers to the worst of purposes and passions; and it increases his guilt and our sorrow, that he has devoted them entire.

"The moral strain of the whole poem is pitched in the lowest key. Love — honour — patriotism — religion, are mentioned only to be scoffed at, as if their sole resting-place were, or ought to be, in the bosoms of fools. It appears, in short, as if this miserable man, having exhausted every species of sensual gratification — having drained the cup of sin even to its bitterest dregs — were resolved to show us that he is no longer a human being, even in his frailties; but a cool unconcerned fiend, laughing with a detestable glee over the whole of the better and worse elements of which human life is composed — treating well-nigh with equal derision the most pure of virtues, and the most odious of vices — dead alike to the beauty of the one, and the deformity of the other — a mere heartless despiser of that frail but noble humanity, whose type was never exhibited in a shape of more deplorable degradation than in his own contemptuously distinct delineation of himself. To confess to his Maker, and weep over in secret agonies, the wildest and most fantastic transgressions of heart and mind, is the part of a conscious sinner, in whom sin has not become the sole principle of life and action. But, to lay bare to the eye of man — and of *woman* — all the hidden convulsions of a wicked spirit — and to do all this without one symptom of contrition, remorse, or hesitation, with a calm, careless ferociousness of contented and satisfied depravity — this was an insult which no man of genius had ever before dared to put upon his Creator or his species. Impiously railing against his God — madly and meanly disloyal to his Sovereign and his country, — and brutally outraging all the best feelings of female honour, affection, and confidence, — how small a part of chivalry is that which remains to the descendant of the Byrons — a gloomy vizor, and a deadly weapon!

"Those who are acquainted (as who is not?) with the main incidents in the private life of Lord Byron — and who have not seen this production, will scarcely believe that malignity should have carried him so far, as to make him commence a filthy and impious poem, with an elaborate satire on the character and manners of his wife — from whom, even by his own confession, he has been separated only in consequence of his own cruel and heartless misconduct. It is in vain for Lord Byron to attempt in any way to justify his own behaviour in that affair; and, now that he has so openly and audaciously invited enquiry and

reproach, we do not see any good reason why he should not be plainly told so by the general voice of his countrymen. It would not be an easy matter to persuade any Man, who has any knowledge of the nature of Woman, that a female such as Lord Byron has himself described his wife to be, would rashly, or hastily, or lightly, separate herself, from the love with which she had once been inspired for such a man as he is, or was. Had he not heaped insult upon insult, and scorn upon scorn — had he not forced the iron of his contempt into her very soul — there is no woman of delicacy and virtue, as he *admitted* Lady Byron to be, who would not have hoped all things and suffered all things from one, her love of whom must have been inwoven with so many exalting elements of delicious pride, and more delicious humility. To offend the love of such a woman was wrong — but it might be forgiven; to desert her was unmanly — but he might have returned, and wiped for ever from her eyes the tears of her desertion; — but to injure, and to desert, and then to turn back and wound her widowed privacy with unhallowed strains of cold-blooded mockery — was brutally, fiendishly, inexpiably mean. For impurities there might be some possibility of pardon, were they supposed to spring only from the reckless buoyancy of young blood and fiery passions; — for impiety there might at least be pity, were it visible that the miscry of the impious soul equalled its darkness; — but for offences such as this, which cannot proceed either from the madness of sudden impulse, or the bewildered agonies of doubt — but which speak the wilful and determined spite of an unrepenting, unsoftened, smiling, sarcastic, joyous sinner — there can be neither pity nor pardon. Our knowledge that it is committed by one of the most powerful intellects our island ever has produced, lends intensity a thousand fold to the bitterness of our indignation. Every high thought that was ever kindled in our breasts by the muse of Byron — every pure and lofty feeling that ever responded from within us to the sweep of his majestic inspirations — every remembered moment of admiration and enthusiasm, is up in arms against him. We look back with a mixture of wrath and scorn to the delight with which we suffered ourselves to be filled by one who, all the while he was furnishing us with delight, must, we cannot doubt it, have been mocking us with a cruel mockery — less cruel only, because less peculiar, than that with which he has now turned him from the lurking-place of his selfish and polluted exile, to pour the pitiful chalice of his contumely on the surrendered devotion of a virgin-bosom, and the holy hopes of the mother of his child. It is indeed a sad and an humiliating thing to know, that in the same year there proceeded from the same pen two productions, in all things so different, as the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold and this loathsome Don Juan.

" We have mentioned one, and, all will admit, the worst instance of the private malignity which has been embodied in so many passages of Don Juan; and we are quite sure, the lofty-minded and virtuous *men* whom Lord Byron has debased himself by insulting, will close the volume which contains their own injuries, with no feelings save those of pity for Him that has inflicted them, and for Her who partakes so largely in the same injuries." — [Aug. 1819.]

The "REMARKS UPON AN ARTICLE IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,"—which Lord Byron wrote on perusing the above-quoted passages, and which were printed at the time, but on consideration suppressed, — are now, for the first time, published in the present volume. See p. 55. *post.*

As a pleasing relief, in the midst of these prose criticisms, we present an extract from "COMMON SENSE, A POEM," published in 1819, by a gentleman, we are informed, of eminent respectability, the Rev. Mr. Terrot, of Cambridge.

XVIII. TERROT.

"Alas, for Byron! — Satire's self must own
His song has something of a lofty tone:
But 'tis an empty sound. If vice be low,
Hateful and mean, then Byron's verse is so.
Not all his genius saves him from the curse
Of plunging deeper still from bad to worse;
With frantic speed, he runs the road to ruin,
And damns his name for ever by 'Don Juan.'
He wants variety; nor does his plan
Admit the idea of an honest man:
One character alone can he afford
To Harold, Conrad, Lara, or my Lord;
Each half a madman, mischievous and sour,
Supremely wretched each, and each a Giaour.
Some fumigate my lord with praises sweet,
Some lick the very dust beneath his feet.
Jeffrey, with Christian charity so meek,
Kisses the hand that smote him on the cheek.
Gifford's retainers, Tory, Pittite, Rat,
All join to soothe the surly Democrat.
I, too, admire — but not through thick and thin,
Nor think him such a bard as ne'er hath been."

Let us indulge our readers, before we return to the realms of prose, with another wreath from the myrtles of Parnassus, — *i. e.* with an extract from an "Expostulatory Epistle to Lord Byron" —

"By Cottle — not he whom the Alfred made famous;
But Joseph, of Bristol, the brother of Amos." *

* See Vol. VII. *antè*, p. 249.

XIX. COTTLE.

" *Is there* a man, how fallen! still to fall!
Who bears a dark precedency o'er all,
Rejected by the land which gave him birth,
And wandering now an outcast o'er the earth,
On every virtuous door engraven 'hence!'
Whose very breath is plague and pestilence;
A son, dismember'd, and to aliens thrown,
Corrupting other climes — but first his own?
One such *there is!* whom sires unborn will curse,
Hasting with giant stride from bad to worse,
Seeking untired to gain the sensual's smile,
A pander for the profligate and vile;
His head rich fraught (like some bazaar's sly stall)
With lecherous lays, that come at every call.
There is a man, usurping lordly sway,
Aiming alone to hold a world at bay;
Who, mean as daring, arrogant as vain,
Like chaff regards opinion with disdain,
As if the privilege with him were found
The laws to spurn by which mankind are bound,
As if the arm which drags a despot down
Must palsied fall before a Byron's frown!"

The "Testimonies" hitherto quoted refer to the earlier — most of them to the first two — Cantos of Don Juan. We now pass to critical observations on the Poem as a whole; some introduced in periodical works of the time, others from separate tracts. Let us begin with the more measured language of Blackwood, in 1825 — when Lord Byron was no more.

XX. BLACKWOOD, — *iterum.*

" We shall, like all others who say any thing about Lord Byron, begin, *sans apologie*, with his personal character. This is the great object of attack, the constant theme of open vituperation to one set, and the established mark for all the petty but deadly artillery of sneers, shrugs, groans, to another. Two widely different matters, however, are generally, we might say universally, mixed up here — the personal character of the man, as proved by his course of life, and his personal character as revealed in, or guessed from, his books. Nothing can be more unfair than the style in

which this mixture is made use of. Is there a noble sentiment, a lofty thought, a sublime conception, in the book?—'Ah! yes,' is the answer. 'But what of that? It is only the *roué* Byron that speaks!' Is a kind, a generous action of the man mentioned? 'Yes, yes,' comments the sage, 'but only remember the atrocities of Don Juan; depend on it, this, if it be true, must have been a mere freak of caprice, or perhaps a bit of vile hypocrisy.' Salvation is thus shut out at either entrance: the poet damns the man, and the man the poet.

"Nobody will suspect us of being so absurd, as to suppose that it is possible for people to draw no inferences as to the character of an author from his book, or to shut entirely out of view, in judging of a book, that which they may happen to *know* about the man who writes it. The cant of the day supposes such things to be practicable, but they are not. But what we complain of, and scorn, is the extent to which they are carried in the case of this particular individual, as compared with others; the impudence with which things are at once assumed to be facts in regard to *his* private history, and the absolute unfairness of never arguing from *his* writings to *him — but for evil.*

"Take the man, in the first place, as unconnected, in so far as we can thus consider him, with his works; — and ask, what, after all, are the bad things we know of him? Was he dishonest or dishonourable? — had he ever *done* any thing to forfeit, or even endanger, his rank as a gentleman? Most assuredly no such accusations have ever been maintained against Lord Byron, the private nobleman — although something of the sort may have been insinuated against the author. 'But, he was such a profligate in his morals, that his name cannot be mentioned with any thing like tolerance.' Was he so, indeed? We should like extremely to have the catechising of the individual *man* who says so. That he indulged in sensual vices to some extent is certain — and to be regretted and condemned. But, was he worse, as to such matters, than the enormous majority of those who join in the cry of horror upon this occasion? We most assuredly believe exactly the reverse; and we rest our belief upon very plain and intelligible grounds. First, we hold it impossible that the majority of mankind, or that any thing beyond a very small minority, are or can be entitled to talk of sensual profligacy as having formed a part of the life and character of the man who, dying at six-and-thirty, bequeathed a collection of works such as Byron's to the world. Secondly, we hold it impossible that, laying the extent of his intellectual labours out of the question, and looking only to the nature of the intellect which generated, and delighted in generating, such beautiful and noble conceptions as are to be found in almost all Lord Byron's works — we hold it impossible that very many men can be at once capable of comprehending these conceptions, and entitled to consider sensual profligacy as having formed the principal, or even a principal, trait in Lord Byron's character. Thirdly, and lastly, We have never been able to hear any one fact established, which could prove Lord Byron to deserve any thing like the degree or even kind of odium which has, in regard to matters of this class, been heaped upon his name. We have no story of base unmanly seduction, or false and villanous intrigue, against him —

none whatever. It seems to us quite clear, that, if he had been at all what is called in society an unprincipled sensualist, there must have been many such stories — authentic and authenticated. But there are none such — absolutely none. His name has been coupled with the names of three, four, or more women of some rank: but what kind of women? — every one of them, in the first place, about as old as himself in years, and therefore a great deal older in character — every one of them utterly battered in reputation long before he came into contact with them — licentious, unprincipled, characterless women. What father has ever reproached him with the ruin of his daughter? What husband has denounced him as the destroyer of his peace?

"Let us not be mistaken. We are not defending the offences of which Lord Byron unquestionably was guilty: neither are we finding fault with those who, after looking honestly within and around themselves, condemn those offences — no matter how severely. But we are speaking of society in general, as it now exists; and we say that there is vile hypocrisy in the tone in which Lord Byron is talked of *there*. We say that, although all offences against purity of life are miserable things and condemnable things, the degrees of guilt attached to different offences of this class are as widely different as are the degrees of guilt between an assault and a murder; and we confess our belief, that no man of Byron's station and age could have run much risk in gaining a very bad name in society, had a course of life similar (in so far as we know any thing of that) to Lord Byron's been the only thing chargeable against him.

"The last poem he wrote * was produced upon his birth-day, not many weeks before he died. We consider it as one of the finest and most touching effusions of his noble genius. We think he who reads it, and can ever after bring himself to regard even the worst transgressions that have been charged against Lord Byron with any feelings but those of humble sorrow and manly pity, is not deserving of the name of man. The deep and passionate struggles with the inferior elements of his nature (and ours) which it records — the lofty thirsting after purity — the heroic devotion of a soul half weary of life, because unable to believe in its own powers to live up to what it so intensely felt to be, and so reverentially honoured as, the right — the whole picture of this mighty spirit, often darkened, but never sunk, often erring, but never ceasing to see and to worship the beauty of virtue — the repentance of it, the anguish, the aspiration, almost stifled in despair — the whole of this is such a whole, that we are sure no man can read these solemn verses too often, and we recommend them for repetition, as the best and most conclusive of all possible answers, whenever the name of Byron is insulted by those who permit themselves to forget nothing, either in his life or his writings, but the good."

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* See *antè*, Vol. XIV. p. 358.

The present Lord Advocate of Scotland thus gratefully admonished the yet living author of Don Juan, in the 72d Number of the Edinburgh Review.

XXI. JEFFREY.

"Lord Byron complains bitterly of the detraction by which he has been assailed — and intimates that his works have been received by the public with far less cordiality and favour than he was entitled to expect. We are constrained to say that this appears to us a very extraordinary mistake. In the whole course of our experience, we cannot recollect a single author who has had so little reason to complain of his reception — to whose genius the public has been so early and so constantly just — to whose faults they have been so long and so signally indulgent. From the very first, he must have been aware that he offended the principles and shocked the prejudices of the majority, by his sentiments, as much as he delighted them by his talents. Yet there never was an author so universally and warmly applauded, so gently admonished — so kindly entreated to look more heedfully to his opinions. He took the praise, as usual, and rejected the advice. As he grew in fame and authority, he aggravated all his offences — clung more fondly to all he had been reproached with — and only took leave of Childe Harold to ally himself to Don Juan! That he has since been talked of, in public and in private, with less unmingled admiration — that his name is now mentioned as often for censure as for praise — and that the exultation with which his countrymen once hailed the greatest of our living poets, is now alloyed by the recollection of the tendency of his writings — is matter of notoriety to all the world; but matter of surprise, we should imagine, to nobody but Lord Byron himself.

"That the base and the bigoted — those whom he has darkened by his glory, spited by his talent, or mortified by his neglect — have taken advantage of the prevailing disaffection, to vent their puny malice in silly nicknames and vulgar scurrility, is natural and true. But Lord Byron may depend upon it, that the dissatisfaction is not confined to them, — and, indeed, that they would never have had the courage to assail one so immeasurably their superior, if he had not at once made himself vulnerable by his errors, and alienated his natural defenders by his obstinate adherence to them. *We* are not bigots, nor rival poets. We have not been detractors from Lord Byron's fame, nor the friends of his detractors; and *we* tell him — far more in sorrow than in anger — that we verily believe the great body of the English nation — the religious, the moral, and the candid part of it — consider the tendency of his writings to be immoral and pernicious — and look upon his perseverance in that strain of composition with regret and reprehension. We ourselves are not easily startled, either by levity of temper, or boldness, or even rashness of remark; we are, moreover, most sincere admirers of Lord Byron's genius, and have always felt a pride and an interest in his fame: but we cannot dissent from the censure to which we have alluded; and shall endeavour to explain, in as few and as temperate words as possible, the grounds upon which we rest our concurrence.

"He has no priestlike cant or priestlike reviling to apprehend from us We do not charge him with being either a disciple or an apostle of Satan; nor do we describe his poetry as a mere compound of blasphemy and obscenity. On the contrary, we are inclined to believe that he wishes well to the happiness of mankind — and are glad to testify, that his poems abound with sentiments of great dignity and tenderness, as well as passages of infinite sublimity and beauty. But their general tendency we believe to be in the highest degree pernicious; and we even think that it is chiefly by means of the fine and lofty sentiments they contain, that they acquire their most fatal power of corruption. This may sound at first, perhaps, like a paradox; but we are mistaken if we shall not make it intelligible enough in the end.

"We think there are indecencies and indelicacies, seductive descriptions and profligate representations, which are extremely reprehensible; and also audacious speculations, and erroneous and uncharitable assertions, equally indefensible. But if these had stood alone, and if the whole body of his works had been made up of gaudy ribaldry and flashy scepticism, the mischief, we think, would have been much less than it is. He is not more obscene, perhaps, than Dryden or Prior, and other classical and pardoned writers; nor is there any passage in the history even of Don Juan so degrading as Tom Jones's affair with Lady Bellaston. It is no doubt a wretched apology for the indecencies of a man of genius, that equal indecencies have been forgiven to his predecessors: but the precedent of lenity might have been followed; and we might have passed both the levity and the voluptuousness — the dangerous warmth of his romantic situations, and the scandal of his cold-blooded dissipation. It might not have been so easy to get over his dogmatic scepticism — his hard-hearted maxims of misanthropy — his cold-blooded and eager expositions of the non-existence of virtue and honour. Even this, however, might have been comparatively harmless, if it had not been accompanied by that which may look, at first sight, as a palliation — the frequent presentment of the most touching pictures of tenderness, generosity, and faith.

"The charge we bring against Lord Byron in short is, that his writings have a tendency to destroy all belief in the reality of virtue — and to make all enthusiasm and constancy of affection ridiculous; and that this is effected, not merely by direct maxims and examples, of an imposing or seducing kind, but by the constant exhibition of the most profligate heartlessness in the persons of those who had been transiently represented as actuated by the purest and most exalted emotions — and in the lessons of that very teacher who had been, but a moment before, so beautifully pathetic in the expression of the loftiest conceptions.

"*This* is the charge which *we* bring against Lord Byron. We say that, under some strange misapprehension as to the truth, and the duty of proclaiming it, he has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind to convince his readers, both directly and indirectly, that all ennobling pursuits, and disinterested virtues, are mere deceits or illusions — hollow and despicable mockeries for the most part, and, at best, but laborious follies. Love, patriotism, valour, devotion, constancy, ambition — all are to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised! — and nothing is really good, so far as we can

gather, but a succession of dangers to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to soothe it again! If this doctrine stood alone, with its examples, it would revolt, we believe, more than it would seduce: — but the author of it has the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lofty illusions, and that with such grace and force and truth to nature, that it is impossible not to suppose, for the time, that he is among the most devoted of their votaries — till he casts off the character with a jerk — and, the moment after he has moved and exalted us to the very height of our conception, resumes his mockery at all things serious or sublime — and lets us down at once on some coarse joke, hard-hearted sarcasm, or fierce and relentless personality — as if on purpose to show —

'Whoe'er was edified, himself was not' —

or to demonstrate practically as it were, and by example, how possible it is to have all fine and noble feelings, or their appearance, for a moment, and yet retain no particle of respect for them — or of belief in their intrinsic worth or permanent reality."

The next Author we must cite, is the late industrious Dr. John Watkins, well known for his "Biographical Dictionary," his "Life of the Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan," &c. — styled ignominiously by Lord Byron "Old Grobius."

XXII. WATKINS.

"Of this Odyssey of immorality, there cannot be two opinions; for, let the religious sentiments of the reader be as lax as possible, he must be shocked at the barefaced licentiousness of the poem. Marriage is of course reprobated, and all the laws of social life are set at open defiance as violations of natural liberty. Lord Byron is the very Comus of poetry, who, by the bewitching airiness of his numbers, aims to turn the whole moral world into a herd of monsters. It must, however, be allowed that in this tale, he has not acted the wily part, of concealing the poison under the appearance of virtue; on the contrary, he makes a frank confession of his principles, and glories in vice with the unblushing temerity of a rampant satyr who acknowledges no rule but appetite. The mischief of the work is rendered doubly so by the attractive gaicty of the language, the luxuriance of the imagery, and the humorous digressions with which the story is embellished and chequered."

Another great moralist — practically, we believe, a most eminent one — is the next on our catalogue; namely, the late *Rev.* Caleb Colton, the author of "Lacon; or, Many Things

in few Words" (or, as Lord Byron, somewhere, was wicked enough to misquote it — "Few Things in Many Words") in his "Remarks on the Tendencies of Don Juan," published in 1822.

XXIII. COLTON.

"Aut minus impurus, minus aut jucundus, adesto;
Aut minus exundans felle, minusve sale;
Et culpare tuam, piget et laudare, Camœnam,
Materiem, Dæmon struxit; — Apollo, modos.

"Or less impure, or less attractive sing,
And less of wit, or less of rancour bring;
It grieves to reprobate, it grieves to praise, —
The theme a Demon lent, — a God the lays.

"Lord Byron might have been not only the best, but the greatest poet of past or present times, with the exception of Shakspeare alone: he has chosen to be the most mischievous and dangerous without any exception. His muse possesses the precise quantum of evil to effect the greatest possible quantum of harm: had she more or had she less, in either case she would not be so destructive; were her poison more diluted, it would not kill; were it more concentrated, it would nauseate and be rejected. The impurity of Rochester is too disgusting to do harm; the morality of Pope is too neutralised to do good: but the muse of Byron has mixed her poison with the hand of an adept; it is proffered in a goblet of crystal and of gold; it will please the palate, remain on the stomach, and circulate through the veins. There are persons who think that some of the objectionable parts of Don Juan are reclaimed by others that are both beautiful and faultless. But, alas! the poison is general, the antidote particular; the ribaldry and obscenity will be understood by the many; the profundity and the sublimity only by the few. We live in an age when orators are trying how much treason they may talk without being hanged, poets how much nonsense they may write without being neglected, and libertines how much licentiousness they may venture upon without being execrated and despised. We consider Don Juan to be a bold experiment, made by a daring and determined hand, on the moral patience of the public. It is most melancholy to reflect that a man of Lord Byron's stupendous powers should lend himself to such unworthy purposes as these; led thereto by the grovelling gratification of dazzling the fool, or encouraging the knave; of supporting the weakest sophistry by the strongest genius; and the darkest wickedness by the brightest wit. He applies, alas, the beams of his mighty mind, not to comfort, but to censure us, and, like Nero, gives us nothing but a little harmony to console us for the conflagration he has caused. I shall sum up my opinion of Don Juan in the words of Scaliger on a poem of Cardinal Bembus: — '*Hoc poema vocare possis aut obscœnissimam elegantiam, aut elegantissimam obscœnitatem.*'"

We now introduce the Poet's ever kind and grateful friend, Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his work entitled "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries," concerning which consult Thomas Moore Esq., *apud* The Times — or *antè*, Vol. XII. p. 299.

XXIV. HUNT.

"Speaking of Don Juan, I will here observe, that Lord Byron had no plan with regard to that poem. His hero in this work was a picture of the better part of his own nature. When the author speaks in his own person, he is endeavouring to bully himself into a satisfaction with the worse, and courting the eulogies of the 'knowing.' His jealousy of Wordsworth and others who were not town poets was not more creditable to him. He pretended to think worse of them than he did. He had the modesty one day to bring me a stanza, intended for Don Juan, in which he had sneered at them all, adding, that nobody but myself thought highly of them. He fancied I should put up with this, for the sake of being mentioned in the poem; an absurdity which nothing but his own vanity had suggested. I told him I should consider the introduction of such a stanza an affront, and that he had better not put it in. I am sorry I did not let it go; for it would have done me honour with posterity. He was so jealous of being indebted to any one for a hint, that he was disconcerted at the mention I made, in the 'Liberal,' of Whistlecraft's 'Specimen,' the precursor of Beppo and Don Juan."

Another historical evidence is that of Mr. — or Captain —

XXV. MEDWIN.

"People are always advising me," said Byron (at Pisa, in October, 1821), "to write an epic. If you must have an epic, there's 'Don Juan' for you. I call that an epic: it is an epic as much in the spirit of our day as the Iliad was in that of Homer. Love, religion, and politics form the argument, and are as much the cause of quarrels now as they were then. There is no want of Parises and Menelauses, nor of crim. cons. into the bargain. In the very first canto you have a Helen. Then, I shall make my hero a perfect Achilles for fighting, — a man who can snuff a candle three successive times with a pistol-ball: and, depend upon it, my moral will be a good one; not even Dr. Johnson should be able to find a flaw in it. I will make him neither a dandy in town, nor a fox-hunter in the country. He shall get into all sorts of scrapes, and at length end his career in France. Poor Juan shall be guillotined in the French Revolution! What do you think of my plot? It shall have twenty-four books too, the legitimate number. Episodes it has, and will have, out of number; and my spirits, good or bad, must serve for the machinery. If that be not an epic — if it be not strictly according to Aristotle, — I don't know what an epic poem means."

Returning to mere criticism, we light upon the late ingenious but eccentric author of "Spirits of the Age"—

XXVI. MR. WILLIAM HAZLITT.

"Don Juan has, indeed, great power; but its power is owing to the force of the serious writing, and to the oddity of the contrast between that and the flashy passages with which it is interlarded. From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step. You laugh and are surprised that any one should turn round, and travestie himself: the drollery is in the utter discontinuity of ideas and feelings. He makes virtue serve as a foil to vice; dandyism is (for want of any other) a variety of genius. A classical intoxication is followed by the splashing of soda-water, by frothy effusions of ordinary bile. After the lightning and the hurricane, we are introduced to the interior of the cabin, and the contents of wash-hand basins. The solemn hero of tragedy plays Scrub in the farce. This is 'very tolerable and not to be endured.' The noble lord is almost the only writer who has prostituted his talents in this way. He hallows in order to desecrate; takes a pleasure in defacing the images of beauty his hands have wrought; and raises our hopes and our belief in goodness to heaven, only to dash them to the earth again, and break them in pieces the more effectually from the very height they have fallen. Our enthusiasm for genius or virtue is thus turned into a jest by the very person who has kindled it, and who thus fatally quenches the sparks of both. It is not that Lord Byron is sometimes serious and sometimes trifling, sometimes profligate and sometimes moral,—but when he is most serious and most moral, he is only preparing to mortify the unsuspecting reader by putting a pitiful hoax upon him. This is a most unaccountable anomaly. Don Juan has been called a Tristram Shandy in rhyme: it is rather a poem about itself."

We find no "Sir Cosmo Gordon" in any baronetage of this age, or even in any list of K.B.'s or K.H.'s; but it stands on the titlepage of a book published in 1825, and entitled "The Life and Genius of Lord Byron." Take, then,

XXVII. SIR COSMO GORDON.

"At Venice, Lord Byron planned that which, had he lived to complete it, must have been considered as the most daring and the most wonderful of all his works, Don Juan. This work was general in its satire, and warm and glowing in its colouring; and though it had an obvious and important moral,—the absurdity of giving to a young man a secluded and monkish education, in the hope that that would preserve him from temptations,—it excited a great deal of clamour, especially among those upon whom, in the execution of it, the hand of the poet had been heavy. The Don was the most singular and the most original poem that had perhaps ever appeared. It was made up of the most cutting and searching satires

mixed with dissections of the human heart, and delineations of human passion and frailty which were drawn both to and with the life, and therefore threw all those who dreaded exposure into the most serious alarm. There was much more both of politics and of personality in this poem than in any of his former ones, and upon this account, the outery against it was more loud and general. The stuff of immortality was, however, in the poem, and not a few of those who were offended at its appearance will probably find (if indeed they shall live as long) their only memorials in it, after all which, good or bad, they have done for themselves shall be forgotten."

The "West" that follows is not Benjamin, the President, but a young American brother of the brush, who visited Lord Byron in Italy, anno Domini 1822.

XXVIII. WEST.

"He showed me two of the Cantos of Don Juan in manuscript. They were written on large sheets of paper, put together like a schoolboy's copybook. Here and there I observed alterations of words, but seldom of whole lines; and just so, he told me, it was written down at once. It was all *gin*, he said; meaning thereby that he drank nothing but gin when he wrote it. The Guiccioli was present, and said, 'she wished my lord would leave off writing that ugly Don Juan.' 'I cannot give up my Don Juan,' he replied; 'I do not know what I should do without my Don Juan.'"

From "Lord Byron's Works, viewed in connection with Christianity and the Obligations of Social Life," — a sermon preached in Holland Chapel, Kennington, by the Rev. John Styles, D. D. — and sold by the Doctor's pew-openers, we now submit a brief extract. We believe Dr. Styles has been familiarised to every reader, by one of the Rev. Sidney Smith's articles in the Edinburgh Review.

XXIX. STYLES.

"Be assured, my Brethren, it is with sorrowful reluctance I feel myself called upon to denounce the greatest genius of the age as the greatest enemy of his species. The poem is one in which the author has put forth all the energy of his wonderful faculties; nor has he written any thing more decisively and triumphantly expressive of the greatness of his genius. It is at once the glory and disgrace of our literature; and will remain to all ages a perpetual monument of the exalted genius and depraved heart of the writer. It is devoted to the worst of purposes and passions; and flows on in one continued stream of pollution. Its great design seems to be, to shame the good out of their virtues, and to inspire the wicked with the pride of

depravity. If, for a moment, the author appears to forget himself, and to suffer his muse to breathe of purity and tenderness — if a touch of humanity, a faint gleam of goodness, awaken our sympathy, he turns upon us with a sneer of contempt; or laughs our sensibility to scorn. Indeed, throughout, we discover the heartless despiser of human nature; — a denaturalised being, who, having exhausted every species of sensual gratification, and drained the cup of sin to its bitterest dregs, is resolved to show that he is no longer human, even in his frailties, but a cool, unconcerned fiend, treating, well-nigh with equal derision, the most pure of virtues and the most odious of vices, dead alike to the beauty of the one and the deformity of the other; yet possessing a restless spirit of seduction, — debasing the nobler part of man, that he may more surely bring into action his baser appetites and passions. To accomplish this, he has lavished all the wiles of his wit, all the enchantments of his genius. In every page the poet is a libertine; and the most unexceptionable passages are mildewed with impurity. The cloven foot of the libidinous satyr is monstrously associated with the angel-wing of genius. —

> 'I 'd rather be the wretch that scrawls
> His idiot nonsense on the walls;
> Not quite a man, not quite a brute,
> Than I would basely prostitute
> My powers to serve the cause of vice,
> To build some jewel'd edifice
> So fair, so foul, — framed with such art
> To please the eye and soil the heart,
> That he who has not power to shun,
> Comes, looks, and feels himself undone.'

O, my Brethren! how I wish that the style of this discourse could be *less* accusatory and severe! '

The "Letter of Cato to Lord Byron," next to be quoted, attracted considerable notice; and was, we know not whether justly or unjustly, ascribed to the pen of the Rev. George Croly, D.D., Rector of Romford, in Essex — author of "Paris in 1815," a poem — "Pride shall have a Fall, a Comedy," — "Catiline, a Tragedy," — Salathiel, a Romance," — "Life of George the Fourth," — "Comment on the Apocalypse," &c. &c. &c.

XXX. CATO.

"Whatever your principles, no page of any of your writings has contributed to the security or the adornment of virtue. Have you not offended against decency? and repudiated shame? Have you not represented almost every woman as a harlot? How your fame will stand with pos-

terity, it would be idle to speculate upon. It is not improbable that something like the doubt which crossed the mind of the senate, whether they should pronounce their deceased emperor a tyrant or a god, will perplex the judgment of succeeding generations as to the credit and character of your poetry. They will hardly know if they shall deify or desecrate a genius so majestic, degrading itself by subjects and sentiments so repulsive. With an insane partiality, we are undervaluing our standard writers, and placing licentious drivellers in their room. The Shakspeares and Miltons of better days are superseded by the Byrons and Shelleys, the Hunts and Moores of our own: but let us hope that the garbage which the present generation luxuriates upon, posterity will nauseate and cast upon the dunghill. With such a teacher as you have shown yourself, how is it possible for the disciples of your school to be any other than most vicious beings? He who brutalises every feeling that gives dignity to social, every principle that imparts comfort to domestic, life — he who represents all chastity as visionary, and all virtue as vile, is not entitled to be considered as a man — he is a *living literary monster.*".

The ensuing paragraphs are from a writer who affixes to his lucubration the initials W. C— ; but with whose full name and surname we have, after much diligence, failed to make ourselves acquainted.

XXXI. ANON.

" It is to Don Juan, the last of Lord Byron's productions, that he will owe his immortality. It is his only work which excels by its allurement and delight; by its power of attracting and detaining attention. It keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; it is perused with eagerness, and, in hopes of new pleasure, is perused again. The wild and daring sallies of sentiment with which it abounds, the irregular and eccentric violence of wit which pervades every canto, excite at once astonishment and enthusiasm. The original humour, the peculiarity of expression, the incidents, the circumstances, the surprises, the jests of action and of thought, the shades of light and darkness so exquisitely intermingled, impart a peculiarity of character to the work, which places it above all modern, above all ancient fame. Indeed, if we except the sixteen satires of Juvenal, there is nothing in antiquity so bitter or so decisive, as the sixteen cantos of Don Juan. The Roman satirist exhibits a mixture of dignity and aversion, of hatred and invective; the English censor displays a contempt of the various relations of society, of the hypocrisies, the tumults, and the agitations of life. Juvenal disdains to wield the feeble weapon of ridicule — Byron delights to mix seriousness with merriment, and thoughts purely jocular with sentiments of exasperation and revenge. Juvenal is never pathetic — Byron, when he arrives at this species of excellence, destroys its effect by effusions of ridicule or insensibility. Both poets, however, exhibit the

same ebullitions of resentment against the miserable victims which they sacrifice to their fury — the same scorn for mankind — and the same vehemence in depicting their crimes, passions, and follies. Both attack existing villany, strike at corruption and profligacy, and trample upon the turpitude and baseness of high life. Both are grave, intrepid, and implacable. If at any time they relax the sternness of their manner, they never forget themselves. They sometimes smile, indeed, but their smile is more terrible than their frown: it is never excited but when their indignation is mingled with contempt. — Don Juan will be read as long as satire, wit, mirth, and supreme excellence shall be esteemed among men: it will continue to enchain every affection and emotion of the mind; and every reader, when he arrives at its conclusion, will view it with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts on departing day."

Another (or the same) Mr. ANON., in a work, in three volumes 8vo., London, 1825, entitled "The Life, Writings, Opinions, and Times of Lord Byron," thus observes —

XXXII. ANON. (Second.)

"There are few readers, male or female, young or old, who do not remember, or will blush to acknowledge their acquaintance with, Marmontel's Tales. In one of the best of them, a rustic swain and nymph, in sheer simplicity of heart, but prompted by the impulse of nature, commit exactly the same fault as poor Don Juan and Haidée; the fault of nature rather than the effect of human depravity. For the scenes in the Turkish harem, we may find a parallel in that fashionable work the 'Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,' in a hundred books of travels, and in a thousand volumes of novels and romances, the peculiar companions by day, and the pillow associates by night, of most of the fair sex. For the intrigues of the Empress Catharine of Russia, one may consult very grave historians out of number; and there is not one, who has treated on that subject, who has passed over so remarkable a trait in her character. But all at once the accumulated torrent of obloquy is poured forth upon the devoted head of Lord Byron! Well — he despised it, and justly he might do so: it will never tarnish a leaf of his laurels. Every man who has once read Don Juan, if he ingenuously confesses the truth, will feel inclined to peruse it again and again. If Byron's works be proscribed on the score of want of decency, it will be necessary to sweep off one half of English literature at once, as *libri expurgati*. But Byron was a proscribed poet with the puritanical moralists, or exclusively good men!"

A third "ANON." meets us in the Author of "Don John; or Don Juan unmasked; being a Key to the Mystery at-

tending that remarkable publication: with a descriptive View of the Poem."

XXXIII. ANON. (Third.)

"In Don Juan, his lordship's muse displays all his characteristic beauties and blemishes — soaring to the vastest heights, or creeping to the lowest depths — glancing with an eye of fantasy at things past, at things present, and at things to come. The poem is constructed, like the image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream — of fine gold, silver, and clay. It abounds in sublime thought and low humour, in dignified feeling and malignant passion, in elegant wit and obsolete conceit. It alternately presents us with the gaiety of the ball-room, and the gloom of the scaffold — leading us among the airy pleasantries of fashionable assemblages, and suddenly conducting us to haunts of depraved and disgusting sensuality. We have scarcely time to be refreshed and soothed by the odours of flowers and bursting blossoms, the pensive silence of still waters, and the contemplation of beautiful forms, before we are terrified and horror-stricken by the ferocious clamours of tumultuous crowds, and the agonies of innocent and expiring victims. This poem turns decorum into jest, and bids defiance to the established decencies of life. It wars with virtue as resolutely as with vice."

Our next author is a *pseudonomous* one — the writer of a "Letter to Lord Byron, by John Bull," London, 8vo. 1821. This production much excited Lord Byron's curiosity. In one of his letters to Mr. Murray he asks, "Who the devil can have done this diabolically well-written letter?" and subsequently he is found resting his suspicion (unfoundedly, no doubt,) on one of his own most intimate personal friends. We extract a few paragraphs.

XXXIV. JOHN BULL.

"Stick to Don Juan; it is the only sincere thing you have ever written and it will live many years after all your Harolds have ceased to be, in your own words,

'A school-girl's tale — the wonder of an hour.'

I consider Don Juan as out of all sight the best of your works: it is by far the most spirited, the most straightforward, the most interesting, and the most poetical; and every body thinks as I do of it, although they have not the heart to say so. Old Gifford's brow relaxed as he gloated over it; Mr. Croker chuckled; Dr. Whitaker smirked; Mr. Milman sighed; Mr. Coleridge took it to his bed with him.

"I think the great charm of its style is, that it is not much like the style of any other poem in the world. It is utter humbug to say, that it is borrowed from the style of the Italian weavers of merry *ottava rima:* their merriment is nothing, because they have nothing but their merriment; yours is every thing, because it is delightfully intermingled with, and contrasted by, all manner of serious things — murder and lust included. It is also mere humbug to accuse you of having plagiarised it from Mr. Frere's pretty and graceful little Whistlecrafts. The measure, to be sure, is the same; but then the measure is as old as the hills. But the spirit of the two poets is as different as can be. Mr. Frere writes elegantly, playfully, very like a gentleman, and a scholar, and a respectable man; and his poems never sold, nor ever will sell. Your Don Juan, again, is written strongly, lasciviously, fiercely, laughingly, — every body sees in a moment that nobody could have written it but a man of the first order, both in genius and in dissipation — a real master of all his tools — a profligate, pernicious, irresistible, charming devil; — and accordingly the Don sells, and will sell, to the end of time, whether our good friend, Mr. John Murray, honour it with his imprimatur, or doth not so honour it. I will mention a book, however, from which I do think you have taken a great many hints; nay, a great many pretty full sketches, for your Juan. It is one which (with a few more) one never sees mentioned in reviews, because it is a book written on the anti-humbug principle. It is — you know it exceedingly well — it is no other than 'Faublas,' a book which contains as much good fun as Gil Blas, or Molière; as much good luscious description as the Héloïse; as much fancy and imagination as all the comedies in the English language put together, and less humbug than any one given romance that has been written since Don Quixote — a book which is to be found on the tables of roués, and in the desks of divines, and under the pillows of spinsters — a book, in a word, which is read universally — I wish I could add — in the original.

"But all this has nothing to do with the charming style of Don Juan, which is entirely and inimitably your own — the sweet, fiery, rapid, easy — beautifully easy, — anti-humbug style of Don Juan. Ten stanzas of it are worth all your Manfred — and yet your Manfred is a noble poem, too, in its way. I had really no idea what a very clever fellow you were till I read Don Juan. In my humble opinion, there is very little in the literature of the present day that will stand the test of half a century, except the *Scotch* novels of Sir Walter Scott, and Don Juan. They will do so because they are written with perfect facility and nature — because their materials are all drawn from life."

Coming once more to men with names, we present this extract from a Life of Byron, by the well-known author of "The Annals of the Parish," "The Provost," "The Entail," "Sir Andrew Wylie," "Lawrie Todd," and "The Member,"

XXXV. GALT.

"Strong objections have been made to the moral tendency of Don Juan; but, in the opinion of many, it is Lord Byron's master-piece; and undoubtedly it displays all the varieties of his powers, combined with a quaint playfulness not found to an equal degree in any other of his works. The serious and pathetic portions are exquisitely beautiful; the descriptions have all the distinctness of the best pictures in Childe Harold, and are, moreover, generally drawn from nature; while the satire is for the most part curiously associated and sparklingly witty. The characters are sketched with amazing firmness and freedom; and, though sometimes grotesque, are yet not often overcharged. It is professedly an epic poem, but it may be more properly described as a poetical novel. Nor can it be said to inculcate any particular moral, or to do more than unmantle the decorum of society. Bold and buoyant throughout, it exhibits a free irreverent knowledge of the world, laughing or mocking as the thought serves, in the most unexpected antitheses to the proprieties of time, place, and circumstance.

"The object of the poem is to describe the progress of a libertine through life; not an unprincipled prodigal, whose profligacy, growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength, passes from voluptuous indulgence into the morbid sensuality of systematic debauchery; but a young gentleman who, whirled by the vigour and vivacity of his animal spirits into a world of adventures, in which his stars are chiefly in fault for his *liaisons*, settles at last into an honourable lawgiver, a moral speaker on divorce bills, and possibly a subscriber to the Society for the Suppression of Vice."

Next to Mr. Galt we place the amiable and humane Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, Baronet, of Denton and Lee Priory, Kent, author of "Mary Clifford," the "Censura Literaria," the "Autobiography of Clavering," &c. &c. &c.

XXXVI. BRYDGES.

"If I could not have the poetry of Lord Byron without the cost of his countervailing objections, I would still desire to have it in spite of the price. I am afraid that it was intertwined so deeply, that the separation was scarcely possible. I do not think that more modified energies would have produced it. Habits of modification tend to caution and to timidity. There is a responsibility which enchains vigour, and sits heavy upon hope. No being loves liberty like the Muse: but it may be said, that she ought not to love *licentiousness!* She must, however, be left to exercise the one or the other at her peril. Unfortunately, in Lord Byron's case, she sometimes passed the bounds; less often, however, than is supposed.

"Don Juan is, no doubt, very licentious in parts, which renders it dangerous to praise it very much; and makes it improper for those who

have not a cool and correct judgment, and cannot separate the objectionable parts from the numerous beautiful passages intermixed. But nowhere is the poet's mind more elastic, free, and vigorous, and his knowledge of human nature more surprising.

"It has all sorts of faults, many of which cannot be defended, and some of which are disgusting; but it has, also, almost every sort of poetical merit: there are in it some of the finest passages which Lord Byron ever wrote; there is amazing knowledge of human nature in it; there is exquisite humour; there is freedom, and bound, and vigour of narrative, imagery, sentiment, and style, which are admirable; there is a vast fertility of deep, extensive, and original thought, and, at the same time, there is the profusion of a prompt and most richly-stored memory. The invention is lively and poetical; the descriptions are brilliant and glowing, yet not over-wrought, but fresh from nature, and faithful to her colours; and the prevalent character of the whole (bating too many dark spots) not dispiriting, though gloomy; not misanthropic, though bitter; and not repulsive to the visions of poetical enthusiasm, though indignant and resentful. I know not how to wish he had never written this poem, in spite of all its faults and intermingled mischief! There are parts of it which are among the most brilliant proofs of his genius; and, what is even better, there are parts which throw a blaze of light upon the knowledge of human life."

After depicting the mode of life pursued by Lord Byron at Venice, in 1817–18, his biographer thus notices Don Juan: —

XXXVII. MOORE.

"It was at this time, as the features of the progeny itself would but too plainly indicate, that Lord Byron conceived and wrote part of his poem of Don Juan; — and never did pages more faithfully, and in many respects lamentably, reflect every variety of feeling, and whim, and passion that, like the rack of autumn, swept across the author's mind in writing them. Nothing less, indeed, than that singular combination of attributes, which existed and were in full activity in his mind at this moment, could have suggested, or been capable of, the execution of such a work. The cool shrewdness of age, with the vivacity and glowing temperament of youth, — the wit of a Voltaire, with the sensibility of a Rousseau, — the minute practical knowledge of the man of society, with the abstract and self-contemplative spirit of the poet, — a susceptibility of all that is grandest and most affecting in human virtue, with a deep, withering experience of all that is most fatal to it, — the two extremes, in short, of man's mixed and inconsistent nature, now rankly smelling of earth, now breathing of heaven, — such was the strange assemblage of contrary elements, all meeting together in the same mind, and all brought to bear, in turn, upon the same task, from which alone could have sprung this extraordinary poem — the most powerful and, in many respects, painful display of the

versatility of genius that has ever been left for succeeding ages to wonder and deplore."

Immediately on receiving the news of Lord Byron's death, Sir Walter Scott, as is known to all, sent to one of the Edinburgh newspapers a touching tribute to his memory. Perhaps a more fitting place might have been found in this collection for parts of the following extract;—but we cannot prevail on ourselves to present it here in a mutilated form.

XXXVIII. SCOTT.

"Amidst the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death notes, which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas went not beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question, what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes; but, how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly gifted persons, has produced none which approached Lord Byron, in ORIGINALITY, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-six years old—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seemed to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition,—who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path; such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder? One word on this ungrateful subject, ere we quit it for ever.

"The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart,—for Nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, providing he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who would venture on a

task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error; so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and, so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, 'to show his arbitrary power.'"

"As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his 'Don Juan'), he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing Muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been devoted to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither Childe Harold, nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of Don Juan, amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea — scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest,

> 'All that 's bright must fade,
> The brightest still the fleetest!'

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their own past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for Freedom and Humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerating calumny has propagated against Byron."

In a little journal conducted by the great poet of Germany, Goethe, and entitled "Kunst und Alterthum," *i. e.* "Art and Antiquity," (Part III. 1821), there appeared a trans-

lation into German of part of the first canto of Don Juan, with some remarks on the poem, by the venerable Editor, of which we next submit a specimen : —

XXXIX. GOETHE.

" Don Juan is a thoroughly genial work — misanthropical to the bitterest savageness, tender to the most exquisite delicacy of sweet feelings ; and when we once understand and appreciate the author, and make up our minds not fretfully and vainly to wish him other than he is, it is impossible not to enjoy what he chooses to pour out before us with such unbounded audacity — with such utter recklessness. The technical execution of the verse is in every respect answerable to the strange, wild simplicity of the conception and plan : the poet no more thinks of polishing his phrase, than he does of flattering his kind ; and yet, when we examine the piece more narrowly, we feel that English poetry is in possession of what the German has never attained, a classically elegant comic style. . . . .

" If I am blamed for recommending this work for translation — for throwing out hints which may serve to introduce so immoral a performance among a quiet and uncorrupted nation — I answer, that I really do not perceive any likelihood of our virtue's sustaining serious damage in this way : Poets and Romancers, bad as they may be, have not yet learned to be more pernicious than the daily newspapers which lie on every table."

After Scott and Goethe we should be sorry to quote anybody but Lord Byron himself. In Mr. Kennedy's account of his " Conversations " with the noble poet at Cephalonia, a few weeks before his death, we find the following passage, — with which let these prolegomena conclude.

XL. BYRON *ipse* (*apud* Kennedy).

" I cannot," said Lord Byron, " conceive why people will always mix up my own character and opinions with those of the imaginary beings which, as a poet, I have the right and liberty to draw."

" They certainly," said I, " do not spare your Lordship in that respect ; and in Childe Harold, Lara, the Giaour, and Don Juan, they are too much disposed to think that you paint, in many costumes, yourself, and that these characters are only the vehicles for the expression of your own sentiments and feelings."

" They do me great injustice," he replied, " and what was never before done to any poet. Even in Don Juan I have been equally misunderstood. I take a vicious and unprincipled character, and lead him through those ranks of society, whose high external accomplishments cover and cloak internal and secret vices, and I paint the natural effects of such cha-

racters; and certainly they are not so highly coloured as we find them in real life.

"This may be true; but the question is, what are your motives and object for painting nothing but scenes of vice and folly?" — "To remove the cloak, which the manners and maxims of society," said his Lordship, "throw over their secret sins, and show them to the world as they really are.".

Postscript.

We had intended to stop with the above — but after it was too late to derange the order of our earlier testimonies, our attention was solicited to a sportive effusion by the learned Dr. William Maginn, of Trinity College, Dublin, which appears to us not unworthy of being transferred to this Olla podrida. Every one ought to have, but every one has not, by heart Wordsworth's "Yarrow Unvisited;" therefore we shall place the original alongside of the parody.

YARROW UNVISITED (1809).

From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"
"Whate'er betide, we 'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow Folk, *frae* Selkirk Town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 't is their own;
Each Maiden to her Dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downwards with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There 's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The Lintwhites sing in chorus;
There 's pleasant Tiviot Dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

DON JUAN UNREAD (1819).

Of Corinth Castle we had read
The amazing Siege unravell'd,
Had swallow'd Lara and the Giaour,
And with Childe Harold travell'd,
And so we follow'd Cloven-foot,
And faithfully as any,
Until he cried, "Come turn aside,
And read of Don Giovanni."

"Let Whiggish folk, frae Holland House,
Who have been lying, prating,
Read Don Giovanni, 'tis their own;
A child of their creating!
On jests profane they love to feed,
And there they are — and many!
But we, who link not with the crew,
Regard not Don Giovanni.

"There 's Godwin's daughter, Shelley's wife,
A writing fearful stories;
There 's Hazlitt, who, with Hunt and Keats,
Brays forth in Cockney chorus;
There 's pleasant Thomas Moore, a lad
Who sings of Rose and Fanny:
Why throw away these wits so gay
To take up Don Giovanni?

" What 's Yarrow but a River bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
— Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn;
My true-love sigh'd for sorrow;
And look'd me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

" Oh! green," said I, " are Yarrow's Holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We 'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the Dale of Yarrow.

" Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There 's such a place as Yarrow.

" Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We 'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we 're there, although 't is fair,
'T will be another Yarrow!

" If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low;
'T will soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny Holms of Yarrow!"

" What 's Juan but a shameless tale,
That bursts all rules asunder?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.
— Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn;
His lordship look'd not canny;
And took a pinch of snuff, to think
I flouted Don Giovanni!

" O! rich," said I, " are Juan's rhymes,
And warm its verse is flowing!
Fair crops of blasphemy it bears,
But we will leave them growing;
In Pindar's strain, in prose of Paine,
And many another Zany,
As gross we read, so where 's the need,
To wade through Don Giovanni?

" Let Colburn's town-bred cattle snuff
The sweets of Lady Morgan;
Let Maturin to amorous themes
Attune his barrel organ!
We will not read them, will not hear
The parson or the granny;
And, I dare say, as bad as they,
Or worse, is Don Giovanni.

" Be Juan then unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We may have virtue of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured faith of days long past,
We still would prize o'er any;
And grieve to hear the ribald jeer
Of scamps like Don Giovanni.

" When Whigs with freezing rule shall come,
And piety seem folly;
When Cam and Isis, curb'd by Brougham,
Shall wander melancholy;
When Cobbett, Wooler, Watson, Hunt,
And all the swinish many,
Shall rough-shod ride o'er Church and State;
Then hey! for Don Giovanni."

" *Then* hey! for Don Giovanni!" — What Tory will not pronounce Dr. Maginn's last octave a prophetic one, when he compares it with the time of the forthcoming of this, the first complete and unmutilated, edition of " Don Juan?" — E.]

January 30. 1833.

LETTER

TO THE EDITOR OF

"MY GRANDMOTHER'S REVIEW."(1)

[See "Testimonies of Authors," No. XVI. *antè*, p. 14.]

(1) ["Bologna, Aug. 23. 1819. I send you a letter to Roberts, signed 'Wortley Clutterbuck,' which you may publish in what form you please, in answer to his article. I have had many proofs of men's absurdity, but he beats all in folly. Why, the wolf in sheep's clothing has tumbled into the very trap!" — *Lord B. to Mr. Murray.*]

LETTER

TO THE EDITOR OF "MY GRANDMOTHER'S REVIEW."

My dear Roberts,

As a believer in the church of England—to say nothing of the State—I have been an occasional reader and great admirer of, though not a subscriber to, your Review, which is rather expensive. But I do not know that any part of its contents ever gave me much surprise till the eleventh article of your twenty-seventh number made its appearance. You have there most vigorously refuted a calumnious accusation of bribery and corruption, the credence of which in the public mind might not only have damaged your reputation as a clergyman (1) and an editor, but, what would have been still worse, have injured the circulation of your journal; which, I regret to hear, is not so extensive as the "purity" (as you well observe) "of its, &c. &c." and the present taste for propriety, would induce us to expect. The charge itself is of a solemn nature, and, although in verse, is couched in terms of such circumstantial gravity, as to induce a belief little

(1) [Mr. Roberts is not, as Lord Byron seems to have supposed, a clergyman, but a barrister at law. In 1792, he established a paper called "The Looker-on," which has since been admitted into the collection of British Essayists; and he is known, in his profession, for a treatise on the Law of Fraudulent Bankruptcy. — E.]

short of that generally accorded to the thirty-nine articles, to which you so frankly subscribed on taking your degrees. It is a charge the most revolting to the heart of man, from its frequent occurrence; to the mind of a statesman, from its occasional truth; and to the soul of an editor, from its moral impossibility. You are charged then in the last line of one octave stanza, and the whole eight lines of the next, viz. 209th and 210th of the first canto of that "pestilent poem," Don Juan, with receiving, and still more foolishly acknowledging the receipt of, certain monies, to eulogise the unknown author, who by this account must be known to you, if to nobody else. An impeachment of this nature, so seriously made, there is but one way of refuting; and it is my firm persuasion, that whether you did or did not (and *I* believe that you did not) receive the said monies, of which I wish that he had specified the sum, you are quite right in denying all knowledge of the transaction. If charges of this nefarious description are to go forth, sanctioned by all the solemnity of circumstance, and guaranteed by the veracity of verse (as Counsellor Phillips (1) would say), what is to become of readers hitherto implicitly confident in the not less veracious prose of our critical journals? what is to become of the reviews? And, if the reviews fail, what is to become of the editors? It is common cause, and you have done well to sound the alarm. I myself, in my humble sphere, will be one of your echoes. In the words of the tragedian Liston, "I

(1) [Charles Phillips, Barrister, was in those days celebrated for ultra-Irish eloquence. See the Edinburgh Review, No. lvii. — E.]

love a row," and you seem justly determined to make one.

It is barely possible, certainly improbable, that the writer might have been in jest; but this only aggravates his crime. A joke, the proverb says, "breaks no bones;" but it may break a bookseller, or it may be the cause of bones being broken. The jest is but a bad one at the best for the author, and might have been a still worse one for you, if your copious contradiction did not certify to all whom it may concern your own indignant innocence, and the immaculate purity of the British Review. I do not doubt your word, my dear Roberts, yet I cannot help wishing that, in a case of such vital importance, it had assumed the more substantial shape of an affidavit sworn before the Lord Mayor Atkins, who readily receives any deposition; and doubtless would have brought it in some way as evidence of the designs of the Reformers to set fire to London, at the same time that he himself meditates the same good office towards the river Thames.

I am sure, my dear Roberts, that you will take these observations of mine in good part; they are written in a spirit of friendship not less pure than your own editorial integrity. I have always admired you; and, not knowing any shape which friendship and admiration can assume more agreeable and useful than that of good advice, I shall continue my lucubrations, mixed with here and there a monitory hint as to what I conceive to be the line you should pursue, in case you should ever again be assailed with bribes, or accused of taking

them. By the way, you don't say much about the poem, except that it is "flagitious." This is a pity —you should have cut it up; because, to say the truth, in not doing so, you somewhat assist any notions which the malignant might entertain on the score of the anonymous asseveration which has made you so angry.

You say no bookseller "was willing to take upon himself the publication, though most of them disgrace themselves by selling it." Now, my dear friend, though we all know that those fellows will do any thing for money, methinks the disgrace is more with the purchasers: and some such, doubtless, there are; for there can be no very extensive selling (as you will perceive by that of the British Review) without buying. You then add, "What can the critic say?" I am sure I don't know; at present he says very little, and that not much to the purpose. Then comes, "for praise, as far as regards the *poetry*, *many* passages might be exhibited: for condemnation, as far as regards the morality, all." Now, my dear good Mr. Roberts, I feel for you, and for your reputation: my heart bleeds for both; and I do ask you, whether or not such language does not come positively under the description of "the puff collusive," for which see Sheridan's farce of "The Critic," (by the way, a little more facetious than your own farce under the same title,) towards the close of scene second, act the first.

The poem is, it seems, sold as the work of Lord Byron; but you feel yourself "at liberty to suppose

it not Lord B.'s composition." Why did you ever suppose that it was? I approve of your indignation—I applaud it—I feel as angry as you can; but perhaps your virtuous wrath carries you a little too far, when you say that "no misdemeanour, not even that of sending into the world obscene and blasphemous poetry, the product of studious lewdness and laboured impiety, appears to you in so detestable a light as the acceptance of a present by the editor of a review, as the condition of praising an author." The devil it does n't!—Think a little. This is being critical overmuch. In point of Gentile benevolence or Christian charity, it were surely less criminal to praise for a bribe, than to abuse a fellow-creature for nothing; and as to the assertion of the comparative innocence of blasphemy and obscenity, confronted with an editor's "acceptance of a present," I shall merely observe, that as an Editor you say very well, but, as a Christian divine, I would not recommend you to transpose this sentence into a sermon.

And yet you say, "the miserable man (for miserable he is, as having a soul of which he cannot get rid)"—But here I must pause again, and enquire what is the meaning of this parenthesis? We have heard of people of "little soul," or of "no soul at all," but never till now of "the misery of having a soul of which we cannot get rid;" a misery under which you are possibly no great sufferer, having got rid apparently of some of the intellectual part of your own when you penned this pretty piece of eloquence.

But to continue. You call upon Lord Byron, always supposing him *not* the author, to disclaim "with all gentlemanly haste," &c. &c. I am told that Lord B. is in a foreign country, some thousand miles off it may be; so that it will be difficult for him to hurry to your wishes. In the mean time, perhaps you yourself have set an example of more haste than gentility; but "the more haste the worse speed."

Let us now look at the charge itself, my dear Roberts, which appears to me to be in some degree not quite explicitly worded:

"I bribed my *Grandmother*'s Review, the British."

I recollect hearing, soon after the publication, this subject discussed at the tea-table of Mr. Sotheby the poet, who expressed himself, I remember, a good deal surprised that you had never reviewed his epic poem of "Saul," nor any of his six tragedies; of which, in one instance, the bad taste of the pit, and, in all the rest, the barbarous repugnance of the principal actors, prevented the performance. Mrs. and the Misses S. being in a corner of the room, perusing the proof sheets of Mr. S.'s poems in Italy, or ON Italy, as he says, (I wish, by the by, Mrs. S. would make the tea a little stronger,) the male part of the *conversazione* were at liberty to make a few observations on the poem and passage in question; and there was a difference of opinion. Some thought the allusion was to the "British Critic;" (1) others, that

(1) ["Whether it be the British Critic, or the British Review, against which the noble lord prefers so grave a charge, or rather so facetious an

by the expression, " My Grandmother's Review," it was intimated that " my grandmother" was not the reader of the review, but actually the writer; thereby insinuating, my dear Roberts, that you were an old woman; because, as people often say, " Jeffrey's Review," " Gifford's Review," in lieu of Edinburgh and Quarterly; so " my Grandmother's Review" and Roberts's might be also synonymous. Now, whatever colour this insinuation might derive from the circumstance of your wearing a gown, as well as from your time of life, your general style, and various passages of your writings,—I will take upon myself to exculpate you from all suspicion of the kind, and assert, without calling Mrs. Roberts in testimony, that if ever you should be chosen Pope, you will pass through all the previous ceremonies with as much credit as any pontiff since the parturition of Joan. It is very unfair to judge of sex from writings, particularly from those of the British Review. We are all liable to be deceived; and it is an indisputable fact, that many of the best articles in your journal, which were attributed to a veteran female, were actually written by you yourself; and yet to this day there are people who could never find out the difference. But let us return to the more immediate question.

I agree with you, that it is impossible Lord Byron should be the author, not only because, as a British

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accusation, we are at a loss to determine. The latter has thought it worth its while, in a public paper, to make a serious reply. As we are not so seriously inclined, we shall leave our share of this accusation to its fate." —*Brit. Critic.*]

peer and a British poet, it would be impracticable for him to have recourse to such facetious fiction, but for some other reasons which you have omitted to state. In the first place, his Lordship has no grandmother. Now, the author—and we may believe him in this—doth expressly state that the "British" is his "Grandmother's Review;" and if, as I think I have distinctly proved, this was not a mere figurative allusion to your supposed intellectual age and sex, my dear friend, it follows, whether you be she or no, that there is such an elderly lady still extant. And I can the more readily credit this, having a sexagenary aunt of my own, who perused you constantly, till unfortunately falling asleep over the leading article of your last number, her spectacles fell off and were broken against the fender, after a faithful service of fifteen years, and she has never been able to fit her eyes since; so that I have been forced to read you aloud to her; and this is in fact the way in which I became acquainted with the subject of my present letter, and thus determined to become your public correspondent.

In the next place, Lord B.'s destiny seems in some sort like that of Hercules of old, who became the author of all unappropriated prodigies. Lord B. has been supposed the author of the "Vampire," of a "Pilgrimage to Jerusalem," "To the Dead Sea," of "Death upon the Pale Horse," of odes to "La Valette," to "Saint Helena," to the "Land of the Gaul," and to a sucking child. Now, he turned out to have written none of these things. Besides, you say, he knows in what a spirit of, &c. you criticise:

—Are you sure he knows all this? that he has read you like my poor dear aunt? They tell me he is a queer sort of a man; and I would not be too sure, if I were you, either of what he has read or of what he has written. I thought his style had been the serious and terrible. As to his sending you money, this is the first time that ever I heard of his paying his reviewers in *that coin;* I thought it was rather in *their own*, to judge from some of his earlier productions. Besides, though he may not be profuse in his expenditure, I should conjecture that his reviewer's bill is not so long as his tailor's.

Shall I give you what I think a prudent opinion? I don't mean to insinuate, God forbid! but if, by any accident, there should have been such a correspondence between you and the unknown author, whoever he may be, send him back his money: I dare say he will be very glad to have it again; it can't be much, considering the value of the article and the circulation of the journal; and you are too modest to rate your praise beyond its real worth.—Don't be angry,—I know you won't,—at this appraisement of your powers of eulogy; for on the other hand, my dear friend, depend upon it your abuse is worth, not its own weight,—that's a feather,—but *your* weight in gold. So don't spare it: if he has bargained for *that*, give it handsomely, and depend upon your doing him a friendly office.

But I only speak in case of possibility; for, as I said before, I cannot believe, in the first instance, that you would receive a bribe to praise any person whatever; and still less can I believe, that your

praise could ever produce such an offer. You are a good creature, my dear Roberts, and a clever fellow; else I could almost suspect that you had fallen into the very trap set for you in verse by this anonymous wag, who will certainly be but too happy to see you saving him the trouble of making you ridiculous. The fact is, that the solemnity of your eleventh article does make you look a little more absurd than you ever yet looked, in all probability, and at the same time, does no good; for if any body believed before in the octave stanzas, they will believe still, and you will find it not less difficult to prove your negative, than the learned Partridge found it to demonstrate his not being dead, to the satisfaction of the readers of almanacs.

What the motives of this writer may have been for (as you magnificently translate his quizzing you) "stating, with the particularity which belongs to fact, the forgery of a groundless fiction," (do, pray, my dear R., talk a little less "in King Cambyses' vein,") I cannot pretend to say; perhaps to laugh at you, but that is no reason for your benevolently making all the world laugh also. I approve of your being angry; I tell you I am angry too; but you should not have shown it so outrageously. Your solemn "*if* somebody personating the Editor of the, &c. &c. has received from Lord B. or from any other person," reminds me of Charley Incledon's usual exordium when people came into the tavern to hear him sing without paying their share of the reckoning —"if a maun, or *ony* maun, or *ony other* maun," &c. &c.; you have both the same redundant eloquence.

But why should you think any body would personate you? Nobody would dream of such a prank who ever read your compositions, and perhaps not many who have heard your conversation. But I have been inoculated with a little of your prolixity. The fact is, my dear Roberts, that somebody has tried to make a fool of you, and what he did not succeed in doing, you have done for him and for yourself.

With regard to the poem itself, or the author, whom I cannot find out, (can you?) I have nothing to say; my business is with you. I am sure that you will, upon second thoughts, be really obliged to me for the intention of this letter, however far short my expressions may have fallen of the sincere good will, admiration, and thorough esteem, with which I am ever, my dear Roberts,

Most truly yours,

WORTLEY CLUTTERBUCK.

Sept. 4th, 1819,
Little Pidlington.

P. S. My letter is too long to revise, and the post is going. I forget whether or not I asked you the meaning of your last words, "the forgery of a groundless fiction." Now, as all forgery is fiction, and all fiction a kind of forgery, is not this tautological? The sentence would have ended more strongly with "forgery;" only, it hath an awful Bank of England sound, and would have ended like an indictment, besides sparing you several words, and conferring some meaning upon the remainder.

But this is mere verbal criticism. Good-bye — once more, yours truly, W. C.

P. S. 2d. — Is it true that the Saints make up the loss of the Review? — It is very handsome in them to be at so great an expense. *Twice* more, yours, W. C.

SOME OBSERVATIONS

UPON

AN ARTICLE IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, No. XXIX., AUGUST, 1819.

"Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily."
Macbeth.

[See "Testimonies of Authors," No. XVII. *antè*, p. 18.]

TO

J. D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

THE AMIABLE AND INGENIOUS AUTHOR

OF

"THE CALAMITIES" AND "QUARRELS OF AUTHORS;"

THIS ADDITIONAL QUARREL AND CALAMITY

IS INSCRIBED

BY

ONE OF THE NUMBER.

SOME OBSERVATIONS,

&c. &c.

Ravenna, March 15. 1820.

"THE life of a writer" has been said, by Pope, I believe, to be "*a warfare upon earth.*" As far as my own experience has gone, I have nothing to say against the proposition; and, like the rest, having once plunged into this state of hostility, must, however reluctantly, carry it on. An article has appeared in a periodical work, entitled "Remarks on Don Juan," which has been so full of this spirit, on the part of the writer, as to require some observations on mine.

In the first place, I am not aware by what right the writer assumes this work, which is anonymous, to be my production. He will answer, that there is internal evidence; that is to say, that there are passages which appear to be written in my name, or in my manner. But might not this have been done on purpose by another? He will say, why not then deny it? To this I could answer, that of all the things attributed to me within the last five years, — Pilgrimages to Jerusalem, Deaths upon Pale Horses, Odes to the Land of the Gaul, Adieus

to England, Songs to Madame La Valette, Odes to St. Helena, Vampires, and what not, — of which, God knows, I never composed nor read a syllable beyond their titles in advertisements, — I never thought it worth while to disavow any, except *one* which came linked with an account of my "residence in the Isle of Mitylene," where I never resided, and appeared to be carrying the amusement of those persons, who think my name can be of any use to them, a little too far.

I should hardly, therefore, if I did not take the trouble to disavow these things published in my name, and yet not mine, go out of my way to deny an anonymous work; which might appear an act of supererogation. With regard to Don Juan, I neither deny nor admit it to be mine — every body may form their own opinion; but, if there be any who now, or in the progress of that poem, if it is to be continued, feel, or should feel themselves so aggrieved as to require a more explicit answer, privately and personally, they shall have it.

I have never shrunk from the responsibility of what I have written, and have more than once incurred obloquy by neglecting to disavow what was attributed to my pen without foundation.

The greater part, however, of the "Remarks on Don Juan" contain but little on the work itself, which receives an extraordinary portion of praise as a composition. With the exception of some quotations, and a few incidental remarks, the rest of the article is neither more nor less than a personal attack upon the imputed author. It is not the first

in the same publication: for I recollect to have read, some time ago, similar remarks upon "Beppo" (said to have been written by a celebrated northern preacher); in which the conclusion drawn was, that "Childe Harold, Byron, and the Count in Beppo, were one and the same person;" thereby making me turn out to be, as Mrs. Malaprop (1) says, "*like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once.*" That article was signed "Presbyter Anglicanus;" which, I presume, being interpreted, means Scotch Presbyterian.(2) I must here observe,—and it is at once ludicrous and vexatious to be compelled so frequently to repeat the same thing,—that my case, as an author, is peculiarly hard, in being everlastingly taken, or mistaken, for my own protagonist. It is unjust and particular. I never heard that my friend Moore was set down for a fire-worshipper on account of his Guebre; that Scott was identified with Roderick Dhu, or with Balfour of Burley; or that, notwithstanding all the magicians in Thalaba, any body has ever taken Mr. Southey for a conjuror; whereas I have had some difficulty in extricating me even from Manfred, who, as Mr. Southey slily observes in one of his articles in the Quarterly, "met the devil on the Jungfrau, and bullied him (3):" and I answer

(1) [In Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals."]

(2) [See Blackwood, vol. iii. p. 329. Lord B., as it appears from one of his letters, ascribed this paper to the Rev. Dr. Chalmers!—E.]

(3) ["As the passage was curtailed in the press, I take this opportunity of restoring it. In the Quarterly Review (vol. xxi. p. 366.), speaking incidentally of the Jungfrau, I said, 'It was the scene where Lord Byron's Manfred met the devil, and bullied him—though the devil must have won his cause before any tribunal in this world, or the next, if he had not pleaded more feebly for himself than his advocate, in a cause of canonisation, ever pleaded for him.'"—SOUTHEY.]

Mr. Southey, who has apparently, in his poetical life, not been so successful against the great enemy, that, in this, Manfred exactly followed the sacred precept, — "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."—I shall have more to say on the subject of this person — not the devil, but his most humble servant Mr. Southey — before I conclude; but, for the present, I must return to the article in the Edinburgh Magazine.

In the course of this article, amidst some extraordinary observations, there occur the following words: — "It appears, in short, as if this miserable man, having exhausted *every species* of sensual gratification, — having drained the cup of sin even to its bitterest dregs, were resolved to show us that he is no longer a human being even in his frailties, — but a cool, unconcerned fiend, laughing with a detestable glee over the whole of the better and worse elements of which human life is composed." In another place there appears, "the lurking-place of his selfish and polluted exile."—"By my troth, these be bitter words!"—With regard to the first sentence, I shall content myself with observing, that it appears to have been composed for Sardanapalus, Tiberius, the Regent Duke of Orleans, or Louis XV.; and that I have copied it with as much indifference as I would a passage from Suetonius, or from any of the private memoirs of the regency, conceiving it to be amply refuted by the terms in which it is expressed, and to be utterly inapplicable to any private individual. On the words, "lurking-place," and "selfish and polluted exile," I have something more to say. — How far the

capital city of a government, which survived the vicissitudes of thirteen hundred years, and might still have existed but for the treachery of Buonaparte, and the iniquity of his imitators, — a city, which was the emporium of Europe when London and Edinburgh were dens of barbarians, — may be termed a "lurking-place," I leave to those who have seen or heard of Venice to decide. How far my exile may have been "polluted," it is not for me to say, because the word is a wide one, and, with some of its branches, may chance to overshadow the actions of most men; but that it has been "*selfish*" I deny. If, to the extent of my means and my power, and my information of their calamities, to have assisted many miserable beings, reduced by the decay of the place of their birth, and their consequent loss of substance — if to have never rejected an application which appeared founded on truth — if to have expended in this manner sums far out of proportion to my fortune, there and elsewhere, be selfish, then have I been selfish. To have done such things I do not deem much; but it is hard indeed to be compelled to recapitulate them in my own defence, by such accusations as that before me, like a panel before a jury calling testimonies to his character, or a soldier recording his services to obtain his discharge. If the person who has made the charge of "selfishness" wishes to inform himself further on the subject, he may acquire, not what he would wish to find, but what will silence and shame him, by applying to the Consul-General of our nation, resident

in the place, who will be in the case either to confirm or deny what I have asserted.(1)

I neither make, nor have ever made, pretensions to sanctity of demeanour, nor regularity of conduct; but my means have been expended principally on my own gratification, neither now nor heretofore, neither in England nor out of it; and it wants but a word from me, if I thought that word decent or necessary, to call forth the most willing witnesses, and at once witnesses and proofs, in England itself, to show that there are those who have derived not the mere temporary relief of a wretched boon, but the means which led them to immediate happiness and ultimate independence, by my want of that very "*selfishness*," as grossly as falsely now imputed to my conduct.

Had I been a selfish man—had I been a grasping man—had I been, in the worldly sense of the word, even a *prudent* man,—I should not be where I now am; I should not have taken the step which was the first that led to the events which have sunk and swoln a gulf between me and mine; but in this respect the truth will one day be made known: in the mean time, as Durandearte says, in the Cave of Montesinos, "Patience, and shuffle the cards."

I bitterly feel the ostentation of this statement, the first of the kind I have ever made: I feel the

(1) [Lord Byron was ever ready to assist the distressed, and he was most unostentatious in his charities; for, besides considerable sums which he gave away to applicants at his own house, he contributed largely, by weekly and monthly allowances, to persons whom he had never seen, and who, as the money reached them by other hands, did not even know who was their benefactor. — Hoppner.]

degradation of being compelled to make it; but I also feel its *truth*, and I trust to feel it on my death-bed, should it be my lot to die there. I am not less sensible of the egotism of all this; but, alas! who have made me thus egotistical in my own defence, if not they, who, by perversely persisting in referring fiction to truth, and tracing poetry to life, and regarding characters of imagination as creatures of existence, have made me personally responsible for almost every poetical delineation which fancy, and a particular bias of thought, may have tended to produce?

The writer continues:—"Those who are acquainted, *as who is not?* with the *main* incidents of the private life of Lord B.," &c. Assuredly, whoever may be acquainted with these "main incidents," the writer of the "Remarks on Don Juan" is not, or he would use a very different language. That which I believe he alludes to as a "main incident," happened to be a very subordinate one, and the natural and almost inevitable consequence of events and circumstances long prior to the period at which it occurred. It is the last drop which makes the cup run over, and mine was already full.—But, to return to this man's charge: he accuses Lord B. of "an elaborate satire on the character and manners of his wife." From what parts of Don Juan the writer has inferred this he himself best knows. As far as I recollect of the female characters in that production, there is but one who is depicted in ridiculous colours, or that could be interpreted as a satire upon any body. But here my poetical sins are again

visited upon me, supposing that the poem be mine. If I depict a corsair, a misanthrope, a libertine, a chief of insurgents, or an infidel, he is set down to the author; and if, in a poem by no means ascertained to be my production, there appears a disagreeable, casuistical, and by no means respectable female pedant, it is set down for my wife. Is there any resemblance? If there be, it is in those who make it: I can see none. In my writings I have rarely described any character under a fictitious name: those of whom I have spoken have had their own — in many cases a stronger satire in itself than any which could be appended to it. But of real circumstances I have availed myself plentifully, both in the serious and the ludicrous — they are to poetry what landscapes are to the painter; but my *figures* are not portraits. It may even have happened, that I have seized on some events that have occurred under my own observation, or in my own family, as I would paint a view from my grounds, did it harmonise with my picture; but I never would introduce the likenesses of its living members, unless their features could be made as favourable to themselves as to the effect; which, in the above instance, would be extremely difficult.

My learned brother proceeds to observe, that "it is in vain for Lord B. to attempt in any way to justify his own behaviour in that affair; and now that he has so *openly* and *audaciously* invited enquiry and reproach, we do not see any good reason why he should not be plainly told so by the voice of his countrymen." How far the "openness" of an

anonymous poem, and the "audacity" of an imaginary character, which the writer supposes to be meant for Lady B., may be deemed to merit this formidable denunciation from their "most sweet voices," I neither know nor care; but when he tells me that I cannot "in any way *justify* my own behaviour in that affair," I acquiesce, because no man can "*justify*" himself until he knows of what he is accused; and I have never had—and, God knows, my whole desire has ever been to obtain it—any specific charge, in a tangible shape, submitted to me by the adversary, nor by others, unless the atrocities of public rumour and the mysterious silence of the lady's legal advisers may be deemed such. But is not the writer content with what has been already said and done? Has not "the general voice of his countrymen" long ago pronounced upon the subject — sentence without trial, and condemnation without a charge? Have I not been exiled by ostracism, except that the shells which proscribed me were anonymous? Is the writer ignorant of the public opinion and the public conduct upon that occasion? If he is, I am not: the public will forget both, long before I shall cease to remember either.

The man who is exiled by a faction has the consolation of thinking that he is a martyr; he is upheld by hope and the dignity of his cause, real or imaginary: he who withdraws from the pressure of debt may indulge in the thought that time and prudence will retrieve his circumstances: he who is condemned by the law, has a term to his banishment, or a dream of its abbreviation; or, it may be,

the knowledge or the belief of some injustice of the law, or of its administration in his own particular; but he who is outlawed by general opinion, without the intervention of hostile politics, illegal judgment, or embarrassed circumstances, whether he be innocent or guilty, must undergo all the bitterness of exile, without hope, without pride, without alleviation. This case was mine. Upon what grounds the public founded their opinion, I am not aware; but it was general, and it was decisive. Of me or of mine they knew little, except that I had written what is called poetry, was a nobleman, had married, became a father, and was involved in differences with my wife and her relatives, no one knew why, because the persons complaining refused to state their grievances. The fashionable world was divided into parties, mine consisting of a very small minority: the reasonable world was naturally on the stronger side, which happened to be the lady's, as was most proper and polite. The press was active and scurrilous; and such was the rage of the day, that the unfortunate publication of two copies of verses, rather complimentary than otherwise to the subjects of both, was tortured into a species of crime, or constructive petty treason. I was accused of every monstrous vice by public rumour and private rancour: my name, which had been a knightly or a noble one since my fathers helped to conquer the kingdom for William the Norman, was tainted. I felt that, if what was whispered, and muttered, and murmured, was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me. I

withdrew: but this was not enough. In other countries, in Switzerland, in the shadow of the Alps, and by the blue depth of the lakes, I was pursued and breathed upon by the same blight. I crossed the mountains, but it was the same; so I went a little farther, and settled myself by the waves of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes him to the waters.

If I may judge by the statements of the few friends who gathered round me, the outcry of the period to which I allude was beyond all precedent, all parallel, even in those cases where political motives have sharpened slander and doubled enmity. I was advised not to go to the theatres, lest I should be hissed, nor to my duty in parliament, lest I should be insulted by the way; even on the day of my departure, my most intimate friend told me afterwards, that he was under apprehensions of violence from the people who might be assembled at the door of the carriage. However, I was not deterred by these counsels from seeing Kean in his best characters, nor from voting according to my principles; and with regard to the third and last apprehensions of my friends, I could not share in them, not being made acquainted with their extent till some time after I had crossed the Channel. Even if I had been so, I am not of a nature to be much affected by men's anger, though I may feel hurt by their aversion. Against all individual outrage, I could protect or redress myself; and against that of a crowd, I should probably have been enabled

to defend myself, with the assistance of others, as has been done on similar occasions.

I retired from the country, perceiving that I was the object of general obloquy; I did not indeed imagine, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, that all mankind was in a conspiracy against me, though I had perhaps as good grounds for such a chimera as ever he had: but I perceived that I had to a great extent become personally obnoxious in England, perhaps through my own fault, but the fact was indisputable; the public in general would hardly have been so much excited against a more popular character, without at least an accusation or a charge of some kind actually expressed or substantiated, for I can hardly conceive that the common and every-day occurrence of a separation between man and wife could in itself produce so great a ferment. I shall say nothing of the usual complaints of "being prejudged," "condemned unheard," "unfairness," "partiality," and so forth, the usual changes rung by parties who have had, or are to have, a trial; but I was a little surprised to find myself condemned without being favoured with the act of accusation, and to perceive in the absence of this portentous charge or charges, whatever it or they were to be, that every possible or impossible crime was rumoured to supply its place, and taken for granted. This could only occur in the case of a person very much disliked, and I knew no remedy, having already used to their extent whatever little powers I might possess of pleasing in society. I had no party in fashion, though I was afterwards told that there was

one — but it was not of my formation, nor did I then know of its existence — none in literature ; and in politics I had voted with the Whigs, with precisely that importance which a Whig vote possesses in these Tory days, and with such personal acquaintance with the leaders in both houses as the society in which I lived sanctioned, but without claim or expectation of any thing like friendship from any one, except a few young men of my own age and standing, and a few others more advanced in life, which last it had been my fortune to serve in circumstances of difficulty. This was, in fact, to stand alone: and I recollect, some time after, Madame de Staël said to me in Switzerland, "You should not have warred with the world — it will not do — it is too strong always for any individual: I myself once tried it in early life, but it will not do." I perfectly acquiesce in the truth of this remark; but the world had done me the honour to begin the war; and, assuredly, if peace is only to be obtained by courting and paying tribute to it, I am not qualified to obtain its countenance. I thought, in the words of Campbell,

> "Then wed thee to an exiled lot,
> And if the world hath loved thee not,
> Its absence may be borne."

I recollect, however, that, having been much hurt by Romilly's conduct, (he, having a general retainer for me, had acted as adviser to the adversary, alleging, on being reminded of his retainer, that he had forgotten it, as his clerk had so many,) I observed that some of those who were now eagerly laying the

axe to my roof-tree, might see their own shaken, and feel a portion of what they had inflicted. — His fell, and crushed him.

I have heard of, and believe, that there are human beings so constituted as to be insensible to injuries; but I believe that the best mode to avoid taking vengeance is to get out of the way of temptation. I hope that I may never have the opportunity, for I am not quite sure that I could resist it, having derived from my mother something of the "*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum.*" I have not sought, and shall not seek it, and perhaps it may never come in my path. I do not in this allude to the party, who might be right or wrong; but to many who made her cause the pretext of their own bitterness. She, indeed, must have long avenged me in her own feelings; for whatever her reasons may have been (and she never adduced them to me at least), she probably neither contemplated nor conceived to what she became the means of conducting the father of her child, and the husband of her choice.

So much for "the general voice of his countrymen:" I will now speak of some in particular.

In the beginning of the year 1817, an article appeared in the Quarterly Review, written, I believe, by Walter Scott (1), doing great honour to him, and no disgrace to me, though both poetically and personally more than sufficiently favourable to the work and the author of whom it treated. It was written at a time when a selfish man would not, and a timid one dared not, have said a word in favour of either;

(1) [See Quarterly Review, vol. xvi. p. 172.]

it was written by one to whom temporary public opinion had elevated me to the rank of a rival — a proud distinction, and unmerited; but which has not prevented me from feeling as a friend, nor him from more than corresponding to that sentiment. The article in question was written upon the Third Canto of Childe Harold; and after many observations, which it would as ill become me to repeat as to forget, concluded with "a hope that I might yet return to England." How this expression was received in England itself I am not acquainted, but it gave great offence at Rome to the respectable ten or twenty thousand English travellers then and there assembled. I did not visit Rome till some time after, so that I had no opportunity of knowing the fact; but I was informed, long afterwards, that the greatest indignation had been manifested in the enlightened Anglo-circle of that year, which happened to comprise within it — amidst a considerable leaven of Welbeck Street and Devonshire Place, broken loose upon their travels — several really well-born and well-bred families, who did not the less participate in the feeling of the hour. "*Why* should he return to England?" was the general exclamation — I answer *why?* It is a question I have occasionally asked myself, and I never yet could give it a satisfactory reply. I had then no thoughts of returning, and if I have any now, they are of business, and not of pleasure. Amidst the ties that have been dashed to pieces, there are links yet entire, though the chain itself be broken. There are duties, and connections, which may one day

require my presence — and I am a father. I have still some friends whom I wish to meet again, and it may be, an enemy. These things, and those minuter details of business, which time accumulates during absence, in every man's affairs and property, may, and probably will, recall me to England; but I shall return with the same feelings with which I left it, in respect to itself, though altered with regard to individuals, as I have been more or less informed of their conduct since my departure; for it was only a considerable time after it that I was made acquainted with the real facts and full extent of some of their proceedings and language. My friends, like other friends, from conciliatory motives, withheld from me much that they could, and some things which they *should* have unfolded; however, that which is deferred is not lost — but it has been no fault of mine that it has been deferred at all.

I have alluded to what is said to have passed at Rome merely to show that the sentiment which I have described was not confined to the English in England, and as forming part of my answer to the reproach cast upon what has been called my "selfish exile," and my "voluntary exile." "Voluntary" it has been; for who would dwell among a people entertaining strong hostility against him? How far it has been "selfish" has been already explained.

I have now arrived at a passage describing me as having vented my "spleen against the lofty-minded and virtuous men," men "whose virtues few indeed can equal;" meaning, I humbly presume, the notorious triumvirate known by the name of "Lake

Poets" in their aggregate capacity, and by Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, when taken singly. I wish to say a word or two upon the virtues of one of those persons, public and private, for reasons which will soon appear.

When I left England in April, 1816, ill in mind, in body, and in circumstances, I took up my residence at Coligny, by the lake of Geneva. The sole companion of my journey was a young physician,(1) who had to make his way in the world, and having seen very little of it, was naturally and laudably desirous of seeing more society than suited my present habits or my past experience. I therefore presented him to those gentlemen of Geneva for whom I had letters of introduction; and having thus seen him in a situation to make his own way, retired for my own part entirely from society, with the exception of one English family, living at about a quarter of a mile's distance from Diodati, and with the further exception of some occasional intercourse with Coppet at the wish of Madame de Staël. The English family to which I allude consisted of two ladies, a gentleman and his son, a boy of a year old.(2)

One of "*these lofty-minded and virtuous men*," in the words of the Edinburgh Magazine, made, I understand, about this time, or soon after, a tour in Switzerland. On his return to England, he circulated — and for any thing I know, invented — a report, that the gentleman to whom I have alluded and myself were living in promiscuous intercourse with

(1) [Dr. Polidori — author of the "Vampire."]

(2) [Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, Miss Clermont, and Master Shelley.]

two sisters, " having formed a league of incest" (I quote the words as they were stated to me), and indulged himself on the natural comments upon such a conjunction, which are said to have been repeated publicly, with great complacency, by *another* of that poetical fraternity, of whom I shall say only, that even had the story been true, *he* should not have repeated it, as far as it regarded myself, except in sorrow. The tale itself requires but a word in answer — the ladies were *not* sisters, nor in any degree connected, except by the second marriage of their respective parents, a widower with a widow, both being the offspring of former marriages; neither of them were, in 1816, nineteen years old. " Promiscuous intercourse " could hardly have disgusted the great patron of pantisocracy, (does Mr. Southey remember such a scheme?) but there was none.

How far this man, who, as author of Wat Tyler, has been proclaimed by the Lord Chancellor guilty of a treasonable and blasphemous libel, and denounced in the House of Commons, by the upright and able member for Norwich, as a " rancorous renegado," be fit for sitting as a judge upon others, let others judge. He has said that for this expression " he brands William Smith on the forehead as a calumniator," and that " the mark will outlast his epitaph."(1) How long William Smith's epitaph will last, and in what words it will be written, I know not, but William Smith's words form the epitaph itself of Robert Southey. He has written Wat

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. XII. p. 301.]

Tyler, and taken the office of poet laureate — he has, in the Life of Henry Kirke White, denominated reviewing "the ungentle craft," and has become a reviewer — he was one of the projectors of a scheme, called "pantisocracy," for having all things, including women, in common, (*query*, common women?) and he sets up as a moralist — he denounced the battle of Blenheim, and he praised the battle of Waterloo — he loved Mary Wollstoncraft, and he tried to blast the character of her daughter (one of the young females mentioned) — he wrote treason, and serves the king — he was the butt of the Anti-jacobin, and he is the prop of the Quarterly Review; licking the hands that smote him, eating the bread of his enemies, and internally writhing beneath his own contempt, — he would fain conceal, under anonymous bluster, and a vain endeavour to obtain the esteem of others, after having for ever lost his own, his leprous sense of his own degradation. What is there in such a man to "envy?" Who ever envied the envious? Is it his birth, his name, his fame, or his virtues, that I am to "envy?" I was born of the aristocracy, which he abhorred; and am sprung, by my mother, from the kings who preceded those whom he has hired himself to sing. It cannot, then, be his birth. As a poet, I have, for the past eight years, had nothing to apprehend from a competition; and for the future, "that life to come in every poet's creed," it is open to all. I will only remind Mr. Southey, in the words of a critic, who, if still living, would have annihilated Southey's literary existence now and hereafter, as the sworn

foe of charlatans and impostors, from Macpherson downwards, that "those dreams were Settle's once and Ogilby's;" and, for my own part, I assure him, that whenever he and his sect are remembered, I shall be proud to be "forgot." That he is not content with his success as a poet may reasonably be believed — he has been the nine-pin of reviews; the Edinburgh knocked him down, and the Quarterly set him up; the government found him useful in the periodical line, and made a point of recommending his works to purchasers, so that he is occasionally bought, (I mean his books, as well as the author,) and may be found on the same shelf, if not upon the table, of most of the gentlemen employed in the different offices. With regard to his private virtues, I know nothing — of his principles, I have heard enough. As far as having been, to the best of my power, benevolent to others, I do not fear the comparison; and for the errors of the passions, was Mr. Southey *always* so tranquil and stainless? Did he *never* covet his neighbour's wife? Did he never calumniate his neighbour's wife's daughter, the offspring of her he coveted? So much for the apostle of pantisocracy.

Of the "lofty-minded, virtuous" Wordsworth, one anecdote will suffice to speak his sincerity. In a conversation with Mr. —— upon poetry, he concluded with, "After all, I would not give five shillings for all that Southey has ever written." Perhaps this calculation might rather show his esteem for five shillings than his low estimate of Dr. Southey; but considering that when he was in his

need, and Southey had a shilling, Wordsworth is said to have had generally sixpence out of it, it has an awkward sound in the way of valuation. This anecdote was told me by persons who, if quoted by name, would prove that its genealogy is poetical as well as true. I can give my authority for this; and am ready to adduce it also for Mr. Southey's circulation of the falsehood before mentioned.

Of Coleridge, I shall say nothing — *why*, he may divine.(1)

I have said more of these people than I intended in this place, being somewhat stirred by the remarks which induced me to commence upon the topic. I see nothing in these men as poets, or as individuals — little in their talents, and less in their characters, to prevent honest men from expressing for them considerable contempt, in prose or rhyme, as it may happen. Mr. Southey has the Quarterly for his field of rejoinder, and Mr. Wordsworth his postscripts to "Lyrical Ballads," where the two great instances of the sublime are taken from himself and Milton. "Over her own sweet voice the stockdove broods;" that is to say, she has the pleasure of listening to herself, in common with Mr. Wordsworth upon most of his public appearances. "What divinity doth hedge" these persons, that we should respect them? Is it Apollo? Are they not of those who called Dryden's Ode "a drunken song?" who have discovered that Gray's Elegy is full of faults, (see Coleridge's Life, vol. i. note, for Wordsworth's

(1) [See Notices of Lord Byron's Life, *ante*, Vol. III. p. 223.]

kindness in pointing this out to him,) and have published what is allowed to be the very worst prose that ever was written, to prove that Pope was no poet, and that William Wordsworth is?

In other points, are they respectable, or respected? Is it on the open avowal of apostasy, on the patronage of government, that their claim is founded? Who is there who esteems those parricides of their own principles? They are, in fact, well aware that the reward of their change has been any thing but honour. The times have preserved a respect for political consistency, and, even though changeable, honour the unchanged. Look at Moore: it will be long ere Southey meets with such a triumph in London as Moore met with in Dublin, even if the government subscribe for it, and set the money down to secret service. It was not less to the man than to the poet, to the tempted but unshaken patriot, to the not opulent but incorruptible fellow-citizen, that the warm-hearted Irish paid the proudest of tributes. Mr. Southey may applaud himself to the world, but he has his own heartiest contempt; and the fury with which he foams against all who stand in the phalanx which he forsook, is, as William Smith described it, "the rancour of the renegado," the bad language of the prostitute who stands at the corner of the street, and showers her slang upon all, except those who may have bestowed upon her her "little shilling."

Hence his quarterly overflowings, political and literary, in what he has himself termed "the ungentle craft," and his especial wrath against Mr.

Leigh Hunt, notwithstanding that Hunt has done more for Wordsworth's reputation, as a poet (such as it is), than all the Lakers could in their interchange of self-praises for the last twenty-five years.

And here I wish to say a few words on the present state of English poetry. That this is the age of the decline of English poetry will be doubted by few who have calmly considered the subject. That there are men of genius among the present poets makes little against the fact, because it has been well said, that "next to him who forms the taste of his country, the greatest genius is he who corrupts it." No one has ever denied genius to Marino(1), who corrupted not merely the taste of Italy, but that of all Europe for nearly a century. The great cause of the present deplorable state of English poetry is to be attributed to that absurd and systematic depreciation of Pope, in which, for the last few years, there has been a kind of epidemical concurrence. Men of the most opposite opinions have united upon this topic. Warton and Churchill began it, having borrowed the hint probably from the heroes of the Dunciad, and their own internal conviction that their proper reputation can be as nothing till the most perfect and harmonious of poets — he who, having no fault, has had REASON made his reproach — was reduced to what they conceived to be his level; but even *they* dared not degrade him below Dryden. Goldsmith, and

(1) [Tassoni was almost the only Italian poet of the era in which he flourished, who withstood the general corruption of taste introduced by Marino and his followers, and by the "imitated imitators" of Lope de Vega; and he opened a new path, in which a crowd of pretenders have vainly endeavoured to follow him. — FOSCOLO.]

Rogers, and Campbell, his most successful disciples; and Hayley, who, however feeble, has left one poem "that will not be willingly let die" (the Triumphs of Temper), kept up the reputation of that pure and perfect style; and Crabbe, the first of living poets, has almost equalled the master. Then came Darwin, who was put down by a single poem in the Antijacobin(1); and the Cruscans, from Merry to Jerningham, who were annihilated (if *Nothing* can be said to be annihilated) by Gifford, the last of the wholesome satirists.

At the same time Mr. Southey was favouring the public with Wat Tyler and Joan of Arc, to the great glory of the Drama and Epos. I beg pardon, Wat Tyler, with Peter Bell, was still in MS., and it was not till after Mr. Southey had received his Malmsey butt, and Mr. Wordsworth (2) became qualified to gauge it, that the great revolutionary tragedy came before the public and the Court of Chancery. Wordsworth was peddling his lyrical ballads, and brooding a preface, to be succeeded in due course by a postscript; both couched in such prose as must give peculiar delight to those who have read the prefaces of Pope and Dryden; scarcely less cele-

(1) ["The Loves of the Triangles," the joint production of Messrs. Canning and Frere.]

(2) Goldsmith has anticipated the definition of the Lake poetry, as far as such things can be defined. "Gentlemen, the present piece is not of your *common epic poems*, which come from the press like paper kites in summer; there are none of your Turnuses or Didos in it; *it is an historical description of nature.* I only beg you'll endeavour to make your souls in unison with mine, *and hear with the same enthusiasm with which I have written.*" Would not this have made a proper proem to the Excursion, and the poet and his pedler? It would have answered perfectly for that purpose, had it not unfortunately been written in good English.

brated for the beauty of their prose, than for the charms of their verse. Wordsworth is the reverse of Molière's gentleman who had been "talking prose all his life, without knowing it;" for he thinks that he has been all his life writing both prose and verse, and neither of what he conceives to be such can be properly said to be either one or the other. Mr. Coleridge, the future *vates*, poet and seer of the Morning Post, (an honour also claimed by Mr. Fitzgerald, of the "Rejected Addresses (1),") who ultimately prophesied the downfall of Buonaparte, to which he himself mainly contributed, by giving him the nickname of "*the Corsican*," was then employed in predicating the damnation of Mr. Pitt, and the desolation of England, in the two very best copies of verses he ever wrote: to wit, the infernal eclogue of "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," and the "Ode to the departing Year."

These three personages, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, had all of them a very natural antipathy to Pope; and I respect them for it, as the only original feeling or principle which they have contrived to preserve. But they have been joined in it by those who have joined them in nothing else: by the Edinburgh Reviewers, by the whole heterogeneous mass of living English poets, excepting Crabbe, Rogers, Gifford, and Campbell, who, both by precept and practice, have proved their adherence; and by me, who have shamefully deviated in practice, but have ever loved and honoured

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 225.]

Pope's poetry with my whole soul, and hope to do so till my dying day. I would rather see all I have ever written lining the same trunk in which I actually read the eleventh book of a modern epic poem (1) at Malta, in 1811, (I opened it to take out a change after the paroxysm of a tertian, in the absence of my servant, and found it lined with the name of the maker, Eyre, Cockspur Street, and with the epic poetry alluded to,) than sacrifice what I firmly believe in as the Christianity of English poetry, the poetry of Pope.

But the Edinburgh Reviewers, and the Lakers, and Hunt and his school, and every body else with their school, and even Moore without a school, and dilettanti lecturers at institutions, and elderly gentlemen who translate and imitate, and young ladies who listen and repeat, baronets who draw indifferent frontispieces for bad poets, and noblemen who let them dine with them in the country, the small body of the wits and the great body of the blues, have latterly united in a depreciation, of which their fathers would have been as much ashamed as their children will be. In the mean time, what have we got instead? The Lake school, which begun with an epic poem, "written in six weeks," (so Joan of Arc proclaimed herself,) and finished with a ballad composed in twenty years, as "Peter Bell's" creator takes care to inform the few who will enquire. What have we got instead? A deluge of flimsy and unintelligible romances, imitated from Scott and

(1) [Sir James Bland Burgess's "Richard I." See *ante*, Vol. IX. p. 94.]

myself, who have both made the best of our bad materials and erroneous system. What have we got instead? Madoc, which is neither an epic nor any thing else; Thalaba, Kehama, Gebir, and such gibberish, written in all metres and in no language. Hunt, who had powers to have made "the Story of Rimini" as perfect as a fable of Dryden, has thought fit to sacrifice his genius and his taste to some unintelligible notions of Wordsworth, which I defy him to explain. Moore has —— But why continue? — All, with the exception of Crabbe, Rogers, and Campbell, who may be considered as having taken their station, will, by the blessing of God, survive their own reputation, without attaining any very extraordinary period of longevity. Of course there must be a still further exception in favour of those who, having never obtained any reputation at all, unless it be among provincial literati, and their own families, have none to lose; and of Moore, who, as the Burns of Ireland, possesses a fame which cannot be lost.

The greater part of the poets mentioned, however, have been able to gather together a few followers. A paper of the Connoisseur says, that "it is observed by the French, that a cat, a priest, and an old woman, are sufficient to constitute a religious sect in England." The same number of animals, with some difference in kind, will suffice for a poetical one. If we take Sir George Beaumont instead of the priest, and Mr. Wordsworth for the old woman, we shall nearly complete the quota required; but I fear that Mr. Southey will but indifferently represent the CAT, having shown himself but too distinctly

to be of a species to which that noble creature is peculiarly hostile.

Nevertheless, I will not go so far as Wordsworth in his postscript, who pretends that *no* great poet ever had immediate fame ; which being interpreted, means that William Wordsworth is not quite so much read by his cotemporaries as might be desirable. This assertion is as false as it is foolish. Homer's glory depended upon his present popularity : he recited, — and, without the strongest impression of the moment, who would have gotten the Iliad by heart, and given it to tradition ? Ennius, Terence, Plautus, Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Sappho, Anacreon, Theocritus, all the great poets of antiquity, were the delight of their cotemporaries. The very existence of a poet, previous to the invention of printing, depended upon his present popularity ; and how often has it impaired his future fame ? Hardly ever. History informs us, that the best have come down to us. The reason is evident ; the most popular found the greatest number of transcribers for their MSS., and that the taste of their cotemporaries was corrupt can hardly be avouched by the moderns, the mightiest of whom have but barely approached them. Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, were all the darlings of the cotemporary reader. Dante's Poem was celebrated long before his death ; and, not long after it, States negotiated for his ashes, and disputed for the sites of the composition of the Divina Commedia. Petrarch was crowned in the Capitol. Ariosto was permitted to

pass free by the public robber who had read the Orlando Furioso. I would not recommend Mr. Wordsworth to try the same experiment with his Smugglers. Tasso, notwithstanding the criticisms of the Cruscanti, would have been crowned in the Capitol, but for his death.

It is easy to prove the immediate popularity of the chief poets of the only modern nation in Europe that has a poetical language, the Italian. In our own, Shakspeare, Spenser, Jonson, Waller, Dryden, Congreve, Pope, Young, Shenstone, Thomson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, were all as popular in their lives as since. Gray's Elegy pleased instantly, and eternally. His Odes did not, nor yet do they, please like his Elegy. Milton's politics kept him down. But the Epigram of Dryden,(1) and the very sale of his work, in proportion to the less reading time of its publication, prove him to have been honoured by his cotemporaries. I will venture to assert, that the sale of the Paradise Lost was greater in the first four years after its publication, than that of "The Excursion" in the same number, with the difference of nearly a century and a half between them of time, and of thousands in point of general readers. Notwithstanding Mr. Wordsworth's having pressed Milton into his service as one of those not presently popular, to favour his own purpose of proving that our grandchildren will read *him* (the said William Wordsworth), I would recommend him to begin first with our grandmothers. But he need not be alarm-

(1) [The well known lines under Milton's picture, —
"Three poets, in three distant ages born," &c.]

ed; he may yet live to see all the envies pass away, as Darwin and Seward, and Hoole, and Hole,(1) and Hoyle (2) have passed away; but their declension will not be his ascension: he is essentially a bad writer, and all the failures of others can never strengthen him. He may have a sect, but he will never have a public; and his "*audience*" will always be "*few*," without being "*fit*,"—except for Bedlam.

It may be asked, why, having this opinion of the present state of poetry in England, and having had it long, as my friends and others well knew—possessing, or having possessed too, as a writer, the ear of the public for the time being—I have not adopted a different plan in my own compositions, and endeavoured to correct rather than encourage the taste of the day. To this I would answer, that it is easier to perceive the wrong than to pursue the right, and that I have never contemplated the prospect "of filling (with Peter Bell,(3) see its Preface) permanently a station in the literature of the country." Those who know me best, know this, and that I have been considerably astonished at the temporary success of my works, having flattered no person and no party, and expressed opinions which are not those of the general reader. Could I have anticipated the degree

(1) [The Rev. Richard Hole. He published in early life, a versification of Fingal, and in 1789, "Arthur, a Poetical Romance." He died in 1803.]

(2) [Charles Hoyle, of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of "Exodus," an epic in thirteen books.]

(3) [Peter Bell first saw the light in 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourable reception; or rather, to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the literature of my country.—Wordsworth, 1819.]

of attention which has been accorded me, assuredly I would have studied more to deserve it. But I have lived in far countries abroad, or in the agitating world at home, which was not favourable to study or reflection; so that almost all I have written has been mere passion, — passion, it is true, of different kinds, but always passion: for in me (if it be not an Irishism to say so) my *indifference* was a kind of passion, the result of experience, and not the philosophy of nature. Writing grows a habit, like a woman's gallantry: there are women who have had no intrigue, but few who have had but one only; so there are millions of men who have never written a book, but few who have written only one. And thus, having written once, I wrote on; encouraged no doubt by the success of the moment, yet by no means anticipating its duration, and I will venture to say, scarcely even wishing it. But then I did other things besides write, which by no means contributed either to improve my writings or my prosperity.

I have thus expressed publicly upon the poetry of the day the opinion I have long entertained and expressed of it to all who have asked it, and to some who would rather not have heard it: as I told Moore not very long ago, "we are all wrong except Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell." (1) Without being old in

(1) [I certainly ventured to differ from the judgment of my noble friend, no less in his attempts to depreciate that peculiar walk of the art in which he himself so grandly trod, than in the inconsistency of which I thought him guilty, in condemning all those who stood up for particular "schools" of poetry, and yet, at the same time, maintaining so exclusive a theory of the art himself. How little, however, he attended to either the grounds or degrees of my dissent from him will appear by the following wholesale report of my opinion in "Detached Thoughts:" — "One of my notions

years, I am old in days, and do not feel the adequate spirit within me to attempt a work which should show what I think right in poetry, and must content myself with having denounced what is wrong. There are, I trust, younger spirits rising up in England, who, escaping the contagion which has swept away poetry from our literature, will recall it to their country, such as it once was and may still be.

In the mean time, the best sign of amendment will be repentance, and new and frequent editions of Pope and Dryden.

There will be found as comfortable metaphysics, and ten times more poetry in the "Essay on Man," than in the "Excursion." If you search for passion, where is it to be found stronger than in the epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, or in Palamon and Arcite? Do you wish for invention, imagination, sublimity, character? seek them in the Rape of the Lock, the Fables of Dryden, the Ode of Saint Cecilia's Day, and Absalom and Achitophel: you will discover in these two poets only, *all* for which you must ransack innumerable metres, and God only knows how many *writers* of the day, without finding a tittle of the same qualities, — with the addition, too, of wit, of which the latter have none. I have not, however, forgotten Thomas Brown the Younger, nor the Fudge Family, (1) nor Whistlecraft; but that is not

different from those of my contemporaries, is, that the present is not a high age of English poetry. There are *more* poets (soi-disant) than ever there were, and proportionally less poetry. This *thesis* I have maintained for some years, but, strange to say, it meeteth not with favour from my brethren of the shell. Even Moore shakes his head, and firmly believes that it is the grand age of British poesy." — MOORE.]

(1) [In 1812, Mr. Moore published "The Two-penny Post-bag; by Thomas Brown the Younger;" and in 1818, "The Fudge Family in Paris."],

wit — it is humour. I will say nothing of the harmony of Pope and Dryden in comparison, for there is not a living poet (except Rogers, Gifford, Campbell, and Crabbe,) who can write an heroic couplet. The fact is, that the exquisite beauty of their versification has withdrawn the public attention from their other excellences, as the vulgar eye will rest more upon the splendour of the uniform than the quality of the troops. It is this very harmony, particularly in Pope, which has raised the vulgar and atrocious cant against him: — because his versification is perfect, it is assumed that it is his only perfection; because his truths are so clear, it is asserted that he has no invention; and because he is always intelligible, it is taken for granted that he has no genius. We are sneeringly told that he is the "Poet of Reason," as if this was a reason for his being no poet. Taking passage for passage, I will undertake to cite more lines teeming with *imagination* from Pope than from any *two* living poets, be they who they may. To take an instance at random from a species of composition not very favourable to imagination — Satire: set down the character of Sporus, (1) with all the wonderful play of fancy which is scattered over it, and place by its side an equal number of verses, from any two existing poets, of the same power and the same variety — where will you find them?

(1) ["Let Sporus tremble —— *A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and sings;

I merely mention one instance of many, in reply to the injustice done to the memory of him who harmonised our poetical language. The attorneys' clerks, and other self-educated genii, found it easier to distort themselves to the new models, than to toil after the symmetry of him who had enchanted their fathers. They were besides smitten by being told that the new school were to revive the language of Queen Elizabeth, the true English; as every body in the reign of Queen Anne wrote no better than French, by a species of literary treason.

Blank verse, which, unless in the drama, no one except Milton ever wrote who could rhyme, became the order of the day,—or else such rhyme as looked still blanker than the verse without it. I am aware

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Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys;
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies,
His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust."

Prol. to Sat.]

that Johnson has said, after some hesitation, that he could not "prevail upon himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer." The opinions of that truly great man, whom it is also the present fashion to decry, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all; but, with all humility, I am not persuaded that the Paradise Lost would not have been more nobly conveyed to posterity, not perhaps in heroic couplets, although even *they* could sustain the subject if well balanced, but in the stanza of Spenser or of Tasso, or in the terza rima of Dante, which the powers of Milton could easily have grafted on our language. The Seasons of Thomson would have been better in rhyme, although still inferior to his Castle of Indolence; and Mr. Southey's Joan of Arc no worse, although it might have taken up six months instead of weeks in the composition. I recommend also to the lovers of lyrics the perusal of the present laureate's Odes by the side of Dryden's on Saint Cecilia, but let him be sure to read *first* those of Mr. Southey.

To the heaven-born genii and inspired young scriveners of the day much of this will appear paradox: it will appear so even to the higher order of our critics; but it was a truism twenty years ago, and it will be a re-acknowledged truth in ten more. In the mean time, I will conclude with two quotations, both intended for some of my old classical friends who have still enough of Cambridge about them to think themselves honoured by having had John Dryden as a predecessor in their college, and to recollect that their earliest English poetical plea-

sures were drawn from the "little nightingale" of Twickenham. The first is from the notes to the Poem of the "Friends."(1)

"It is only within the last twenty or thirty years that those notable discoveries in criticism have been made which have taught our recent versifiers to undervalue this energetic, melodious, and moral poet. The consequences of this want of due esteem for a writer whom the good sense of our predecessors had raised to his proper station have been NUMEROUS AND DEGRADING ENOUGH. This is not the place to enter into the subject, even as far as it *affects our poetical numbers alone*, and there is matter of more importance that requires present reflection."

The second is from the volume of a young person learning to write poetry, and beginning by teaching the art. Hear him:(2)

"But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of — were closely wed
To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
And compass vile; so that ye taught a school (3)

(1) [Written by Lord Byron's early friend, the Rev. Francis Hodgson.]

(2) [In a manuscript note on this passage of the pamphlet, dated Nov. 12. 1821, Lord Byron says, — "Mr. Keats died at Rome about a year after this was written, of a decline produced by his having burst a blood-vessel on reading the article on his 'Endymion' in the Quarterly Review. I have read the article before and since; and although it is bitter, I do not think that a man should permit himself to be killed by it. But a young man little dreams what he must inevitably encounter in the course of a life ambitious of public notice. My indignation at Mr. Keats's depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, malgré all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of 'Hyperion' seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus. He is a loss to our literature; and the more so, as he himself, before his death, is said to have been persuaded that he had not taken the right line, and was re-forming his style upon the more classical models of the language.]

(3) It was at least a *grammar* "school."

Of *dolts* to *smooth*, *inlay*, and *chip*, and *fit*,
Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
Of poesy. Ill-fated, impious race,
That blasphemed the bright lyrist to his face,
And did not know it; no, they went about
Holding a poor *decrepit* standard out
Mark'd with most flimsy mottos, and in large
The name of *one* Boileau!

A little before, the manner of Pope is termed,

"A *scism*,(1)
Nurtured by *foppery* and barbarism,
Made great Apollo blush for this his land." (2)

(1) So spelt by the author.

(2) As a balance to these lines, and to the sense and sentiment of the new school, I will put down a passage or two from Pope's *earliest* poems, taken at random: —

"Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel,
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain."

"Ah! what avails his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes;
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold."

"Round broken columns clasping ivy twined,
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires."

"Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes),
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!"

I thought "*foppery*," was a consequence of *refinement*; but *n'importe*.

The above will suffice to show the notions entertained by the new performers on the English lyre of him who made it most tuneable, and the great improvements of their own "variazioni."

The writer of this is a tadpole of the Lakes, a young disciple of the six or seven new schools, in which he has learnt to write such lines and such sentiments as the above. He says "easy was the task" of imitating Pope, or it may be of equalling him, I presume. I recommend him to try before

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"Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cithæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall."

"So Zembla's rocks, the beauteous work of frost,
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky,
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

"Thus, when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
The world's just wonder, and even thine, O Rome!
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to the' admiring eyes:
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular."

A thousand similar passages crowd upon me, all composed by Pope before his *two-and-twentieth* year; and yet it is contended that he is no poet, and we are told so in such lines as I beg the reader to compare with these *youthful* verses of the "no poet." Must we repeat the question of Johnson, "*If Pope is not a poet, where is poetry to be found?*" Even in *descriptive* poetry, the *lowest* department of the art, he will be found, on a fair examination, to surpass any living writer.

he is so positive on the subject, and then compare what he will have *then* written and what he has *now* written with the humblest and earliest compositions of Pope, produced in years still more youthful than those of Mr. Keats when he invented his new "Essay on Criticism," entitled "Sleep and Poetry" (an ominous title), from whence the above canons are taken. Pope's was written at nineteen, and published at twenty-two.

Such are the triumphs of the new schools, and such their scholars. The disciples of Pope were Johnson, Goldsmith, Rogers, Campbell, Crabbe, Gifford, Matthias,(1) Hayley, and the author of the Paradise of Coquettes;(2) to whom may be added Richards, Heber, Wrangham, Bland, Hodgson, Merivale, and others who have not had their full fame, because "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," and because there is a fortune in fame as in all other things. Now, of *all*

(1) [Thomas James Matthias, Esq., the well-known author of the Pursuits of Literature, Imperial Epistle to Kien Long, &c. In 1814, Mr. M. edited an edition of Gray's Works, which the University of Cambridge published at its own expense. Lord Byron did not admire this venerable poet the less for such criticism as the following: — "After we have paid our *primal* homage to the bards of Greece and of ancient Latium, we are invited to contemplate the literary and poetical dignity of modern Italy. If the influence of *their* persuasion and of *their* example should prevail, a strong and steady light may be relumined and diffused amongst us, a light which may once again conduct the powers of our rising poets from *wild whirling words, from crude, rapid, and uncorrected productions*, from an overweening presumption, and from the delusive conceit of a pre-established reputation, to the labour of thought, to patient and repeated revision of what they write, to a reverence for themselves and for an enlightened public, and to the fixed unbending principles of legitimate composition." — *Preface to Gray.*]

(2) [Dr. Thomas Brown, professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, who died in 1820.]

the new schools —I say *all*, for, " like Legion, they are many"— has there appeared a single scholar who has not made his master ashamed of him? unless it be Sotheby, who has imitated every body, and occasionally surpassed his models. Scott found peculiar favour and imitation among the fair sex: there was Miss Holford,(1) and Miss Mitford,(2) and Miss Francis;(3) but, with the greatest respect be it spoken, none of his imitators did much honour to the original, except Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, until the appearance of " The Bridal of Triermain," and " Harold the Dauntless," which in the opinion of some equalled if not surpassed him; and lo! after three or four years they turned out to be the Master's own compositions. Have Southey, or Coleridge, or t'other fellow, made a follower of renown? Wilson never did well till he set up for himself in the " City of the Plague." Has Moore, or any other living writer of reputation, had a tolerable imitator, or rather disciple? Now, it is remarkable, that almost all the followers of Pope, whom I have named, have produced beautiful and standard works; and it was not the number of his imitators who finally hurt his fame, but the despair of imitation, and the *ease* of *not* imitating him sufficiently. This, and the same reason which induced the Athenian burgher to vote for the banishment of Aristides,

(1) [Author of " Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk," " Margaret of Anjou," and other poems.]

(2) [Miss Mary Russel Mitford, author of " Christina, or the Maid of the South Seas," " Wallington Hall," " Our Village," &c. &c.]

(3) [Miss Eliza Francis published, in 1815, " Sir Willibert de Waverley; or, the Bridal Eve."]

" because he was tired of always hearing him called *the Just*," have produced the temporary exile of Pope from the State of Literature. But the term of his ostracism will expire, and the sooner the better, not for him, but for those who banished him, and for the coming generation, who

" Will blush to find their fathers were his foes."

I will now return to the writer of the article which has drawn forth these remarks, whom I honestly take to be John Wilson, a man of great powers and acquirements, well known to the public as the author of the " City of the Plague," " Isle of Palms," and other productions. I take the liberty of naming him, by the same species of courtesy which has induced him to designate me as the author of Don Juan. Upon the score of the Lake Poets, he may perhaps recall to mind that I merely express an opinion long ago entertained and specified in a letter to Mr. James Hogg,(1) which he the said James Hogg, somewhat contrary to the law of pens, showed to Mr. John Wilson, in the year 1814, as he himself informed me in his answer, telling me by way of apology, that " he 'd be d——d if he could help it ;" and I am not conscious of any

(1) [" Oh ! I have had the most amusing letter from Hogg, the Ettrick minstrel and shepherd. He wants me to recommend him to Murray ; and, speaking of his present bookseller, whose 'bills' are never 'lifted,' he adds, *totidem verbis*, 'God d—n him, and them both.' I laughed, and so would you too, at the way in which this execration is introduced. The said Hogg is a strange being, but of great, though uncouth, powers. I think very highly of him as a poet ; but he, and half of these Scotch and Lake troubadours are spoilt by living in little circles and petty societies." — *B. Letters.*]

thing like "envy" or "exacerbation" at this moment which induces me to think better or worse of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge as poets than I do now, although I do know one or two things more which have added to my contempt for them as individuals. * * * * (1)

(1) [Here the only copy of the pamphlet of 1819 fails us — some pages are lost, probably for ever The reader will find, on reference to the Notices of Lord Byron's Life (Vol. IV. p. 269. *antè*), that his Lordship was not less mistaken in attributing the "Remarks on Don Juan" in the Edinburgh Magazine to Professor Wilson, than in supposing Dr. Chalmers to have been the "Presbyter Anglicanus" who criticised his "Beppo" in the same journal. — E.]

DON JUAN.

CANTO THE FIRST. (1)

(1) ["Begun at Venice September 6.; finished Nov. 1. 1818. —B."]

FRAGMENT

On the back of the Poet's MS. of Canto I.

I would to heaven that I were so much clay,
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—
Because at least the past were pass'd away—
And for the future—(but I write this reeling,
Having got drunk exceedingly to-day,
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)
I say—the future is a serious matter—
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water!

DEDICATION. (1)

I.

Bob Southey! You're a poet—Poet-laureate,
And representative of all the race,
Although 'tis true that you turn'd out a Tory at
Last,—yours has lately been a common case,—
And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at?
With all the Lakers, in and out of place?
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
Like "four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye;

II.

"Which pye being open'd they began to sing"
(This old song and new simile holds good),
"A dainty dish to set before the King,"
Or Regent, who admires such kind of food;—
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
But like a hawk encumber'd with his hood,—
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his Explanation. (2)

(1) [This "Dedication" was suppressed, in 1819, with Lord Byron's reluctant consent; but, shortly after his death, its existence became notorious, in consequence of an article in the Westminster Review, generally ascribed to Sir John Hobhouse; and, for several years, the verses have been selling in the streets as a broadside. It could, therefore, serve no purpose to exclude them on the present occasion. — E.]

(2) [Mr. Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" appeared in 1817.]

III.

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
At being disappointed in your wish
To supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only Blackbird in the dish;
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying fish
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high, Bob,
And fall, for lack of moisture quite a-dry, Bob!

IV.

And Wordsworth, in a rather long "Excursion"
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),
Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system (1) to perplex the sages;
'Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star rages—
And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

(1) [When, some years ago, a gentleman, the chief writer and conductor of a celebrated review, distinguished by its hostility to Mr. Southey, spent a day or two at Keswick, he was circumstantially informed by what series of accidents it had happened, that Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Southey, and I had become neighbours; and how utterly groundless was the supposition, that we considered ourselves as belonging to any common school, but that of good sense, confirmed by the long-established models of the best times of Greece, Rome, Italy, and England; and still more groundless the notion, that Mr. Southey (for, as to myself, I have published so little, and that little of so little importance, as to make it almost ludicrous to mention my name at all) could have been concerned in the formation of a poetic sect with Mr. Wordsworth, when so many of his works had been published, not only previously to any acquaintance between them, but before Mr. Wordsworth himself had written any thing but in a diction ornate, and uniformly sustained; when, too, the slightest examination will make it evident, that between those and the after-writings of Mr. Southey there exists no other difference than that of a progressive degree of excellence, from progressive develope-

V.

You — Gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion
From better company, have kept your own
At Keswick, (1) and, through still continued fusion
Of one another's minds, at last have grown
To deem as a most logical conclusion,
That Poesy has wreaths for you alone:
There is a narrowness in such a notion, [ocean.
Which makes me wish you'd change your lakes for

VI.

I would not imitate the petty thought,
Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,
For all the glory your conversion brought,
Since gold alone should not have been its price.
You have your salary; was't for that you wrought?
And Wordsworth has his place in the Excise. (2)
You're shabby fellows — true — but poets still,
And duly seated on the immortal hill.

---

ment of power, and progressive facility from habit and increase of experience. Yet, among the first articles which this man wrote after his return from Keswick, we were characterised as "the School of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the Lakes." — COLERIDGE.]

(1) [Mr. Southey is the only poet of the day that ever resided at Keswick. Mr. Wordsworth, who lived at one time on Grasmere, has for many years past occupied Mount Rydal, near Ambleside: Professor Wilson possesses an elegant villa on Windermere: Coleridge, Lambe, Lloyd, and others classed by the Edinburgh Review in the Lake School, never, we believe, had any connection with that part of the country. — E.]

(2) Wordsworth's 'place may be in the Customs — it is, I think, in that or the Excise — besides another at Lord Lonsdale's table, where this poetical charlatan and political parasite licks up the crumbs with a hardened alacrity; the converted Jacobin having long subsided into the clownish sycophant of the worst prejudices of the aristocracy.

VII.

Your bays may hide the boldness of your brows—
  Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them go—
To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—
  And for the fame you would engross below,
'The field is universal, and allows
  Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow:
Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe, will try
'Gainst you the question with posterity.

VIII.

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian Muses,
  Contend not with you on the winged steed,
I wish your fate may yield ye, when she chooses,
  The fame you envy, and the skill you need;
And recollect a poet nothing loses
  In giving to his brethren their full meed
Of merit, and complaint of present days
Is not the certain path to future praise.

IX.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity
  (Who does not often claim the bright reversion)
Has generally no great crop to spare it, he
  Being only injured by his own assertion;
And although here and there some glorious rarity
  Arise like Titan from the sea's immersion,
The major part of such appellants go
To—God knows where—for no one else can know.

X.

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
Milton appeal'd to the Avenger, Time,
If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,
And makes the word "Miltonic" mean "*sublime*,"
He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,
Nor turn his very talent to a crime;
He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,
But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

XI.

Think'st thou, could he — the blind Old Man — arise
Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze once more
The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,
Or be alive again — again all hoar
With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,
And heartless daughters — worn — and pale (1) —
Would *he* adore a sultan? *he* obey [and poor;
The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh? (2)

(1) "Pale, but not cadaverous:" — Milton's two elder daughters are said to have robbed him of his books, besides cheating and plaguing him in the economy of his house, &c. &c. His feelings on such an outrage, both as a parent and a scholar, must have been singularly painful. Hayley compares him to Lear. See part third, Life of Milton, by W. Hayley (or Hailey, as spelt in the edition before me).

(2) Or, —

"Would *he* subside into a hackney Laureate —
A scribbling, self-sold, soul-hired, scorn'd Iscariot?"

I doubt if "Laureate" and "Iscariot" be good rhymes, but must say, as Ben Jonson did to Sylvester, who challenged him to rhyme with —

"I, John Sylvester,
Lay with your sister."

Jonson answered, — "I, [illegible] Jonson, lay with your wife." Sylvester answered, — "That is not rhyme." — "No," said Ben Jonson; "but it is *true*."

XII.

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!
Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,
And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,
The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want,
With just enough of talent, and no more,
To lengthen fetters by another fix'd,
And offer poison long already mix'd.

XIII.

An orator of such set trash of phrase
Ineffably — legitimately vile,
That even its grossest flatterers dare not praise,
Nor foes — all nations — condescend to smile, —
Not even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze
From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless toil,
That turns and turns to give the world a notion
Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

XIV.

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
And botching, patching, leaving still behind
Something of which its masters are afraid,
States to be curb'd, and thoughts to be confined,
Conspiracy or Congress to be made —
Cobbling at manacles for all mankind —
A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains,
With God and man's abhorrence for its gains.

XV.

If we may judge of matter by the mind,
Emasculated to the marrow *It*
Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind,
Deeming the chain it wears even men may fit,
Eutropius of its many masters, (1)—blind
To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,
Fearless—because *no* feeling dwells in ice,
Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

XVI.

Where shall I turn me not to *view* its bonds,
For I will never *feel* them;—Italy!
Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds [thee—
Beneath the lie this State-thing breathed o'er
Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green wounds,
Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me.
Europe has slaves—allies—kings—armies still,
And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

(1) [For the character of Eutropius, the eunuch and minister at the court of Arcadius, see Gibbon. ["Eutropius, one of the principal eunuchs of the palace of Constantinople, succeeded the haughty minister whose ruin he had accomplished, and whose vices he soon imitated. He was the first of his artificial sex who dared to assume the character of a Roman magistrate and general. Sometimes, in the presence of the blushing senate, he ascended the tribunal to pronounce judgment, or to repeat elaborate harangues; and sometimes appeared on horseback, at the head of his troops, in the dress and armour of a hero. The disregard of custom and decency always betrays a weak and ill-regulated mind: nor does Eutropius seem to have compensated for the folly of the design by any superior merit or ability in the execution. His former habits of life had not introduced him to the study of the laws, or the exercises of the field; his awkward and unsuccessful attempts provoked the secret contempt of the spectators; the Goths expressed a wish that *such* a general might always command the armies of Rome, and the name of the minister was branded with ridicule, more pernicious, perhaps, than hatred to a public character."—Gibbon.]

XVII.

Meantime — Sir Laureate — I proceed to dedicate,
In honest simple verse, this song to you.
And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate,
'Tis that I still retain my "buff and blue;"(1)
My politics as yet are all to educate:
Apostasy's so fashionable, too,
To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite Herculean;
Is it not so, my Tory, ultra-Julian?(2)

Venice, September 16. 1818.

(1) [Mr. Fox and the Whig Club of his time adopted an uniform of blue and buff: hence the coverings of the Edinburgh Review, &c. — E.]

(2) I allude not to our friend Landor's hero, the traitor Count Julian, but to Gibbon's hero, vulgarly yclept "The Apostate."

DON JUAN.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

I WANT a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
The age discovers he is not the true one;
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,(1)
I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan—
We all have seen him, in the pantomime,
Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

(1) [Remodelled under the names of "Don Juan," "The Libertine," &c. &c., the old Spanish *spiritual* play, entitled "Atheista Fulminato," formerly acted in the churches and monasteries, has had its day of favour in every country thoughout Europe. It was first introduced upon the regular stage, under the title of "El Burlador de Sevilla y Combidado de Pierra," by Gabriel Tellez, the, cotemporary of Calderon. It was soon translated into Italian by Cicognini, and performed with so much success in this language, not only in Italy but even at Paris, that Molière, shortly before his death, produced a comedy in five acts, called "Don Juan; ou, Le Festin de Pierre." This piece was, in 1677, put into verse by T. Corneille; and thus it has been performed on the French stage ever since. In 1676, Shadwell, the successor of Dryden in the laureateship, introduced the subject into this country, in his tragedy of the "Libertine;" but he made his hero so unboundedly wicked, as to exceed the limits of probability. In all these works, as well as in Mozart's celebrated opera, the Don is uniformly represented as a travelling rake, who practises every where the arts of seduction, and who, for his numerous delinquencies, is finally consumed by flames *coram populo*, or, as Lord Byron has it, — "Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time."—E.]

II.

Vernon, (1) the butcher Cumberland, (2) Wolfe, (3) Hawke, (4)
Prince Ferdinand, (5) Granby, (6) Burgoyne, (7) Keppel, (8) Howe, (9)
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now;

(1) [General Vernon, who served with considerable distinction in the navy, particularly in the capture of Porto Bello, died in 1757.]

(2) [Second son of George II., distinguished himself at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and still more so at that of Culloden, where he defeated the Chevalier, in 1746. The Duke, however, obscured his fame by the cruel abuse which he made, or suffered his soldiers to make, of the victory. He died in 1765.]

(3) [General Wolfe, the brave commander of the expedition against Quebec, terminated his career in the moment of victory, whilst fighting against the French in 1759.]

(4) [In 1759, Admiral Lord Hawke totally defeated the French fleet equipped at Brest for the invasion of England. In 1765 he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; and died, full of honours, in 1781.]

(5) [Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswiek, who gained the victory of Minden. In 1762, he drove the French out of Hesse. At the peace of 1763, he retired to Brunswick, and devoted the remainder of his life to free-masonry. He died in 1792.]

(6) [Son of the third Duke of Rutland — signalised himself in 1745, on the invasion by Prince Charles; and was constituted, in 1759, commander of the British forces in Germany. He died in 1770.]

(7) [An English general officer and dramatist, who distinguished himself in the defence of Portugal, in 1762, against the Spaniards; and also in America by the capture of Ticonderoga; but was at last obliged to surrender, with his army, to General Gates. Died in 1792.]

(8) [Second son of the Earl of Albemarle. Placed at the head of the channel fleet, he partially engaged, in 1778, the French fleet off Ushant, which contrived to escape: he was, in consequence, tried by a court martial, and honourably acquitted. He died in 1786.]

(9) [Lord Howe distinguished himself on many occasions during the American war. On the breaking out of the French war, he took the command of the English fleet, and, bringing the enemy to an action on the 1st of June, 1794, obtained a splendid victory. He died, full of years and honours, in 1799.]

Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,
Followers of fame, "nine farrow" of that sow:
France, too, had Buonaparté(1) and Dumourier
Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.

(1) [We find on Lord Byron's MS. the following note to this stanza.

"In the eighth and concluding lecture of Mr. Hazlitt's canons of criticism, delivered at the Surrey Institution, I am accused of having 'lauded Buonaparte to the skies in the hour of his success, and then peevishly wreaking my disappointment on the god of my idolatry.' The first lines I ever wrote upon Buonaparte were the 'Ode on Napoleon' [see *antè*, Vol. X. p. 5.], after his abdication in 1814. All that I have ever written on that subject has been done since his decline; — I never 'met him in the hour of his success.' I have considered his character at different periods, in its strength and in its weakness: by his zealots I am accused of injustice — by his enemies as his warmest partisan; in many publications, both English and foreign.

"For the accuracy of my delineation I have high authority. A year and some months ago, I had the pleasure of seeing at Venice my friend the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird. In his way through Germany, he told me that he had been honoured with a presentation to, and some interviews with, one of the nearest family connections of Napoleon" (Eugene Beauharnais)." During one of these, he read and translated the lines alluding to Buonaparte, in the third Canto of Childe Harold.* He informed me, that he was authorised by the illustrious personage — (still recognised as such by the Legitimacy in Europe) — to whom they were read, to say, *that* '*the delineation was complete*,' or words to this effect. "It is no puerile vanity which induces me to publish this fact; — but Mr. Hazlitt accuses my inconsistency, and infers my inaccuracy. Perhaps he will admit that, with regard to the latter, one of the most intimate family connections of the Emperor may be equally capable of deciding on the subject. I tell Mr. Hazlitt, that I never flattered Napoleon on the throne, nor maligned him since his fall. I wrote what I think are the incredible antitheses of his character.

"Mr. Hazlitt accuses me further of delineating *myself* in Childe Harold, &c. &c. I have denied this long ago — but, even were it true, Locke tells us, that all his knowledge of human understanding was derived from studying his own mind. From Mr. Hazlitt's opinion of my poetry I do not appeal; but I request that gentleman not to insult me by imputing the basest of crimes, — viz. 'praising publicly the same man whom I wished to depreciate in his adversity:'— the *first* lines I ever wrote on Buonaparte were in his dispraise, in 1814, — the *last*, though not at all in his favour, were more impartial and discriminative, in 1818. Has he become more fortunate since 1814? — *B. Venice*, 1819."]

* See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 148.]

III.

Barnave,(1) Brissot,(2) Condorcet,(3) Mirabeau,(4)
Petion,(5) Clootz,(6) Danton,(7) Marat,(8) La
Fayette,(9)
Were French, and famous people, as we know;
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,

(1) [Barnave, one of the most active promoters of the French revolution, was in 1791 appointed president of the Constituent Assembly. On the flight of the royal family, he was sent to conduct them to Paris. When, in 1792, the correspondence of the court fell into the hands of the victorious party, they pretended to have found documents which showed him to have been secretly connected with it; and he was guillotined, Nov. 1793.]

(2) [Brissot de Warville, at the age of twenty, published several tracts, for one of which he was, in 1784, thrown into the Bastile. He was one of the principal instigators of the revolt of the Champ de Mars, in July, 1789. Being denounced by Robespierre, he was led to the guillotine, Oct. 1793.]

(3) [Condorcet was, in 1792, appointed president of the Legislative Assembly. Having, in 1793, attacked the new constitution, he was denounced. Being thrown into prison, he was on the following morning found dead, apparently from poison. His works are collected in twenty-one volumes.]

(4) [Mirabeau, so well known as one of the chief promoters of, and actors in, the French revolution, died in 1791.]

(5) [Petion, mayor of Paris in 1791, took an active part in the imprisonment of the king. Becoming, in 1793, an object of suspicion to Robespierre, he took refuge in the department of the Calvados; where his body was found in a field, half-devoured by wolves.]

(6) [John Baptiste (better known under the appellation of Anacharsis) Clootz. In 1790, at the bar of the National Convention, he described himself as the orator of the human race. Being suspected by Robespierre, he was, in 1794, condemned to death. On the scaffold he begged to be decapitated the last, as he wished to make some observations essential to the establishment of certain principles, while the heads of the others were falling; a request obligingly complied with.]

(7) [Danton played a very important part during the first years of the French revolution. After the fall of the king, he was made Minister of Justice. His violent measures led to the bloody scenes of September, 1792. Being denounced to the Committee of Safety, he ended his career on the guillotine, in 1794.]

(8) [This wretch figured among the actors of the 10th August, and in the assassinations of September, 1792. In May, 1793, he was denounced, and delivered over to the revolutionary tribunal, which acquitted him; but his bloody career was arrested by the knife of an assassin, in the person of Charlotte Cordé.]

(9) [Of all Lord Byron's "famous people," the General is the only survivor.]

Joubert, (1) Hoche, (2) Marceau, (3) Lannes, (4)
Desaix, (5) Moreau, (6)
With many of the military set,
Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

(1) [Joubert, who rose from the rank of a common soldier to that o general, distinguished himself at the engagements of Laono, Montenotte, Millesimo, Cava, Montebello, Rivoli, and especially in the Tyrol. He was afterwards opposed to Suwarrow, and was killed, in 1799, at Novi.]

(2) [In 1796, Hoche was appointed to the command of the expedition against Ireland, and sailed in December from Brest; but, a storm dispersing the fleet, the plan failed. After his return, he received the command of the army of the Sambre and Meuse; but died suddenly, in September, 1797, it was supposed of poison.]

(3) [General Marceau first distinguished himself in La Vendée. He was killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkerchen —

"Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting, and yet envying, such a doom —
Falling for France, whose heights he battled to resume."

See *ante*, Vol. VIII. p. 157.]

(4) [Lannes, Duke of Montebello — surnamed the "Orlando" and the "Ajax" of the French camp — was the son of a poor mechanic. He distinguished himself at Millesimo, Lodi, Aboukir, Acre, Montebello, Austerlitz, Jena, Pultusk, Preuss Eylau, Friedland, Tudela, Saragossa, Echmuhl, and, lastly, at Esling; where, in May, 1809, he was killed by a cannon-shot. "I found him a dwarf," said Napoleon, "but lost him a giant."]

(5) [At the taking of Malta, and at the battles of Chebreiss and of the Pyramids, Desaix displayed the greatest bravery. His mild and unvarying equity obtained for him, in Egypt, the title of "The Just General." He was mortally wounded by a cannon-ball at Marengo, just as victory declared for the French. His body was embalmed at Milan, and conveyed, by Napoleon's orders, to the hospice of St. Bernard.]

(6) [One of the most distinguished of the republican generals. In 1813, on hearing of the reverses of Napoleon in Russia, he joined the allied armies. He was struck by a cannon-ball at the battle of Dresden, in 1813. The only stain attached to his memory, is the fact of his accession to the allied cause. "Those," observes Sir Walter Scott, "who, more bold than we are, shall decide that his conduct, in one instance, too much resembled that of Coriolanus, and the constable of Bourbon, must yet allow that the fault, like that of those great men, was atoned for by an early and a violent death."]

IV.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd;
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'T is with our hero quietly inurn'd;
Because the army's grown more popular,
At which the naval people are concern'd;
Besides, the prince is all for the land-service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

V.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon(1)
And since, exceeding valorous and sage,
A good deal like him too, though quite the same none;
But then they shone not on the poet's page,
And so have been forgotten:—I condemn none,
But can't find any in the present age
Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one);
So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.(2)

(1) ["Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quid vate sacro."—HOR.

"Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition 's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave;
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
No bard had they to make all time their own."
FRANCIS, p. 223.

(2) [Mr. Coleridge, speaking of the original "Atheista Fulminato," says—"Rank, fortune, wit, talent, acquired knowledge, and liberal accomplishments, with beauty of person, vigorous health, and constitutional hardihood—all these advantages, elevated by the habits and sympathies of noble birth and national character, are supposed to have combined in 'Don Juan,' so as to give him the means of carrying into all its practical conse-

VI.

Most epic poets plunge " in medias res"
(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road), (1)
And then your hero tells, whene'er you please,
What went before—by way of episode,
While seated after dinner at his ease,
Beside his mistress in some soft abode,
Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

VII.

That is the usual method, but not mine—
My way is to begin with the beginning;
The regularity of my design
Forbids all wandering as the worst of sinning,
And therefore I shall open with a line
(Although it cost me half an hour in spinning)
Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,
And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

---

quences the doctrine of a godless nature, as the sole ground and efficient cause not only of all things, events, and appearances, but likewise of all our thoughts, sensations, impulses, and actions. Obedience to nature is the only virtue: the gratification of the passions and appetites her only dictate: each individual's self-will the sole organ through which nature utters her commands, and

" Self-contradiction is the only wrong!
For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual's character
That acts in strict consistence with itself." *]

(1) ["Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit."]

" But to the grand event he speeds his course,
And bears his readers, with impetuous force,
Into the midst of things, while every line
Opens, by just degrees, his whole design." — FRANCIS.

* Schiller's Wallenstein.

VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women (1) — he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the proverb (2) — and I quite agree;
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
Cadiz perhaps — but that you soon may see: —
Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir.

IX.

His father's name was Jóse — *Don*, of course,
A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
Of Moore or Hebrew blood, he traced his source
Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain;
A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,
Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,
Than Jóse, who begot our hero, who
Begot — but that's to come — Well, to renew:

X.

His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known —
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equall'd by her wit alone,

(1) ["The women of Seville are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman — added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world. Certainly, they are fascinating; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue. The wife of a duke is, in information, as the wife of a peasant — the wife of a peasant, in manner, equal to a duchess." — *B.* 1809.]

(2) ["Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla."]

She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way by all the things that she did.

XI.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart
All Calderon and greater part of Lopé,
So that if any actor miss'd his part
She could have served him for the prompter's copy;
For her Feinagle's were an useless art, (1)
And he himself obliged to shut up shop — he
Could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.

XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical, (2)
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity; (3)
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy — her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

(1) [Professor Feinagle, of Baden, who, in 1812, under the especial patronage of the "*Blues*," delivered a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, on Mnemonics.]

(2) ["Lady Byron had good ideas, but could never express them; wrote poetry also, but it was only good by accident. Her letters were always enigmatical, often unintelligible. She was governed by what she called fixed rules and principles squared mathematically." — *Lord B.*]

(3) [MS. — "Little she spoke — but what she spoke was Attic all,
With words and deeds in perfect unanimity."]

XIII.

She knew the Latin — that is, " the Lord's prayer,"
And Greek — the alphabet — I'm nearly sure ;
She read some French romances here and there,
Although her mode of speaking was not pure ;
For native Spanish she had no great care,
At least her conversation was obscure ;
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
As if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble 'em.

XIV.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
And said there was analogy between 'em ;
She proved it somehow out of sacred song, ['em,
But I must leave the proofs to those who've seen
But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong, ['em,
And all may think which way their judgments lean
" 'T is strange — the Hebrew noun which means
The English always use to govern d — n." ['I am,'

XV.

Some women use their tongues — she *look'd* a lecture,
Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily,
An all-in-all-sufficient self-director,
Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly, (1)
The Law's expounder, and the State's corrector,
Whose suicide was almost an anomaly —
One sad example more, that " All is vanity," —
(The jury brought their verdict in " Insanity.")

(1) [Sir Samuel Romilly, the eminent Chancery lawyer, lost his lady on the 29th of October, and committed suicide on the 2d of November, 1818. — " But there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. I have at least seen Romilly shivered, who was one

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation, [vers,(1)
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their co-
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,(2)
Or "Cœlebs' Wife"(3) set out in quest of lovers,
Morality's prim personification,
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers;
To others' share let "female errors fall,"
For she had not even one—the worst of all.

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of my assassins. When that man was doing his worst to uproot my whole family, tree, branch, and blossoms — when, after taking my retainer, he went over to them — when he was bringing desolation on my household gods — did he think that, in less than three years, a natural event — a severe, domestic, but an expected and common calamity — would lay his carcass in a cross-road, or stamp his name in a verdict of lunacy! Did he (who in his sexagenary * * *) reflect or consider what *my* feelings must have been, when wife, and child, and sister, and name, and fame, and country, were to be my sacrifice on his legal altar, — and this at a moment when my health was declining, my fortune embarrassed, and my mind had been shaken by many kinds of disappointment — while I was yet young, and might have reformed what might be wrong in my conduct, and retrieved what was perplexing in my affairs! But he is in his grave," &c. — *B. Letters*, 7th June, 1819.]

(1) [Maria Edgeworth, author of "Treatise on Practical Education," "Letters for Literary Ladies," "Castle Rackrent," "Moral Tales," &c. &c. &c. — "In 1813," says Lord Byron, "I recollect to have met Miss Edgeworth in the fashionable world of London, in the assemblies of the hour, and at a breakfast of Sir Humphry Davy, to which I was invited for the nonce. She was a nice little unassuming 'Jeannie Deans-looking body,' as we Scotch say; and if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One would never have guessed she could write her name; whereas her father talked, *not* as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else was worth writing." — *B. Diary*, 1821.]

(2) ["Comparative View of the New Plan of Education," "Teacher's Assistant," &c. &c.]

(3) [Miss Hannah More's "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife; comprehending Observations on Domestic Manners," &c. — a sermon-like novel, which had great success at the time, and is now forgotten. — E.]

XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
Of any modern female saint's comparison;
So far above the cunning powers of hell,
Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison:
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar! (1)

XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
Insipid in this naughty world of ours,
Where our first parents never learn'd to kiss (2)
Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss (2)
(I wonder how they got through the twelve hours)
Don Jóse, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning, or the learn'd,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dream'd his lady was concern'd;
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a kingdom or a house o'erturn'd,
Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*,
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

(1) "Description des *vertus incomparables* de l'Huile de Macassar." See the Advertisement.

(2) [MS. — "Where all was innocence and quiet bliss."]

XX.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities;
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
And such, indeed, she was in her moralities;(1)
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man
Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
That you might "brain them with their lady's fan;"(2)
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

XXII.

'T is pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation:
I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
But — Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?

(1) [MS. — "And so she seem'd, in all outside formalities."]

(2) ["By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan." — SHAKSPEARE.]

XXIII.

Don Jóse and his lady quarrell'd — *why*,
Not any of the many could divine,
Though several thousand people chose to try,
'T was surely no concern of theirs nor mine;
I loathe that low vice — curiosity;
But if there's any thing in which I shine,
'T is in arranging all my friends' affairs,
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

XXIV.

And so I interfered, and with the best
Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;
I think the foolish people were possess'd,
For neither of them could I ever find,
Although their porter afterwards confess'd —
But that's no matter, and the worst's behind,
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

XXV.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;
Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in
Their senses, they'd have sent young master forth
To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at home,
To teach him manners for the time to come.

XXVI.

Don Jóse and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;(1)
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.(2)

(1) [MS. — "Wishing each other damn'd, divoreed, or dead."]

(2) [Lady Byron had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was, in a short time after, to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness, — she wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection, on the road, and, immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more. At the time when he had to stand this unexpected shock, his pecuniary embarrassments, which had been fast gathering around him during the whole of the past year, had arrived at their utmost.* — MOORE.

* "The facts are: — I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of *insanity*. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With the concurrence of his family*, I had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend (Jan. 8th) respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, *assuming* the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that in correspondence with Lord Byron I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie." — LADY BYRON.

XXVII.

For Inez call'd some druggists, and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,(1)
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only *bad;*
Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct—which seem'd very odd.

XXVIII.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,
And open'd certain trunks of books and letters,
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;
And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted);
The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

(1) ["I was surprised one day by a Doctor (Dr. Baillie) and a Lawyer (Dr. Lushington) almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room. I did not know till afterwards the real object of their visit. I thought their questions singular, frivolous, and somewhat importunate, if not impertinent: but what should I have thought, if I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity. I have no doubt that my answers to these emissaries were not very rational or consistent, for my imagination was heated with other things. But Dr. Baillie could not conscientiously make me out a certificate for Bedlam; and perhaps the Lawyer gave a more favourable report to his employers. I do not, however, tax Lady Byron with this transaction; probably she was not privy to it. She was the tool of others. Her mother always detested me, and had not even the decency to conceal it in her house."* — *Lord B.*]

* "My mother always treated Lord B. with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips in her whole intercourse with him." — LADY BYRON.]

XXIX.

And then this best and meekest woman bore
With such serenity her husband's woes,
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly chose
Never to say a word about them more—
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaim'd, "What magnanimity!

XXX.

No doubt this patience, when the world is damning us,
Is philosophic in our former friends;
'T is also pleasant to be deem'd magnanimous,
The more so in obtaining our own ends;
And what the lawyers call a "*malus animus*"
Conduct like this by no means comprehends:
Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,
But then 't is not *my* fault, if *others* hurt you.

XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,
And help them with a lie or two additional,
I'm not to blame, as you well know—no more is
Any one else—they were become traditional;
Besides, their resurrection aids our glories [all:
By contrast, which is what we just were wishing
And science profits by this resurrection—
Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

XXXII.

Their friends(1) had tried at reconciliation,(2)
Then their relations,(3) who made matters worse.
('T were hard to tell upon a like occasion
To whom it may be best to have recourse—

(1) [Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hobhouse, &c. &c.]

(2) [MS. — "First their friends tried at reconciliation."]

(3) [The Right Honourable R. Wilmot Horton, &c. The following is from a fragment of a novel written by Lord Byron in 1817: — "A few hours afterwards we were very good friends; and a few days after she set out for Aragon, with my son, on a visit to her father and mother. I did not accompany her immediately, having been in Aragon before, but was to join the family in their Moorish château within a few weeks. During her journey, I received a very affectionate letter from Donna Josepha, apprizing me of the welfare of herself and my son. On her arrival at the château, I received another, still more affectionate, pressing me, in very fond, and rather foolish terms, to join her immediately. As I was preparing to set out from Seville, I received a third — this was from her father, Don José di Cardozo, who requested me, in the politest manner, to dissolve my marriage. I answered him with equal politeness, that I would do no such thing. A fourth letter arrived — it was from Donna Josepha, in which she informed me that her father's letter was written by her particular desire. I requested the reason by return of post: she replied, by express, that as reason had nothing to do with the matter, it was unnecessary to give any — but that she was an injured and excellent woman. I then enquired why she had written to me the two preceding affectionate letters, requesting me to come to Aragon. She answered, that was because she believed me out of my senses — that, being unfit to take care of myself, I had only to set out on this journey alone, and, making my way without difficulty to Don José di Cardozo's, I should there have found the tenderest of wives and — a strait waistcoat. I had nothing to reply to this piece of affection, but a reiteration of my request for some lights upon the subject. I was answered, that they would only be related to the Inquisition. In the mean time, our domestic disrepaney had become a public topic of discussion; and the world, which always decides justly, not only in Aragon but in Andalusia, determined that I was not only to blame, but that all Spain could produce nobody so blameable. My case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and several which could not, be committed; and little less than auto-da-fé was anticipated as the result. But let no man say that we are abandoned by our friends in adversity — it was just the reverse. Mine thronged around me to condemn, advise, and console me with their disapprobation. They told me all that was, would, or could be said on the subject. They shook their heads — they exhorted me — deplored me, with tears in their eyes, and — went to dinner."]

I can't say much for friend or yet relation):
The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,(1)
But scarce a fee was paid on either side
Before, unluckily, Don Jóse died.

XXXIII.

He died: and most unluckily, because,
According to all hints I could collect
From counsel learned in those kinds of laws,
(Although their talk's obscure and circumspect)
His death contrived to spoil a charming cause;
A thousand pities also with respect
To public feeling, which on this occasion
Was manifested in a great sensation.

XXXIV.

But ah! he died; and buried with him lay
The public feeling and the lawyers' fees:
His house was sold, his servants sent away,
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
A priest the other—at least so they say:
I ask'd the doctors after his disease—
He died of the slow fever call'd the tertian,
And left his widow to her own aversion.

XXXV.

Yet Jóse was an honourable man,
That I must say, who knew him very well;
Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,
Indeed there were not many more to tell:

(1) [MS. — "The lawyers recommended a divorce."]

And if his passions now and then outran
Discretion, and were not so peaceable
As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),(1)
He had been ill brought up, and was born bilious.(2)

XXXVI.

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,
Poor fellow! he had many things to wound him.
Let's own — since it can do no good on earth(3) —
It was a trying moment that which found him
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth, [him(4)
Where all his household gods lay shiver'd round
No choice was left his feelings or his pride,
Save death or Doctors' Commons — so he died.(5)

(1) —— "primus qui legibus urbem
Fundabit, Curibus parvis et paupere terrâ
Missus in imperium magnum. — VIRG.

(2) [MS. — "He had been ill brought up, { besides was / besides being } bilious."
Or,
"The reason was, perhaps, that he was bilious."]

(3) [MS. — "And we may own — since he is { now but / laid in } earth."]

(4) [In a letter from Venice, Sept. 19. 1818 (when he was writing Canto I.), Lord Byron says, "I could have forgiven the dagger *or* the bowl, any thing but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me. Do you suppose I have forgotten or forgiven it? It has, comparatively, swallowed up in me every other feeling, and I am only a spectator upon earth till a tenfold opportunity offers."
Again, in Marino Faliero —
"I had one only fount of quiet left,
And *that* they poison'd! My pure household gods
Were shiver'd on my hearth, and o'er their shrine
Sate grinning ribaldry and sneering scorn."]

(5) [MS. — "Save death or { litigation — / banishment — } so he died."]

XXXVII.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir
To a chancery suit, and messuages, and lands,
Which, with a long minority and care,
Promised to turn out well in proper hands:
Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,
And answer'd but to nature's just demands;
An only son left with an only mother(1)
Is brought up much more wisely than another.

XXXVIII.

Sagest of women, even of widows, she
Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon,
And worthy of the noblest pedigree:
(His sire was of Castile, his dam from Aragon.)
Then for accomplishments of chivalry,
In case our lord the king should go to war again,
He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress — or a nunnery.

XXXIX.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,
And saw into herself each day before all
The learned tutors whom for him she hired,
Was, that his breeding should be strictly moral:

(1) ["I have been thinking of an odd circumstance. — My daughter, my wife, my half-sister, my mother, my sister's mother, my natural daughter, and myself, are, or were, all *only* children. My sister's mother had only one half-sister by that second marriage (herself, too, an only child), and my father had only me (an only child) by his second marriage with my mother. Such a complication of *only* children, all tending to *one* family, is singular, and looks like fatality almost. But the fiercest animals have the rarest number in their litters, — as lions, tigers, and even elephants, which are mild in comparison." — *B. Diary*, 1821.]

Much into all his studies she enquired,
And so they were submitted first to her, all,
Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery
To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

XL.

The languages, especially the dead,
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse.
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use,
In all these he was much and deeply read;
But not a page of any thing that 's loose,
Or hints continuation of the species,
Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow vicious.

XLI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
But never put on pantaloons or bodices;
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
And for their Æneids, Iliads, and Odysseys,(1)
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
For Donna Inez dreaded the Mythology.

XLII.

Ovid 's a rake, as half his verses show him,
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,

(1) [MS. — " Defending still their Iliads and Odysseys."]

Although Longinus (1) tells us there is no hymn
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample;
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with "Formosum Pastor Corydon."

XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,
For speaking out so plainly in his song,
So much indeed as to be downright rude; (2)
And then what proper person can be partial
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

(1) See Longinus, Section 10., "Ἵνα μὴ ἕν τι περὶ αὐτὴν πάθος φαίνηται, πᾶσιν δὲ ἐκ σύνοδος." — [The Ode alluded to is the famous φαίνεταί μοι κῆνος ἴσος θέοισι, κ. τ. λ.

"Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth that fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile, &c.]

(2) [To hear the clamour raised against Juvenal, it might be supposed, by one unacquainted with the times, that he was the only indelicate writer of his age and country. Yet Horace and Persius wrote with equal grossness: yet the rigid stoicism of Seneca did not deter him from the use of expressions which Juvenal, perhaps, would have rejected; yet the courtly Pliny poured out gratuitous indecencies in his frigid hendecasyllables, which he attempts to justify by the example of a writer to whose freedom the licentiousness of Juvenal is purity! It seems as if there was something of pique in the singular severity with which he is censured. His pure and sublime morality operates as a tacit reproach on the generality of mankind, who seek to indemnify themselves by questioning the sanctity which they cannot but respect; and find a secret pleasure in persuading one another that "this dreaded satirist" was, at heart, no inveterate enemy to the licentiousness which he so vehemently reprehends. When I find that his views are to render depravity loathsome, that every thing which can alarm and disgust is directed at her in his terrible page, I forget the grossness of the execution in the excellence of the design. — GIFFORD.]

XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,
Expurgated by learned men, who place,
Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's vision,
The grosser parts; but fearful to deface
Too much their modest bard by this omission,(1)
And pitying sore his mutilated case,
They only add them all in an appendix,(2)
Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index;

XLV.

For there we have them all "at one fell swoop,"
Instead of being scatter'd through the pages;
They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome troop,
To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,
Till some less rigid editor shall stoop
To call them back into their separate cages,
Instead of standing staring altogether,
Like garden gods—and not so decent either.

XLVI.

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)
Was ornamented in a sort of way
Which ancient mass-books often are, and this all
Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how they,
Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,
Could turn their optics to the text and pray,
Is more than I know—but Don Juan's mother
Kept this herself, and gave her son another.

(1) "Too much their { antique / modest / downright } bard by the { elision." / omission."

(2) Fact! There is, or was, such an edition, with all the obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the end.

XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
And homilies, and lives of all the saints;
To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,
He did not take such studies for restraints;
But how faith is acquired, and then ensured,
So well not one of the aforesaid paints
As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,
Which make the reader envy his transgressions.(1)

XLVIII.

This, too, was a seal'd book to little Juan—
I can't but say that his mamma was right,
If such an education was the true one.
She scarcely trusted him from out her sight;
Her maids were old, and if she took a new one,
You might be sure she was a perfect fright,
She did this during even her husband's life—
I recommend as much to every wife.

XLIX.

Young Juan wax'd in goodliness and grace;
At six a charming child, and at eleven
With all the promise of as fine a face
As e'er to man's maturer growth was given:
He studied steadily, and grew apace,
And seem'd, at least, in the right road to heaven,
For half his days were pass'd at church, the other
Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

(1) See his Confessions, l. i. c. ix. By the representation which Saint Augustine gives of himself in his youth, it is easy to see that he was what we should call a rake. He avoided the school as the plague; he loved nothing but gaming and public shows; he robbed his father of every thing he could find; he invented a thousand lies to escape the rod, which they were obliged to make use of to punish his irregularities.

L.

At six, I said, he was a charming child,
At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy;
Although in infancy a little wild,
They tamed him down amongst them: to destroy
His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd.
At least it seem'd so; and his mother's joy
Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,
Her young philosopher was grown already.

LI.

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,
But what I say is neither here nor there:
I knew his father well, and have some skill
In character—but it would not be fair
From sire to son to augur good or ill:
He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—
But scandal's my aversion—I protest
Against all evil speaking, even in jest.

LII.

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but
This I will say—my reasons are my own—
That if I had an only son to put
To school (as God be praised that I have none),
'Tis not with Donna Inez I would shut
Him up to learn his catechism alone,
No—no—I 'd send him out betimes to college,
For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge.(1)

(1) [Foreigners often ask, "by what means an uninterrupted succession of men, qualified more or less eminently for the performance of united parliamentary and official duties, is secured?" First, I answer (with the

LIII.

For there one learns—'tis not for me to boast,
Though I acquired—but I pass over *that*,
As well as all the Greek I since have lost:
I say that there 's the place—but "*Verbum sat*,"
I think I pick'd up too, as well as most,
Knowledge of matters—but no matter *what*—
I never married—but, I think, I know
That sons should not be educated so.

LIV.

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,
Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit: he seem'd
Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;
And every body but his mother deem'd
Him almost man; but she flew in a rage
And bit her lips (for else she might have scream'd)
If any said so, for to be precocious
Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

---

prejudices, perhaps, of Eton and Oxford), that we owe it to our system of public schools and universities. From these institutions is derived (in the language of the prayer of our collegiate churches) "a due supply of men fitted to serve their country both in church and state." It is in her public schools and universities that the youth of England are, by a discipline which shallow judgments have sometimes attempted to undervalue, prepared for the duties of public life. There are rare and splendid exceptions, to be sure; but in my conscience I believe, that England would not be what she is, without her system of public education; and that no other country can become what England is, without the advantages of such a system. — CANNING.

"I shall always," says Gibbon, "be ready to join in the public opinion, that our public schools, which have produced so many eminent characters, are the best adapted to the genius and constitution of the English people." See also CROKER's *Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 377. iv. 18]

LV.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all
Selected for discretion and devotion,
There was the Donna Julia, whom to call
Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
Of many charms in her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean,
Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,
(But this last simile is trite and stupid.)

LVI.

The darkness of her Oriental eye
Accorded with her Moorish origin;
(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by;
In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin.)
When proud Granada fell, and, forced to fly,
Boabdil wept,(1) of Donna Julia's kin
Some went to Africa, some stay'd in Spain,
Her great great grandmamma chose to remain.

(1) ["Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence. Having ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada, they paused involuntarily to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel; and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. 'Allah achbar! God is great!' said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. The vizier, Aben Comixa, endeavoured to console his royal master, but the unhappy monarch was not to be comforted. 'Allah achbar!' exclaimed he, 'when did misfortunes ever equal mine?' From this circumstance, the hill took the name of Feg Allah achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of 'el ultimo suspiro del Moro,' or 'the last sigh of the Moor.'" — WASHINGTON IRVING.]

LVII.

She married (I forget the pedigree)
With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down
His blood less noble than such blood should be;
At such alliances his sires would frown,
In that point so precise in each degree
That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,
Marrying their cousins — nay, their aunts, and nieces,
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

LVIII.

This heathenish cross restored the breed again,
Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh;
For from a root the ugliest in Old Spain
Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh;
The sons no more were short, the daughters plain:
But there's a rumour which I fain would hush,(1)
'Tis said that Donna Julia's grandmamma
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law.

LIX.

However this might be, the race went on
Improving still through every generation,
Until it centred in an only son,
Who left an only daughter; my narration
May have suggested that this single one
Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion
I shall have much to speak about), and she
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.

(1) [MS. — "I 'll tell you too a secret — { silence! hush! / which you 'll hush."]

LX.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise
A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.

LXI.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like th' aërial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,
Possess'd an air and grace by no means common:
Her stature tall — I hate a dumpy woman.

LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man
Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;
And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE
'Twere better to have TWO of five-and-twenty,
Especially in countries near the sun:
And now I think on 't, "mi vien in mente,"
Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue
Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty.(1)

(1) [MS. — "Spouses from twenty years of age to thirty
Are most admired by women of strict virtue."]

LXIII.

'Tis a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,
And all the fault of that indecent sun,
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,
But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,
That howsoever people fast and pray,
The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone:
What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
Is much more common where the climate's sultry.

LXIV.

Happy the nations of the moral North!
Where all is virtue, and the winter season
Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth
('Twas snow that brought St. Anthony (1) to reason);
Where juries cast up what a wife is worth,
By laying whate'er sum, in mulct, they please on
The lover, who must pay a handsome price,
Because it is a marketable vice.

LXV.

Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,
A man well looking for his years, and who
Was neither much beloved nor yet abhorr'd:
They lived together, as most people do,
Suffering each other's foibles by accord,
And not exactly either *one* or *two*;
Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

(1) For the particulars of St. Anthony's recipe for hot blood in cold weather, see Mr. Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints."

LXVI.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—
With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend;
Between their tastes there was small sympathy,
For not a line had Julia ever penn'd:
Some people whisper (but, no doubt, they lie,
For malice still imputes some private end)
That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage,
Forgot with him her very prudent carriage;

LXVII.

And that still keeping up the old connection,
Which time had lately render'd much more chaste,
She took his lady also in affection,
And certainly this course was much the best:
She flatter'd Julia with her sage protection,
And complimented Don Alfonso's taste;
And if she could not (who can?) silence scandal,
At least she left it a more slender handle.

LXVIII.

I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair
With other people's eyes, or if her own
Discoveries made, but none could be aware
Of this, at least no symptom e'er was shown;
Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,
Indifferent from the first, or callous grown:
I'm really puzzled what to think or say,
She kept her counsel in so close a way.

LXIX.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,
Caress'd him often—such a thing might be
Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,
When she had twenty years, and thirteen he;
But I am not so sure I should have smiled
When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three;
These few short years make wondrous alterations,
Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

LXX.

Whate'er the cause might be, they had become
Changed; for the dame grew distant, the youth shy,
Their looks cast down, their greetings almost dumb,
And much embarrassment in either eye;
There surely will be little doubt with some
That Donna Julia knew the reason why,
But as for Juan, he had no more notion
Than he who never saw the sea of ocean.

LXXI.

Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,
And tremulously gentle her small hand
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland
And slight, so very slight, that to the mind
'Twas but a doubt; but ne'er magician's wand
Wrought change with all Armida's fairy art
Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart.

LXXII.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,
She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
She must not own, but cherish'd more the while
For that compression in its burning core;
Even innocence itself has many a wile,
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

LXXIII.

But passion most dissembles, yet betrays
Even by its darkness; as the blackest sky
Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays
Its workings through the vainly guarded eye,
And in whatever aspect it arrays
Itself, 'tis still the same hypocrisy;
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

LXXIV.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left;
All these are little preludes to possession,
Of which young passion cannot be bereft,
And merely tend to show how greatly love is
Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice.

LXXV.

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state;
She felt it going, and resolved to make
The noblest efforts for herself and mate,
For honour's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake;
Her resolutions were most truly great,
And almost might have made a Tarquin quake:
She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,
As being the best judge of a lady's case.

LXXVI.

She vow'd she never would see Juan more,
And next day paid a visit to his mother,
And look'd extremely at the opening door,
Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another;
Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—
Again it opens, it can be no other,
'Tis surely Juan now—No! I 'm afraid
That night the Virgin was no further pray'd.(1)

LXXVII.

She now determined that a virtuous woman
Should rather face and overcome temptation,
That flight was base and dastardly, and no man
Should ever give her heart the least sensation;
That is to say, a thought beyond the common
Preference, that we must feel upon occasion,
For people who are pleasanter than others,
But then they only seem so many brothers.

(1) [... Questo giorno
Non piu legemmo avanti. — DANTE.]

LXXVIII.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?
The devil's so very sly—she should discover
That all within was not so very well,
And, if still free, that such or such a lover
Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell
Such thoughts, and be the better when they're over;
And if the man should ask, 't is but denial:
I recommend young ladies to make trial.

LXXIX.

And then there are such things as love divine,
Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,
Such as the angels think so very fine,
And matrons, who would be no less secure,
Platonic, perfect, "just such love as mine:"
Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure;
And so I 'd have her think, were I the man
On whom her reveries celestial ran.

LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist
Between young persons without any danger.
A hand may first, and then a lip be kist;
For my part, to such doings I 'm a stranger,
But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost list
Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger:
If people go beyond, 'tis quite a crime,
But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

LXXXI.

Love, then, but love within its proper limits,
Was Julia's innocent determination
In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
Exertion might be useful on occasion;
And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
Ethereal lustre, with what sweet persuasion
He might be taught, by love and her together—
I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
In mail of proof— her purity of soul,(1)
She, for the future of her strength convinced,
And that her honour was a rock, or mole,(2)
Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
With any kind of troublesome control;
But whether Julia to the task was equal
Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel.(3)

(1) ["Conscienza l' assicura,
La buona compagna che l' uom francheggia
Sotto l' usbergo del esser puro." — DANTE.]

(2) [MS. — "Deem'd that her thoughts no more required controul."]

(3) [In this description of the struggles and the workings of Donna Julia's mind with respect to Don Juan, previously to their first and mutua transgression, the poet displays a most consummate knowledge of all the more subtle and refined self-dclusions of the human heart. This is, perhaps, the least objectionable part of the poem; since all who choose to avoid the beginnings of evil, the *sceleris primordia* — all who know the weakness of reason, and the strength of passion, may profit by the catastrophe of this amour. But, in the subsequent description of Donna Julia's delinquency, his Muse has lost again, what little she had gained in the approbation of the moralist. — COLTON.]

LXXXIII.

Her plan she deem'd both innocent and feasible,
And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen
Not scandal's fangs could fix on much that's seizable,
Or if they did so, satisfied to mean
Nothing but what was good, her breast was peaceable—
A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

LXXXIV.

And if in the mean time her husband died,
But Heaven forbid that such a thought should cross
Her brain, though in a dream! (and then she sigh'd)
Never could she survive that common loss;
But just suppose that moment should betide,
I only say suppose it—*inter nos.*
(This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought
In French, but then the rhyme would go for nought.)

LXXXV.

I only say suppose this supposition:
Juan being then grown up to man's estate
Would fully suit a widow of condition,
Even seven years hence it would not be too late;
And in the interim (to pursue this vision)
The mischief, after all, could not be great,
For he would learn the rudiments of love,
I mean the seraph way of those above.

LXXXVI.

So much for Julia.(1) Now we 'll turn to Juan,
Poor little fellow! he had no idea
Of his own case, and never hit the true one;
In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,(2)
He puzzled over what he found a new one,
But not as yet imagined it could be a
Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,
Which, with a little patience, might grow charming.

LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
His home deserted for the lonely wood,
Tormented with a wound he could not know,
His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude:
I 'm fond myself of solitude or so,
But then, I beg it may be understood,
By solitude I mean a sultan's, not
A hermit's, with a haram for a grot.

(1) [The progress of this passion is traced with consummate knowledge of the human heart; and, but for the seductive colouring with which every incident is embellished, and the air of levity and perfect contempt of all consequences with which the delusions of passion and the approaches of crime are treated, it might be put into the hands of youth as a moral warning to guard against the first approaches of irregular desires, and that sophistry of sentiment, by which our impurest wishes and designs are frequently veiled and disguised even from ourselves, till the moment when their gratification seems within our reach. It is then that the mask falls off, and the sophistry which had seduced, acquires the new duty of apologising for and excusing what an unsophisticated view of our own hearts ought to have prevented. — HILL.]

(2) See Ovid. de Art. Amand. l. ii.

LXXXVIII.

" Oh Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine."
The bard I quote from does not sing amiss,(1)
With the exception of the second line,
For that same twining " transport and security"
Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

LXXXIX.

The poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals
To the good sense and senses of mankind,
The very thing which every body feels,
As all have found on trial, or may find,
That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals
Or love.—I won't say more about " entwined"
Or " transport," as we knew all that before,
But beg " Security" will bolt the door.

XC.

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks
Thinking unutterable things; he threw
Himself at length within the leafy nooks
Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew;
There poets find materials for their books,
And every now and then we read them through,
So that their plan and prosody are eligible,
Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unintelligible.

(1) Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming —(I think)— the opening of Canto Second — but quote from memory.

XCI.

He, Juan, (and not Wordsworth) so pursued
His self-communion with his own high soul,
Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,
Had mitigated part, though not the whole
Of its disease; he did the best he could
With things not very subject to control,
And turn'd, without perceiving his condition,
Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

XCII.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,
Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,
And how the deuce they ever could have birth;
And then he thought of earthquakes, and of wars,
How many miles the moon might have in girth,
Of air-balloons, and of the many bars
To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies;—
And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

XCIII.

In thoughts like these true wisdom may discern
Longings sublime, and aspirations high,
Which some are born with, but the most part learn
To plague themselves withal, they know not why:
'Twas strange that one so young should thus concern
His brain about the action of the sky;(1)
If *you* think 't was philosophy that this did,
I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

(1) [MS. — " I say this by the way — so don't look stern,
But if you 're angry, reader, pass it by."]

XCIV.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,
And heard a voice in all the winds; and then
He thought of wood-nymphs and immortal bowers,
And how the goddesses came down to men:
He miss'd the pathway, he forgot the hours,
And when he look'd upon his watch again,
He found how much old Time had been a winner—
He also found that he had lost his dinner.

XCV.

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his book,
Boscan,(1) or Garcilasso;(2)—by the wind
Even as the page is rustled while we look,
So by the poesy of his own mind
Over the mystic leaf his soul was shook,
As if 't were one whereon magicians bind
Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,
According to some good old woman's tale.

XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away
Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted;
Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,
Could yield his spirit that for which it panted,

(1) [Juan Boscan Almogavà, of Barcelona, died about the year 1543. In concert with his friend Garcilasso, he introduced the Italian style into Castilian poetry, and commenced his labours by writing sonnets in the manner of Petrarch.]

(2) [Garcilasso de la Vega, of a noble family at Toledo, was a warrior as well as a poet. After serving with distinction in Germany, Africa, and Provence, he was killed, in 1536, by a stone thrown from a tower, which fell upon his head as he was leading on his battalion. Some of his poems have been lately translated into English by Mr. Wiffen. — E.]

A bosom whereon he his head might lay,
And hear the heart beat with the love it granted,
With——several other things, which I forget,
Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

XCVII.

Those lonely walks, and lengthening reveries,
Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes;
She saw that Juan was not at his ease;
But that which chiefly may, and must surprise,
Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease
Her only son with question or surmise;
Whether it was she did not see, or would not,
Or, like all very clever people, could not.

XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 't is very common;
For instance — gentlemen, whose ladies take
Leave to o'erstep the written rights of woman,
And break the —— Which commandment is't they
(I have forgot the number, and think no man [break?
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.)
I say, when these same gentlemen are jealous,
They make some blunder, which their ladies tell us.

XCIX.

A real husband always is suspicious,
But still no less suspects in the wrong place,(1)
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,
Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace,

(1) [MS. — " A real wittol always is suspicious,
But always also hunts in the wrong place."]

By harbouring some dear friend extremely vicious;
The last indeed's infallibly the case:
And when the spouse and friend are gone off wholly,
He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

C.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted;
Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er discover,
The while the wicked world beholds delighted,
Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's lover,
Till some confounded escapade has blighted
The plan of twenty years, and all is over;
And then the mother cries, the father swears,
And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

CI.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear
Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,
She had some other motive much more near
For leaving Juan to this new temptation;
But what that motive was, I sha'n't say here;
Perhaps to finish Juan's education,
Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,
In case he thought his wife too great a prize.

CII.

It was upon a day, a summer's day;—
Summer's indeed a very dangerous season,
And so is spring about the end of May;
The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason;

But whatsoe'er the cause is, one may say,
And stand convicted of more truth than treason,
That there are months which nature grows more merry in,—
March has its hares, and May must have its heroine.

CIII.

'T was on a summer's day—the sixth of June:—
I like to be particular in dates,
Not only of the age, and year, but moon;
They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates
Change horses, making history change its tune,(1)
Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,
Leaving at last not much besides chronology,
Excepting the post-obits of theology.(2)

CIV.

'T was on the sixth of June, about the hour
Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven—
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower
As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore,(3)
To whom the lyre and laurels have been given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them long!

(1) [MS. — "Change horses every hour from night till noon."]

(2) [MS. — "Except the promises of true theology."]

(3) ["Oh, Susan! I've said, in the moments of mirth,
What 's devotion to thee or to me?
I devoutly believe there 's a heaven on earth,
And believe that that heaven 's in *thee*."— MOORE.]

CV.

She sate, but not alone; I know not well
How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew, I should not tell—
People should hold their tongues in any case;
No matter how or why the thing befell,
But there were she and Juan, face to face—
When two such faces are so, 't would be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

CVI.

How beautiful she look'd! her conscious heart
Glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong.
Oh Love! how perfect is thy mystic art,
Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the strong,
How self-deceitful is the sagest part
Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along—
The precipice she stood on was immense,
So was her creed in her own innocence.(1)

CVII.

She thought of her own strength, and Juan's youth,
And of the folly of all prudish fears,
Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,
And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years:
I wish these last had not occurr'd, in sooth,
Because that number rarely much endears,
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

(1) [MS.—"She stood on guilt's steep brink, in all the sense
And full security of innocence."]

CVIII.

When people say, " I've told you *fifty* times,"
They mean to scold, and very often do;
When poets say, " I've written *fifty* rhymes,"
They make you dread that they'll recite them too;
In gangs of *fifty*, thieves commit their crimes;
At *fifty* love for love is rare, 't is true,
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,
A good deal may be bought for *fifty* Louis.

CIX.

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love,
For Don Alfonso; and she inly swore,
By all the vows below to powers above,
She never would disgrace the ring she wore,
Nor leave a wish which wisdom might reprove;
And while she ponder'd this, besides much more,
One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,
Quite by mistake — she thought it was her own;

CX.

Unconsciously she lean'd upon the other,
Which play'd within the tangles of her hair;
And to contend with thoughts she could not smother
She seem'd, by the distraction of her air.
'Twas surely very wrong in Juan's mother
To leave together this imprudent pair,(1)
She who for many years had watch'd her son so —
I'm very certain *mine* would not have done so.

(1) [MS. — " To leave these two young people then and there."]

CXI.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
Gently, but palpably confirm'd its grasp,
As if it said, "Detain me, if you please;"
Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp
His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze;
She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,
Had she imagined such a thing could rouse
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

CXII.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
But what he did, is much what you would do;
His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,
And then, abash'd at its own joy, withdrew
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,
Love is so very timid when 't is new:
She blush'd, and frown'd not, but she strove to speak,
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak.

CXIII.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:
The devil's in the moon for mischief; they
Who call'd her CHASTE, methinks, began too soon
Their nomenclature; there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
And then she looks so modest all the while.

CXIV.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self-control;
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose. (1)

CXV.

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced
And half retiring from the glowing arm,
Which trembled like the bosom where 't was placed;
Yet still she must have thought there was no harm,
Or else 't were easy to withdraw her waist;
But then the situation had its charm,
And then——God knows what next—I can't go on;
I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.

CXVI.

Oh Plato! Plato! you have paved the way,
With your confounded fantasies, to more
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
Your system feigns o'er the controulless core

(1) ["I am always most religious upon a sunshiny day; as if there was some association between an internal approach to greater light and purity, and the kindler of this dark lanthorn of our external existence. The night is also a religious concern; and even more so — when I viewed the moon and stars through Herschel's telescope, and saw that they were worlds." —*B. Diary*, 1821.]

Of human hearts, than all the long array
Of poets and romancers:—You 're a bore,
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,
At best, no better than a go-between. (1)

CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,
Until too late for useful conversation;
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion,
But who, alas! can love, and then be wise?
Not that remorse did not oppose temptation,
A little still she strove, and much repented,
And whispering "I will ne'er consent"—consented.

CXVIII.

'T is said that Xerxes offer'd a reward
To those who could invent him a new pleasure:
Methinks, the requisition 's rather hard,
And must have cost his majesty a treasure:
For my part, I 'm a moderate-minded bard,
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure);
I care not for new pleasures, as the old
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

(1) ["For my part, I must confess that I have, though a tolerably good philosopher, but a very low opinion of Platonic love; for which reason I have thought it necessary to give my fair readers a caution against it, having occasionally, to my great concern, observed the waist of a Platonist swell to a roundness which is inconsistent with that philosophy."—STEELE.]

CXIX.

Oh Pleasure! you are indeed a pleasant thing,
Although one must be damn'd for you, no doubt:
I make a resolution every spring
Of reformation, ere the year run out,
But somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing,
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout:
I'm very sorry, very much ashamed,
And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaim'd.

CXX.

Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take—
Start not! still chaster reader—she'll be nice hence-
Forward, and there is no great cause to quake;
This liberty is a poetic licence,
Which some irregularity may make
In the design, and as I have a high sense
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 't is fit
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

CXXI.

This licence is to hope the reader will
Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal day,
Without whose epoch my poetic skill
For want of facts would all be thrown away),
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still
In sight, that several months have pass'd; we'll say
'T was in November, but I'm not so sure
About the day—the era's more obscure.

CXXII.

We'll talk of that anon.—'T is sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'T is sweet to see the evening star appear;
'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 't is sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

CXXIII.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;(1)
'T is sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth
Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

(1) [MS.—"Our coming, nor look brightly till we come."]

CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet (1)
The unexpected death of some old lady
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait too — too long
For an estate, or cash, or country-seat, [already
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits. (2)

CXXVI.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend:
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

CXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love — it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd — all's
known —

(1) [MS. — "Sweet is a lawsuit to the attorney — sweet
The unexpected death," &c.]

(2) [MS. — "Who 've made us wait — God knows how long, already,
For an entail'd estate, or country-seat,
Wishing them not exactly damn'd, but dead — he
Knows nought of grief, who has not so been worried —
'T is strange old people don't like to be buried."]

And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

CXXVIII.

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
Of his own nature, and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to show his parts;
This is the age of oddities let loose,
Where different talents find their different marts;
You'd best begin with truth, and when you've lost your
Labour, there's a sure market for imposture.

CXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen!
(Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets.)
One makes new noses, one a guillotine,
One breaks your bones, one sets them in their sockets;
But vaccination certainly has been
A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,
With which the Doctor paid off an old pox,
By borrowing a new one from an ox.

CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes;
And galvanism has set some corpses grinning,
But has not answer'd like the apparatus
Of the Humane Society's beginning

By which men are unsuffocated gratis: [ning!
What wondrous new machines have late been spin-
I said the small-pox has gone out of late;
Perhaps it may be follow'd by the great.

CXXXI.

'T is said the great came from America;
Perhaps it may set out on its return,—
The population there so spreads, they say
'T is grown high time to thin it in its turn,
With war, or plague, or famine, any way,
So that civilisation they may learn;
And which in ravage the more loathsome evil is —
Their real lues, or our pseudo-syphilis?

CXXXII.

This is the patent-age of new inventions
For killing bodies, and for saving souls,
All propagated with the best intentions;
Sir Humphry Davy's lantern,(1) by which coals
Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions,
Tombuctoo travels,(2) voyages to the Poles,(3)
Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,
Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

(1) [The "Safety Lamp," after long researches and innumerable experiments, was at length invented by the late Sir Humphry Davy, P.R.S., in 1815, and has, no doubt, already preserved thousands of miners from the dangers of the fire-damp. — E.]

(2) [Jackson's Account of Tombuctoo, the great Emporium of Central Africa. — Narrative of Robert Adams, a Sailor. — Dr. Leyden's Discoveries in Africa, &c. &c.]

(3) [Sir Edward Parry's three expeditions. — Captain Ross's Voyage of Discovery, &c. &c.]

CXXXIII.

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure;
'T is pity though, in this sublime world, that
Pleasure 's a sin, and sometimes sin 's a pleasure; (1)
Few mortals know what end they would be at,
But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,
The path is through perplexing ways, and when
The goal is gain'd, we die, you know — and then ——

CXXXIV.

What then? — I do not know, no more do you —
And so good night. — Return we to our story:
'T was in November, when fine days are few,
And the far mountains wax a little hoary,
And clap a white cape on their mantles blue; (2)
And the sea dashes round the promontory,
And the loud breaker boils against the rock,
And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

CXXXV.

'T was, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night; (3)
No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud
By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright
With the piled wood, round which the family crowd;
There 's something cheerful in that sort of light,
Even as a summer sky 's without a cloud:

(1) [MS. — " Not only pleasure 's sin, but sin 's a pleasure."]
(2) [MS. — " And lose in shining snow their summits blue."]
(3) [MS. — " 'T was midnight — dark and sombre was the night.
No moon, no stars," &c.]

I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,(1)
A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.(2)

CXXXVI.

'T was midnight — Donna Julia was in bed,
Sleeping, most probably, — when at her door
Arose a clatter might awake the dead,
If they had never been awoke before,
And that they have been so we all have read,
And are to be so, at the least, once more ;—
The door was fasten'd, but with voice and fist
First knocks were heard, then "Madam — Madam — hist !

CXXXVII.

"For God's sake, Madam — Madam — here's my master,(3)
With more than half the city at his back —
Was ever heard of such a curst disaster !
'Tis not my fault — I kept good watch — Alack !

(1) [MS. — " I 'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,
And supper, punch, ghost-stories, and such chat."]

(2) [" Lady Mary W. Montague was an extraordinary woman : she could translate Epictetus, and yet write a song worthy of Aristippus — the lines,

' And when the long hours of the public are past,
And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment endear !
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear !' &c. &c.

There, Mr. Bowles ! — what say you to such a supper with such a woman ? and her own description too ? It appears to me that this stanza contains the *purée* of the whole philosophy of Epicurus." — *Lord B. to Mr. Bowles.*]

(3) [" To-night, as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over Don Juan, she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the First Canto,

Do pray undo the bolt a little faster—
They're on the stair just now, and in a crack
Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—
Surely the window's not so *very* high!"

CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,
With torches, friends, and servants in great number;
The major part of them had long been wived,
And therefore paused not to disturb the slumber
Of any wicked woman, who contrived
By stealth her husband's temples to encumber:
Examples of this kind are so contagious,
Were *one* not punish'd, *all* would be outrageous.

CXXXIX.

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion
Could enter into Don Alfonso's head;
But for a cavalier of his condition
It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,
Without a word of previous admonition,
To hold a levee round his lady's bed,
And summon lackeys, arm'd with fire and sword,
To prove himself the thing he most abhorr'd.

---

and asked me what it meant. I told her, 'Nothing,—but your husband is coming.' As I said this in Italian with some emphasis, she started up in a fright, and said, 'Oh, my God, is he coming?' thinking it was her own. You may suppose we laughed when she found out the mistake. You will be amused, as I was;—it happened not three hours ago."—*B. Letters*, Nov. 8. 1819.]

CXL.

Poor Donna Julia! starting as from sleep,
(Mind — that I do not say — she had not slept)
Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep;
Her maid Antonia, who was an adept,
Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
As if she had just now from out them crept:
I can't tell why she should take all this trouble
To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

CXLI.

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,
Appear'd like two poor harmless women, who
Of goblins, but still more of men afraid,
Had thought one man might be deterr'd by two,
And therefore side by side were gently laid,
Until the hours of absence should run through,
And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away."

CXLII.

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
"In heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d' ye mean?
Has madness seized you? would that I had died
Ere such a monster's victim I had been! (1)
What may this midnight violence betide,
A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?
Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill?
Search, then, the room!" — Alfonso said, "I will."

(1) [MS. — "Ere I the wife of such a man had been!"]

CXLIII.

He search'd, *they* search'd, and rummaged every where,
Closet and clothes' press, chest and window-seat,
And found much linen, lace, and several pair
Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
With other articles of ladies fair,
To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat:
Arras they prick'd and curtains with their swords,
And wounded several shutters, and some boards.

CXLIV.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they found—
No matter what—it was not that they sought;
They open'd windows, gazing if the ground
Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said nought;
And then they stared each others' faces round:
'T is odd, not one of all these seekers thought,
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

CXLV.

During this inquisition, Julia's tongue (1) [cried,
Was not asleep—"Yes, search and search," she
"Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong!
It was for this that I became a bride!
For this in silence I have suffer'd long
A husband like Alfonso at my side;
But now I 'll bear no more, nor here remain,
If there be law, or lawyers, in all Spain.

(1) [MS. — "But while this search was making, Julia's tongue."]

CXLVI.

" Yes, Don Alfonso ! husband now no more,
If ever you indeed deserved the name,
Is 't worthy of your years? — you have threescore —
Fifty, or sixty, it is all the same —
Is 't wise or fitting, causeless to explore
For facts against a virtuous woman's fame?
Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,
How dare you think your lady would go on so?

CXLVII.

" Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold
The common privileges of my sex?
That I have chosen a confessor so old
And deaf, that any other it would vex,
And never once he has had cause to scold,
But found my very innocence perplex
So much, he always doubted I was married —
How sorry you will be when I've miscarried!

CXLVIII.

" Was it for this that no Cortejo(1) e'er
I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville?
Is it for this I scarce went any where,
Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and revel?
Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
I favour'd none — nay, was almost uncivil?
Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
Who took Algiers,(2) declares I used him vilely?

(1) The Spanish " Cortejo" is much the same as the Italian " Cavalier Servente."

(2) Donna Julia here made a mistake. Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers — but Algiers very nearly took him: he and his army and fleet retreated with great loss, and not much credit, from before that city, in the year 1775.

CXLIX.

" Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani
Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?
Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
Were there not also Russians, English, many?
The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,
And Lord Mount Coffeehouse,(1) the Irish peer,
Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

CL.

" Have I not had two bishops at my feet?
The Duke of Iehar, and Don Fernan Nunez,
And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:
I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
Me also, since the time so opportune is—
Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock'd trigger,
Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure?

CLI.

" Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
Under pretence of business indispensable
With that sublime of rascals your attorney,
Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible
Of having play'd the fool? though both I spurn, he
Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible,
Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,
And not from any love to you nor me.

(3) [This sneer at the titles of some of what were called the *Union Peers* of Ireland is capital. — Hill.]

CLII.

" If he comes here to take a deposition,
By all means let the gentleman proceed;
You've made the apartment in a fit condition:—
There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—
Let every thing be noted with precision,
I would not you for nothing should be fee'd—
But, as my maid's undrest, pray turn your spies out."
" Oh!" sobb'd Antonia, "I could tear their eyes out."

CLIII.

" There is the closet, there the toilet, there
The antechamber—search them under, over;
There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,
The chimney—which would really hold a lover.(1)
I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
And make no further noise, till you discover
The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—
And when 't is found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

CLIV.

" And now, Hidalgo! now that you have thrown
Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
Pray have the courtesy to make it known
Who is the man you search for? how d'ye call
Him? what's his lineage? let him but be shown—
I hope he 's young and handsome—is he tall?
Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain
My honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

(1) [MS.—" The chimney—fit retreat for any lover!"]

CLV.

" At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,
At that age he would be too old for slaughter,
Or for so young a husband's jealous fears—
(Antonia! let me have a glass of water.)
I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
They are unworthy of my father's daughter;
My mother dream'd not in my natal hour
That I should fall into a monster's power.

CLVI.

" Perhaps 't is of Antonia you are jealous,
You saw that she was sleeping by my side
When you broke in upon us with your fellows:
Look where you please—we 've nothing, sir, to hide;
Only another time, I trust, you'll tell us,
Or for the sake of decency abide
A moment at the door, that we may be
Drest to receive so much good company.

CLVII.

" And now, sir, I have done, and say no more;
The little I have said may serve to show
The guileless heart in silence may grieve o'er
The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow:—
I leave you to your conscience as before,
'T will one day ask you *why* you used me so?
God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief!—
Antonia! where 's my pocket-handkerchief?" (1)

(1) [Donna Julia is surprised in her bed-room, under circumstances extremely awkward, by her own husband and a whole *posse comitatus* of attendants, well supplied with flambeaux, torches, and weapons of all descriptions. The lady, however, is more than a match for all this formid-

CLVIII.

She ceased, and turn'd upon her pillow; pale
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,
Like skies that rain and lighten; as a veil,
Waved and o'ershading her wan cheek, appears
Her streaming hair; the black curls strive, but fail,
To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears
Its snow through all;—her soft lips lie apart,
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.(1)

CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused;
Antonia bustled round the ransack'd room,
And, turning up her nose, with looks abused
Her master, and his myrmidons, of whom
Not one, except the attorney, was amused;
He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,
Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

---

able array; and by the brilliancy of her wit, and the *presence* of her mind, goes nigh to prove the *absence* of her lover, and to gain a most complete victory, when an unforeseen little incident snatches the triumph from the hands of the fair delinquent, in the very moment of her attaining it. We must, however, admit, that she conducts her own defence so inimitably, that whatever might be her fate in Doctors' Commons, or in Banco Regis, we should assure her a favourable verdict in the Court of Parnassus, were Apollo the judge, and the three Graces, with the nine Muses, the jury. — COLTON.]

(1) [The conclusion of the history of this passion is, that Don Juan is detected in the lady's chamber at midnight by her husband. Thinking her lover effectually concealed, Donna Julia rates her lord in a style of volubility in which, it must be granted, there is much of the *vis comica*. The detection which follows almost immediately after the conclusion of the speech, gives much additional absurdity to the amazing confidence of the lady. — BLACKWOOD.]

CLX.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he stood,
Following Antonia's motions here and there,
With much suspicion in his attitude;
For reputations he had little care;
So that a suit or action were made good,
Small pity had he for the young and fair,
And ne'er believed in negatives, till these
Were proved by competent false witnesses.

CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,
And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,
And treating a young wife with so much rigour,
He gain'd no point, except some self-rebukes,
Added to those his lady with such vigour
Had pour'd upon him for the last half-hour,
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower.

CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,
To which the sole reply was tears, and sobs,
And indications of hysterics, whose
Prologue is always certain throes, and throbs,
Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose:
Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's;
He saw too, in perspective, her relations,
And then he tried to muster all his patience.

CLXIII.

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,
But sage Antonia cut him short before
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,
With "Pray, sir, leave the room, and say no more,
Or madam dies."—Alfonso mutter'd, "D—n her,"
But nothing else, the time of words was o'er;
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.

CLXIV.

With him retired his "*posse comitatus*,"
The attorney last, who linger'd near the door,
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as
Antonia let him—not a little sore
At this most strange and unexplain'd "*hiatus*"
In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore
An awkward look; as he revolved the case,
The door was fasten'd in his legal face.

CLXV.

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh shame!
Oh sin! Oh sorrow! and Oh womankind!
How can you do such things and keep your fame,
Unless this world, and t' other too, be blind?
Nothing so dear as an unfilch'd good name!
But to proceed—for there is more behind:
With much heartfelt reluctance be it said,
Young Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from the bed.

CLXVI.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say
How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,
No doubt, in little compass, round or square;
But pity him I neither must nor may
His suffocation by that pretty pair;
'T were better, sure, to die so, than be shut
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.(1)

CLXVII.

And, secondly, I pity not, because
He had no business to commit a sin,
Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws,
At least 't was rather early to begin;
But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accompts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.(2)

CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion:
'T is written in the Hebrew Chronicle,
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,
Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,
When old King David's blood grew dull in motion,
And that the medicine answer'd very well;
Perhaps 't was in a different way applied,
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

(1) [MS. —— "than be put
To drown with Clarence in his Malmsey butt."]

(2) [MS. —" And reckon up our balance with the devil."]

CLXIX.

What 's to be done? Alfonso will be back
The moment he has sent his fools away.
Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,
But no device could be brought into play—
And how to parry the renew'd attack?
Besides, it wanted but few hours of day:
Antonia puzzled; Julia did not speak,
But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

CLXX.

He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand
Call'd back the tangles of her wandering hair;
Even then their love they could not all command,
And half forgot their danger and despair:
Antonia's patience now was at a stand—
"Come, come, 'tis no time now for fooling there,"
She whisper'd, in great wrath—"I must deposit
This pretty gentleman within the closet:

CLXXI.

"Pray, keep your nonsense for some luckier night—
Who can have put my master in this mood?
What will become on 't—I 'm in such a fright,
The devil 's in the urchin, and no good—
Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?
Why, don't you know that it may end in blood?
You 'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,
My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

CLXXII.

"Had it but been for a stout cavalier
Of twenty-five or thirty—(Come, make haste)
But for a child, what piece of work is here!
I really, madam, wonder at your taste—
(Come, sir, get in)—my master must be near:
There, for the present, at the least, he's fast,
And if we can but till the morning keep
Our counsel—(Juan, mind, you must not sleep.)"

CLXXIII.

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,
Closed the oration of the trusty maid:
She loiter'd, and he told her to be gone,
An order somewhat sullenly obey'd;
However, present remedy was none,
And no great good seem'd answer'd if she staid:
Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,
She snuff'd the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun
Some strange excuses for his late proceeding;
He would not justify what he had done,
To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding;
But there were ample reasons for it, none
Of which he specified in this his pleading:
His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "*rigmarole*."

CLXXV.

Julia said nought; though all the while there rose
A ready answer, which at once enables
A matron, who her husband's foible knows,
By a few timely words to turn the tables,
Which, if it does not silence, still must pose,—
Even if it should comprise a pack of fables;
'T is to retort with firmness, and when he
Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with *three*.

CLXXVI.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,—
Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known;
But whether 't was that one's own guilt confounds—
But that can't be, as has been often shown,
A lady with apologies abounds;—
It might be that her silence sprang alone
From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,
To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

CLXXVII.

There might be one more motive, which makes two;
Alfonso ne'er to Juan had alluded,—
Mention'd his jealousy, but never who
Had been the happy lover, he concluded,
Conceal'd amongst his premises; 'tis true,
His mind the more o'er this its mystery brooded;
To speak of Inez now were, one may say,
Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

CLXXVIII.

A hint, in tender cases, is enough;
Silence is best, besides there is a *tact*—
(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,
But it will serve to keep my verse compact)—
Which keeps, when push'd by questions rather rough,
A lady always distant from the fact:
The charming creatures lie with such a grace,
There 's nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them; at least I
Have always done so; 'tis of no great use,
In any case, attempting a reply,
For then their eloquence grows quite profuse;
And when at length they 're out of breath, they sigh,
And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose
A tear or two, and then we make it up;
And then—and then—and then—sit down and sup.

CLXXX.

Alfonso closed his speech, and begg'd her pardon,
Which Julia half withheld, and then half granted,
And laid conditions, he thought, very hard on,
Denying several little things he wanted:
He stood like Adam lingering near his garden,
With useless penitence perplex'd and haunted,(1)
Beseeching she no further would refuse,
When, lo! he stumbled o'er a pair of shoes.

(1) [MS.—"With base suspicion now no longer haunted."]

CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes! (1) — what then? not much, if they
Are such as fit with ladies' feet, but these
(No one can tell how much I grieve to say)
Were masculine; to see them, and to seize,

(1) [For the incident of the shoes, Lord Byron was probably indebted to the Scottish ballad, —

"Our goodman came hame at e'en, and hame came he,
He spy'd a pair of jack-boots where nae boots should be,
What 's this now, goodwife? What 's this I see?
How came these boots there, without the leave o' me!
Boots! quo' she:
Ay, boots, quo' he.
Shame fa' your cuckold face, and ill mat ye see,
It 's but a pair of water stoups the cooper sent to me.
Water stoups! quo' he:
Ay, water stoups, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden, and farrer hae I gane,
But silver spurs on water stoups saw I never nane.

"Our goodman came hame at e'en, and hame came he;
There he spy'd a powder'd wig, where nae wig should be.
What 's this now, goodwife? what 's this I see?
How came this wig here, without the leave o' me?
A wig! quo' she:
Ay, a wig, quo' he.
Shame fa' your cuckold face, and ill mat you see,
'Tis naething hut a clockin hen my granny sent to me.
A clockin hen! quo' he:
Ay, a clockin hen, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden, and muckle hae I seen,
But powder on a clockin-hen saw I never nane.

"Ben went our goodman, and ben went he;
And there he spy'd a sturdy man, where nae man should be.
How came this man here, how can this be?
How came this man here, without the leave o' me?
A man! quo' she:
Ay, a man, quo' he.
Poor blind body, and blinder mat ye be,
It 's a new milking maid, my mither sent to me.
A maid! quo' he:
Ay, a maid, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden, and muckle hae I seen,
But lang-bearded maidens saw I never nane."

See JOHNSON's *Musical Museum*, vol. v. p. 466.]

Was but a moment's act.—Ah! well-a-day!
My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze—
Alfonso first examined well their fashion,
And then flew out into another passion.

CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquish'd sword,
And Julia instant to the closet flew.
"Fly, Juan, fly! for heaven's sake—not a word—
The door is open—you may yet slip through
The passage you so often have explored—
Here is the garden-key—Fly—fly—Adieu!
Haste—haste! I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—
Day has not broke—there 's no one in the street."

CLXXXIII.

None can say that this was not good advice,(1)
The only mischief was, it came too late;
Of all experience 'tis the usual price,
A sort of income-tax laid on by fate: (2)
Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,
And might have done so by the garden-gate,
But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,
Who threaten'd death—so Juan knock'd him down.

CLXXXIV.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light;
Antonia cried out "Rape!" and Julia "Fire!"
But not a servant stirr'd to aid the fight.
Alfonso, pommell'd to his heart's desire,

(1) [MS.—"None can deny that this was good advice."]
(2) [MS.—"A sort of tax laid on our wits by fate."]

Swore lustily he 'd be revenged this night;
And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher;
His blood was up: though young, he was a Tartar,
And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropp'd ere he could draw it,
And they continued battling hand to hand,
For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it;
His temper not being under great command,
If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,
Alfonso's days had not been in the land
Much longer.—Think of husbands', lovers' lives!
And how ye may be doubly widows—wives!

CLXXXVI.

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,
And Juan throttled him to get away,
And blood ('twas from the nose) began to flow;
At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,
Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,
And then his only garment quite gave way;
He fled, like Joseph, leaving it; but there,
I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

CLXXXVII.

Lights came at length, and men, and maids, who found
An awkward spectacle their eyes before;
Antonia in hysterics, Julia swoon'd,
Alfonso leaning, breathless, by the door;

Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,
Some blood, and several footsteps, but no more:
Juan the gate gain'd, turn'd the key about,
And liking not the inside, lock'd the out.

CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this canto.—Need I sing, or say,
How Juan, naked, favour'd by the night,
Who favours what she should not, found his way, (1)
And reach'd his home in an unseemly plight?
The pleasant scandal which arose next day,
The nine days' wonder which was brought to light,
And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,
Were in the English newspapers, of course.

CLXXXIX.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,
The depositions, and the cause at full,
The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings
Of counsel to nonsuit, or to annul,
There 's more than one edition, and the readings
Are various, but they none of them are dull;
The best is that in short-hand ta'en by Gurney,
Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey. (2)

(1) [MS. — "Found — heaven knows how — his solitary way,
And reach'd his home," &c.]

(2) [William Brodie Gurney, the eminent short-hand writer to the houses of parliament, succeeded his father in that office; — and the grandfather was author of a treatise on "Brachygraphy." — E.]

CXC.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train
Of one of the most circulating scandals
That had for centuries been known in Spain,
At least since the retirement of the Vandals,(1)
First vow'd (and never had she vow'd in vain)
To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles;
And then, by the advice of some old ladies,
She sent her son to be shipp'd off from Cadiz.

CXCI.

She had resolved that he should travel through
All European climes, by land or sea,
To mend his former morals, and get new,
Especially in France and Italy,
(At least this is the thing most people do.)
Julia was sent into a convent: she
Grieved, but, perhaps, her feelings may be better
Shown in the following copy of her Letter:—

CXCII.

"They tell me 'tis decided; you depart:
'Tis wise — 'tis well, but not the less a pain;
I have no further claim on your young heart,
Mine is the victim, and would be again;
To love too much has been the only art
I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain
Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears;
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

(1) [MS. — "Since Roderick's Goths, or older Genseric's Vandals."]

CXCIII.

" I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,
And yet can not regret what it hath cost,
So dear is still the memory of that dream;
Yet, if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,
None can deem harshlier of me than I deem:
I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
I've nothing to reproach, or to request.

CXCIV.

" Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these can not estrange;
Men have all these resources, we but one, (1)
To love again, (2) and be again undone. (3)

(1) [" Que les hommes sont heureux d'aller à la guerre, d'exposer leur vie, de se livrer à l'enthousiasme de l'honneur et du danger! Mais il n'y a rien au dehors qui soulage les femmes." — *Corinne.*]

(2) [MS. — " Or,
' To mourn alone the love which has undone.'
" Or,
' To lift our fatal love to God from man.'
Take that which, of these three, seems the best prescription." — *B.*]

(3) [We have an indelicate but very clever, scene, of the young Juan's concealment in the bed of an amorous matron, and of the torrent of rattling and audacious eloquence with which she repels the too just suspicions of her jealous lord. All this is merely comic, and a little coarse. — but then the poet chooses to make this shameless and abandoned woman address to her young gallant an epistle breathing the very spirit of warm, devoted, pure, and unalterable love — thus profaning the holiest language of the heart, and indirectly associating it with the most hateful and degrading sensualism. Thus are our notions of right and wrong at once confounded

CXCV.

" You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core;(1)
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before,—
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
That word is idle now—but let it go.(2)

CXCVI.

" My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
But still I think I can collect my mind;(3)
My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
As roll the waves before the settled wind;
My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
To all, except one image, madly blind;
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.(4)

— our confidence in virtue shaken to the foundation — and our reliance on truth and fidelity at an end for ever. Of this it is that we complain. — JEFFREY.]

(1) [The unlucky incident of the shoe, followed up by the discovery and flight of the lover, were astounding facts, that neither the wit nor the eloquence of Donna Julia could overcome. She retires to a nunnery, and writes a letter to Don Juan, quite equal, *in its way*, to the celebrated epistle of Eloisa. — COLTON.]

(2) [MS. — Or, " That word is { fatal now / lost for me / deadly now } — but let it go."]

(3) [MS. — " I struggle, but can not collect my mind."]

(4) [MS. — " As turns the needle trembling to the pole
It ne'er can reach — so turns to you my soul."]

CXCVII.

" I have no more to say, but linger still,
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
My misery can scarce be more complete:
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill; [meet,
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would
And I must even survive this last adieu,
And bear with life, to love and pray for you!"

CXCVIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper
With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new;(1)
Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,
It trembled as magnetic needles do,
And yet she did not let one tear escape her;
The seal a sun-flower; " *Elle vous suit partout,*"
The motto, cut upon a white cornelian;
The wax was superfine, its hue vermilion.

CXCIX.

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape; but whether
I shall proceed with his adventures is
Dependent on the public altogether;
We 'll see, however, what they say to this,
Their favour in an author's cap 's a feather,
And no great mischief 's done by their caprice;
And if their approbation we experience,
Perhaps they 'll have some more about a year hence.

(1) [MS. — " With a neat crow-quill, rather hard, but new."]

CC.

My poem's epic, and is meant to be
Divided in twelve books; each book containing,
With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,(1)
A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,
New characters; the episodes are three:(2)
A panoramic view of hell's in training,
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.(3)

CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,
With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,
The *Vade Mecum* of the true sublime,
Which makes so many poets, and some fools:

(1) [For your tempest, take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these, of rain, lightning and thunder (the loudest you can), *quantum sufficit.* Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing. For a battle: pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a spice or two of Virgil, and, if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle. — SWIFT: *Recipe for an Epic.*]

(2) [MS. — "And there are other incidents remaining
Which shall be specified in fitting time,
With good discretion, and in current rhyme."]

(3) [Lord Byron can scarcely be said to have written an *epic* poem, if the definition of the Dictionnaire de Trévoux be right: —

"EPIQUE, qui appartient à la poésie héroique, ou poème qui décrit quelque action, signaleé d'un héros. Le poème épique est un discours inventé avec art pour former les mœurs par des instructions déguisées sous les allégories d'une action importante, racontée d'une manière vraisemblable et merveilleuse. La différence qu'il y a entre la poème épique et la tragédie, c'est que dans la poème épique les personnes n'y sont point introduitcs aux yeux des spectateurs agissant par elles-mêmes, comme dans la tragédie; mais l'action est raconteé par le poète." — BRYDGES.]

Prose poets like blank-verse, I 'm fond of rhyme,
Good workmen never quarrel with their tools;
I 've got new mythological machinery,
And very handsome supernatural scenery.(1)

CCII.

There 's only one slight difference between
Me and my epic brethren gone before,
And here the advantage is my own, I ween;
(Not that I have not several merits more,
But this will more peculiarly be seen;)
They so embellish, that 't is quite a bore
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
Whereas this story 's actually true.

CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
To history, tradition, and to facts,
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
To plays in five, and operas in three acts;(2)
All these confirm my statement a good deal,
But that which more completely faith exacts
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.(3)

(1) ["For your machinery, take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use: separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; and, since no epic poem can subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities."— SWIFT.]

(2) [MS. — "To newspapers, to sermons, which the zeal
Of pious men have published on his acts."]

(3) [The popularity of the old Spanish play, entitled, "Atheista Fulminato," the original of "Don Juan," has been so extensive as to claim

CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
I 'll write poetical commandments, which
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
That went before; in these I shall enrich

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philosophical attention and investigation. The first point to he noticed is, that the play is throughout *imaginative*. Nothing of it belongs to the real world, but the names of the places and persons. The comic parts, equally with the tragic; the living, equally with the defunct characters, are creatures of the brain; as little amenable to the rules of ordinary probability, as the Satan of Paradise Lost, or the Caliban of the Tempest, and therefore to be understood as impersonated *abstractions*. The very extravagance of the incidents, and the superhuman *entireness* of Don Juan's agency, prevents the wickedness from shocking our minds to any painful degree. Meantime the qualitics of his character are too desirable, too flattering to our pride and our wishes, not to make up on this side as much additional faith as was lost on the other. There is no danger (thinks the spectator or reader) of *my* becoming such a monster of iniquity as Don Juan! *I* never shall be an atheist! *I* shall never disallow all distinction between right and wrong! *I* have not the least inclination to be so outrageous a drawcansir in my love affairs! But, to possess such a power of captivating and enchanting the affections of the other sex! to be capable of inspiring, in a charming and even a virtuous woman, a love so deep, and so entirely personal to *me!* that even my worst vices, if I *were* vicious, even my cruelty and perfidy, if I *were* cruel and perfidious, could not eradicate the passion! To be so loved for my *own self*, that, even with a distinct knowledge of my character, she yet died to save me! this takes hold of two sides of our nature, the better and the worse. * * In fine, the character of Don Juan consists in the union of every thing desirable to human nature, as *means*, and which, therefore, by the well known law of association, become at length desirable on their own account. The ingredients, too, are mixed in the happiest proportion, so as to uphold and relieve each other — more especially in that counterpoise of wit, gaiety, and social generosity, which prevents the criminal, even in the most atrocious moments, from sinking into the mere ruffian, as far, at least, as our *imagination* sits in judgment. Above all, the fine suffusion through the whole, with the characteristic manners and feelings of a highly-bred gentleman, gives life to the drama. Thus, having invited the *statue-ghost* of the governor whom he had murdered, to supper, which invitation the marble ghost accepted by a nod of the head, Don Juan has prepared a banquet.

"*D. Juan.* Some wine, sirrah! Here 's to Don Pedro's ghost — he should have been welcome.

"*D. Lop.* The rascal is afraid of you after death. (*One knocks at the door.*)

"*D. Juan* (*to the servant*). Rise, and do your duty.

My text with many things that no one knows,
And carry precept to the highest pitch:
I'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,(1)
Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge,
Southey;
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
The second drunk, the third so quaint and
mouthy:(2)

"*Serv.* Oh, the devil, the devil! (*Marble ghost enters*).

"*D. Juan.* Ha! 'tis the ghost! Let 's rise and receive him! Come, governor, you are welcome, sit there; if we had thought you would have come, we would have staid for you. Here, governor, your health! Friends, put it about! Here 's excellent meat, taste of this ragout. Come, I 'll help you, come, eat, and let old quarrels be forgotten. (*The ghost threatens him with vengeance.*)

"*D. Juan.* We are too much confirmed — curse on this dry discourse! Come, here 's to your mistress; you had one when you were living: not forgetting your sweet sister. (*Devils enter.*) Are these some of your retinue? Devils, say you? I 'm sorry I have no burnt brandy to treat 'em with, that 's drink fit for devils," &c.

Nor is the scene from which we quote interesting in *dramatic* probability alone; it is susceptible likewise of a sound *moral;* of a moral that has more than common claims on the notice of a too numerous class, who are ready to receive the qualities of gentlemanly courage, and scrupulous honour (in all the recognised laws of honour) as the *substitutes* of virtue, instead of its *ornaments*. This, indeed, is the moral value of the play at large. — COLERIDGE.]

(1) [MS — " I 'll call the work ' Reflections o'er a Bottle.' "]

(2) [" There are the Lakers, my lord; ay, the whole school of Glaramara and Skiddaw and Dunmailraise, who have the vanity to be in the habit of undervaluing your poetical talents. Mr. Southey thinks you would never have thought of going over the sea had it not been for his Thalaba; Mr. Wordsworth is humbly of opinion that no man in the world ever thought a tree beautiful, or a mountain grand, till he announced his own wonderful perceptions. Mr. Charles Lambe thinks you would never have

With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy:
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
His Pegasus, nor any thing that 's his;
Thou shalt not bear false witness like "the Blues"—
(There 's one, at least, is very fond of this);
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose:
This is true criticism, and you may kiss—
Exactly as you please, or not,—the rod;
But if you don't, I 'll lay it on, by G—d!

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written Beppo had he not joked, nor Lara had he not sighed. Mr. Lloyd half suspects your lordship has read his Nugæ Canoræ: now all these fancies are alike ridiculous, and you are well entitled to laugh as much as you please at them. But there is one Laker who praises your lordship,—and why? Because your lordship praised him. This is Coleridge, who, on the strength of a little compliment in one of your notes *, ventured at last to open to the gaze of the day the long secluded loveliness of Christabel,—and with what effect his bookseller doth know. Poor Coleridge, however, although his pamphlet would not sell, still gloated over the puff; and he gave your lordship, in return, a great many reasonable good puffs in prose. You may do very well to quiz Wordsworth for his vanity, and Southey for his pompousness; but what right have you to say any thing about Mr. Coleridge's drinking? Really, my lord, I have no scruple in saying, that I look upon that line of yours—'Coleridge is drunk,' &c. as quite personal—shamefully personal. As Coleridge never saw Don Juan, or, if he did, forgot the whole affair next morning, it is nothing as regards him; but what can be expected from his friends? Has not any one of them (if he has any) a perfect right, after reading that line, to print and publish, if he pleases, all that all the world has heard about your lordship's own life and conversation? And if any one of them should do so, what would you, my Lord Byron, think of it?"—JOHN BULL.]

* See *antè*, Vol. X. p. 126.

CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert
This story is not moral, first, I pray,
That they will not cry out before they 're hurt,
Then that they 'll read it o'er again, and say,
(But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert,)
That this is not a moral tale, though gay;
Besides, in Canto Twelfth, I mean to show
The very place where wicked people go.

CCVIII.

If, after all, there should be some so blind
To their own good this warning to despise,
Led by some tortuosity of mind,
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
And cry that they "the moral cannot find,"
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies;
Should captains the remark, or critics, make,
They also lie too — under a mistake.

CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,
And beg they 'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral);
Meantime, they 'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel:
For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I 've bribed my grandmother's review — the British. (1)

(1) [For the strictures of "The British," on this and the following stanza, see "Testimonies," No. XVI., *ante*, p. 14.; and compare Lord Byron's "Letter to the Editor of My Grandmother's Review," *ante*, p. 41. — "I wrote to you by last post," says Lord B., Bologna, Aug. 24. 1819,

CCX.

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money.

CCXI.

I think that with this holy new alliance
I may ensure the public, and defy
All other magazines of art or science,
Daily, or monthly, or three monthly; I
Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,
Because they tell me 't were in vain to try,
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

CCXII.

"*Non ego hoc ferrem calida juventâ*
Consule Planco,"(1) Horace said, and so
Say I; by which quotation there is meant a
Hint that some six or seven good years ago

"enclosing a buffooning letter for publication addressed to the buffoon Roberts, who has thought proper to tie a canister to his own tail. It was written off-hand, and in the midst of circumstances not very favourable to facetiousness, so that there may, perhaps, be more bitterness than enough for that sort of small acid punch."]

(1) ["Such treatment Horace would not bear,
When warm with youth—when Tullus fill'd the chair."
FRANCIS.

(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)
I was most ready to return a blow,
And would not brook at all this sort of thing
In my hot youth—when George the Third was King.

CCXIII.

But now at thirty years my hair is grey—
(I wonder what it will be like at forty?
I thought of a peruke the other day([1])—)
My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I
Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May,
And feel no more the spirit to retort; I
Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.

CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:
Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:

(1) [MS.—"I thought of dyeing it the other day."]

The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,
Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgement.

CCXVI.

My days of love are over; me no more (1)
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
Can make the fool of which they made before,—
In short, I must not lead the life I did do;
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
The copious use of claret is forbid too,
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice. (2)

(1) "Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero;
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus." — HOR.

"For me, alas! these joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garland blooms no more;
No more the feats of wine I prove,
Nor the delusive hopes of mutual love." — FRANCIS.

(2) [His constant recurrence to the praise of avarice in Don Juan, and the humorous zest with which he delights to dwell on it, show how newfangled, as well as how far from serious, was his adoption of the "good old-gentlemanly vice." That his parsimony, however, was very far from being of that kind which Bacon condemns as "withholding men from works of liberality," is apparent from all that is known of his munificence at this very period. — MOORE.

"Charity — purchased a shilling's worth of salvation. If that was to be bought, I have given more to my fellow-creatures in this life — sometimes for *vice*, but, if not more *often*, at least more considerably, for virtue — than I now possess. I never in my life gave a mistress so much as I have sometimes given a poor man in honest distress. But, no matter! The scoundrels who have all along persecuted me will triumph — and when justice is done to me, it will be when this hand that writes is as cold as the hearts which have stung it." — *B. Diary*, 1821.]

CCXVII.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of Pleasure;
And the two last have left me many a token
O'er which reflection may be made at leisure:
Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,
"Time is, Time was, Time's past:"(1)—a chymic treasure
Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes—
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.(1)

CCXVIII.

What is the end of Fame?(2) 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;(3)

(1) [The old legend of Friar Bacon says, that the brazen head which he formed capable of speech, after uttering successively, "Time is"—"Time was"—and "Time is past," the opportunity of catechising it having been neglected, tumbled itself from the stand, and was shattered into a thousand pieces. — E.]

(2) ["Out of spirits—read the papers—thought what *Fame* was, on reading, in a case of murder, that 'Mr. Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge, sold some bacon, flour, cheese, and, it is believed, some plums, to some gipsy woman accused. He had on his counter (I quote faithfully), a book, the Life of Pamela, which he was tearing for *waste paper*, &c. &c. In the cheese was found, &c., and a leaf of *Pamela* wrapt round the bacon!' What would Richardson, the vainest and luckiest of *living* authors (*i. e.* while alive)—he who, with Aaron Hill, used to prophesy and chuckle over the presumed fall of Fielding (the *prose* Homer of human nature), and of Pope (the most beautiful of poets)—what would he have said, could he have traced his pages from their place on the French princes' toilets (see Boswell's Johnson), to the grocer's counter, and the gipsy-murderer's bacon!!!"—*B. Diary*, 1821.]

(3) ["Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," &c.—
BEATTIE.]

For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight [taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, (1) and worse bust. (2)

CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's King
Cheops erected the first pyramid
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;
But somebody or other rummaging,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops. (3)

CCXX.

But I being fond of true philosophy,
Say very often to myself, "Alas!
All things that have been born were born to die,
And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass;

(1) ["It is impossible not to regret that Lord Byron, being the contemporary of Lawrence and Chantrey, never sat to either of those unrivalled artists, whose canvass and marble have fixed, with such magical felicity, the very air and gestures of the other illustrious men of this age — our Wellingtons, our Cannings, our Scotts, and Southeys." — *Quart. Rev.* vol. xliv. p. 221.]

(2) [MS. — "A book — a damn'd bad picture — and worse bust."]

(3) ['This stanza appears to have been suggested by the following passage in the Quarterly Review, vol. xix. p. 203. :—"It was the opinion of the Egyptians, that the soul never deserted the body while the latter continued in a perfect state. To secure this opinion, King Cheops is said, by Herodotus, to have employed three hundred and sixty thousand of his subjects for twenty years in raising over the 'angusta domus' destined to hold his remains, a pile of stone equal in weight to six millions of tons, which is just three times that of the vast Breakwater thrown across Plymouth Sound; and, to render this precious dust still more secure, the narrow chamber was made

You 've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly,
And if you had it o'er again — 't would pass —
So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse."

CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader! and
Still gentler purchaser! the bard — that 's I —
Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,(1)
And so your humble servant, and good-b'ye!
We meet again, if we should understand
Each other; and if not, I shall not try
Your patience further than by this short sample —
'T were well if others follow'd my example.

CCXXII.

" Go, little book, from this my solitude!
I cast thee on the waters — go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The world will find thee after many days."(2)
When Southey 's read, and Wordsworth understood,
I can't help putting in my claim to praise —
The four first rhymes are Southey's every line:
For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine.

---

accessible only by small, intricate passages, obstructed by stones of an enormous weight, and so carefully closed externally as not to be perceptible. Yet, how vain are all the precautions of man! Not a bone was left of Cheops, either in the stone coffin, or in the vault, when Shaw entered the gloomy chamber."]

(1) [MS. — " Must bid you both farewell in accents bland."]

(2) [See Southey's Pilgrimage to Waterloo, *sub fine.*]

DON JUAN.

CANTO THE SECOND. (1)

(1) ["Begun at Venice, December 13. 1818, — finished January 20. 1819." — *B.*]

DON JUAN.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals, never mind the pain:
The best of mothers and of educations
In Juan's case were but employ'd in vain,
Since, in a way that 's rather of the oddest, he
Became divested of his native modesty.(1)

II.

Had he but been placed at a public school,
In the third form, or even in the fourth,
His daily task had kept his fancy cool,
At least, had he been nurtured in the north;
Spain may prove an exception to the rule,
But then exceptions always prove its worth —
A lad of sixteen causing a divorce
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

(1) [MS. — " Lost that most precious stone of stones — his modesty."]

III.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,
If all things be consider'd: first, there was
His lady-mother, mathematical,
A——never mind;—his tutor, an old ass;
A pretty woman—(that 's quite natural,
Or else the thing had hardly come to pass);
A husband rather old, not much in unity
With his young wife—a time, and opportunity.

IV.

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

V.

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—
A pretty town, I recollect it well—
'Tis there the mart of the colonial trade is,
(Or was, before Peru learn'd to rebel,)
And such sweet girls—I mean, such graceful ladies,
Their very walk would make your bosom swell;
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like:(1)

(1) [MS.—"But d——n me if I ever saw the like."]

VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb
New broke, a cameleopard, a gazelle,
No—none of these will do;—and then their garb!
Their veil and petticoat—Alas! to dwell
Upon such things would very near absorb
A canto—then their feet and ankles,—well,
Thank Heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready,
(And so, my sober Muse—come, let's be steady—

VII.

Chaste Muse!—well, if you must, you must)—the veil
Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart:—All sunny land
Of love! when I forget you, may I fail [plann'd
To—— say my prayers—but never was there
A dress through which the eyes give such a volley,
Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.(1)

VIII.

But to our tale: the Donna Inez sent
Her son to Cadiz only to embark;
To stay there had not answer'd her intent,
But why?—we leave the reader in the dark—
'T was for a voyage that the young man was meant,
As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,
To wean him from the wickedness of earth,
And send him like a dove of promise forth.

(1) *Fazzioli*—literally, little handkerchiefs—the veils most availing of St. Mark.

IX.

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things
According to direction, then received
A lecture and some money: for four springs
He was to travel; and though Inez grieved
(As every kind of parting has its stings),
She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed:
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

X.

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school(1)
For naughty children, who would rather play
(Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool;
Infants of three years old were taught that day,
Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool:
The great success of Juan's education,
Spurr'd her to teach another generation.(2)

XI.

Juan embark'd—the ship got under way,
The wind was fair, the water passing rough;
A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,(3)
As I, who 've cross'd it oft, know well enough;

(1) [See Verses on a Charity Ball, *antè*, Vol. XII. p. 320.]

(2) [MS. — " Their manners mending, and their morals curing,
She taught them to suppress their vice, — and urine."]

(3) [" Hogg writes me, that Scott is gone to the Orkneys in a gale of wind; — during which wind he affirms the said Scott ' he is sure is not at his ease, to say the best of it.' Lord, Lord! if these home-keeping minstrels had tasted a little open boating in a white squall — or a gale in ' the Gat ' — how it would enliven and introduce them to a few of the sensations." — *B. Letters*, 1814.]

And, standing upon deck, the dashing spray
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough:
And there he stood to take, and take again,
His first — perhaps his last — farewell of Spain.

XII.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new:
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
But almost every other country's blue,
When gazing on them, mystified by distance,
We enter on our nautical existence.

XIII.

So Juan stood, bewilder'd on the deck:
The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors swore,
And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,
From which away so fair and fast they bore.
The best of remedies is a beef-steak
Against sea-sickness(1): try it, sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer — so may you.

(1) [My friend, Dr. Granville, in his Travels to St. Petersburgh, 1829, says that "sea-sickness consists of vomiting — or something like it," and that the true way to escape the malady, is to take 45 drops of laudanum at starting, and as often afterwards as uneasiness recurs. Dr. Kitchener observes, that the beef-steak, recommended by Lord Byron, can suit only a very young and vigorous stomach on such occasions, and advises his pupil to adhere to salted fish and *devils*, with *quant. suff.* of hock or brandy in soda water. — HILL.]

XIV.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,
Beheld his native Spain receding far:
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
Even nations feel this when they go to war;
There is a sort of unexprest concern,
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar:
At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

XV.

But Juan had got many things to leave,
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
So that he had much better cause to grieve
Than many persons more advanced in life;
And if we now and then a sigh must heave
At quitting even those we quit in strife,
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

XVI.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion:
I'd weep,—but mine is not a weeping Muse,
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on;
Young men should travel, if but to amuse
Themselves; and the next time their servants tie on
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

XVII.

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd and thought,
While his salt tears dropp'd into the salt sea,
" Sweets to the sweet;" (I like so much to quote;
You must excuse this extract,—'t is where she,
The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought
Flowers to the grave;) and, sobbing often, he
Reflected on his present situation,
And seriously resolved on reformation.

XVIII.

" Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried,
" Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
Of its own thirst to see again thy shore:
Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide!
Farewell, my mother! and, since all is o'er,
Farewell, too, dearest Julia!—(here he drew
Her letter out again, and read it through.)

XIX.

" And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
But that 's impossible, and cannot be—
Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
Or think of any thing excepting thee;
A mind diseased no remedy can physic—
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.)

XX.

"Sooner shall heaven kiss earth — (here he fell sicker)
Oh, Julia! what is every other woe? —
(For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor;
Pedro, Battista, help me down below.)
Julia, my love! — (you rascal, Pedro, quicker) —
Oh, Julia! — (this curst vessel pitches so) —
Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!"
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

XXI.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,
Beyond the best apothecary's art,
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we dote on, when a part
Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends:
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

XXII.

Love's a capricious power: I've known it hold
Out through a fever caused by its own heat,
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
And find a quinsy very hard to treat;
Against all noble maladies he's bold,
But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,
Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,
Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

XXIII.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain
About the lower region of the bowels;
Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
Sea-sickness death: his love was perfect, how else
Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

XXIV.

The ship, call'd the most holy "Trinidada," (1)
Was steering duly for the port Leghorn;
For there the Spanish family Moncada
Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born:

(1) [In the year 1799, while Lord Byron was the pupil of Dr. Glennie, at Dulwich, among the books that lay accessible to the boys was a pamphlet, entitled "Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Juno on the Coast of Arracan, in the Year 1795." The pamphlet attracted but little public attention; but, among the young students of Dulwich Grove it was a favourite study; and the impression which it left on the retentive mind of Byron may have had some share, perhaps, in suggesting that curious research through all the various accounts of Shipwrecks upon record, by which he prepared himself to depict, with such power, a scene of the same description in Don Juan..... As to the charge of plagiarism brought against him by some scribblers of the day, for so doing, — with as much justice might the Italian author, who wrote a Discourse on the Military Science displayed by Tasso in his battles, have reproached that poet with the sources from which he drew his knowledge; — with as much justice might Puysegur and Segrais, who have pointed out the same merit in Homer and Virgil, have withheld their praise, because the science on which this merit was founded, must have been derived by the skill and industry of these poets from others. So little was Tasso ashamed of those casual imitations of other poets which are so often branded as plagiarisms, that, in his Commentary on his Rime, he takes pains to point out whatever coincidences of this kind occur in his own verses. — MOORE.

"With regard to the charges about the Shipwreck, I think that I told you and Mr. Hobhouse, years ago, that there was not a single circumstance of it not taken from fact; not, indeed, from any single shipwreck, but all from actual facts of different wrecks." — *Lord B. to Mr. Murray.*

They were relations, and for them he had a
Letter of introduction, which the morn
Of his departure had been sent him by
His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

XXV.

His suite consisted of three servants and
A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,
Who several languages did understand,
But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,

"Of late, some persons have been nibbling at the reputation of Lord Byron, by charging him with plagiarism. There is a curious charge of this kind lately published, which redounds, in reality, to the noble author's credit. Every one who has looked into the sources from which Shakspeare took the stories of his plays, must know that, in 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Coriolanus,' he has taken whole dialogues, with remarkable exactness, from North's translation of Plutarch.* Now, it is that very circumstance which impresses those plays with the stamp of antique reality, which the general knowledge of the poet could not have enabled him to communicate to them."—TIMES.]

* PLUTARCH.

"I am *Caius Martius, who hath done to thy selfe particularly, and to all the Volsces* generally, *great hurt and mischiefe*, which I cannot denie *for my surname of Coriolanus* that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompense of the true and painefull service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have bene in, but this onely *surname; a good memorie and witnesse of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me.* Indeed, *the name only remaineth* with me: for the rest, the *envie and crueltie of the people* of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly *nobilitie* and magistrates, *who have forsaken me*, and let me be banished by the people. That *extremetie* hath now driven me to come as a poor suter, to take thy chimnie *harth, not of any hope* I have to save my life thereby. *For if I had feared death*, I would not have come hither to put myself in hazard."

SHAKSPEARE.

"My *name is Caius Martius, who hath done*
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may

And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,
His headach being increased by every billow;
And the waves oozing through the port-hole made
His birth a little damp, and him afraid.

XXVI.

'Twas not without some reason, for the wind
Increased at night, until it blew a gale;
And though 'twas not much to a naval mind,
Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale,
For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:
At sunset they began to take in sail,
For the sky show'd it would come on to blow,
And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

XXVII.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the

My *surname*, *Coriolanus*: The *painful* service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that *surname*: *a good memory*,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which *thou should'st bear me*: *only that name remains*;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard *nobles*, who
Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this *extremity*
Hath brought me to thy *hearth*; *Not out of hope*,
Mistake me not, to *save my life*; for if
I had fear'd death, of all men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee." — *Coriolanus*, Act 4th, Scene 5th.

Whole of her stern-frame, and, ere she could lift
Herself from out her present jeopardy,
The rudder tore away: 'twas time to sound
The pumps, and there were four feet water found.(1)

XXVIII.

One gang of people instantly was put
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
To get up part of the cargo, and what not;
But they could not come at the leak as yet;
At last they did get at it really, but
Still their salvation was an even bet:
The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,
While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin,(2)

XXIX.

Into the opening; but all such ingredients [down,
Would have been vain, and they must have gone
Despite of all their efforts and expedients,
But for the pumps: I'm glad to make them known

(1) ["Night came on worse than the day had been; and a *sudden shift of wind*, about midnight, *threw the ship into the trough of the sea, which struck her aft, tore away the rudder, started the stern-post, and shattered the whole of her stern frame. The pumps* were *immediately sounded*, and in the course of a few minutes the water had increased to *four feet*." — *Loss of the Hercules.*]

(2) ["*One gang was instantly put on them, and the remainder of the people employed in getting up* rice from the run of the ship, and heaving it over, *to come at the leak*, if possible. After three or four hundred bags were thrown into the sea, *we did get at it*, and found *the water rushing* into the ship with astonishing rapidity; therefore we *thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin*, and every thing of the like description that could be got, *into the opening*." — *Ibid.*]

To all the brother tars who may have need hence,
For fifty tons of water were upthrown
By them per hour, and they had all been undone,
But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.(1)

XXX.

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,
And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
Kept two hand and one chain-pump still in use.
The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late
A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,
A gust — which all descriptive power transcends —
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.(2)

XXXI.

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset;
The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,(3)
And made a scene men do not soon forget;
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,

(1) ["Notwithstanding the pumps *discharged fifty tons* of *water an hour*, the ship certainly *must have gone down*, had not our *expedients* been attended with some success. *The pumps*, to the excellent construction of which I owe the preservation of my life, *were made by Mr. Mann of London.*" — *Loss of the Hercules.*]

(2) ["*As the next day advanced, the weather appeared to moderate*, the men continued incessantly at the pumps, and every exertion was made to *keep the ship afloat.* Scarce was this done, when *a gust, exceeding in violence every thing of the kind I had ever seen, or could conceive, laid the ship on her beam ends.*" — *Loss of the Centaur.*]

(3) ["The ship *lay motionless*, and, to all appearance, irrevocably overset. *The water forsook the hold*, and appeared between decks." — *Ibid.*]

Or any other thing that brings regret,
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks:
Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers,
And swimmers, who may chance to be survivors.

XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizen; first the mizen went,
The main-mast follow'd: but the ship still lay
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
Eased her at last (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted),
And then with violence the old ship righted. (1)

XXXIII.

It may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquiet,
That passengers would find it much amiss
To lose their lives, as well as spoil their diet;
That even the able seaman, deeming his
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

(1) ["Immediate directions were given *to cut away the main and mizen masts*, trusting, when the ship righted, to be able to wear her. On cutting one or two lanyards, the *mizen-mast went first over*, but without producing the smallest effect on the ship, and, on cutting the lanyard of one shroud, the *main-mast followed*. I had the mortification to see the *foremast and bowsprit also go over*. On this, *the ship immediately righted with great violence*." — *Loss of the Centaur.*]

XXXIV.

There 's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion: thus it was,
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,
The high wind made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured the qualms
Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws:
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for(1)
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,
As if Death were more dreadful by his door
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.(2)

XXXVI.

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be
All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd, "No!
'T is true that death awaits both you and me,
But let us die like men, not sink below

(1) [MS. — "Perhaps the whole would have got drunk, but for."]

(2) "A midshipman was appointed to guard the spirit-room, to repress that unhappy desire of a devoted crew *to die in a state of intoxication.* The sailors, though in other respects orderly in conduct, here pressed eagerly upon him." — *Loss of the Abergavenny.*]

Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post kept
And none liked to anticipate the blow; [he,(1)
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
And made a loud and pious lamentation;
Repented all his sins, and made a last
Irrevocable vow of reformation;
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)
To quit his academic occupation,
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,
To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

XXXVIII.

But now there came a flash of hope once more;
Day broke, and the wind lull'd: the masts were gone,
The leak increased; shoals round her, but no shore,
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.
They tried the pumps again, and though before
Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.(2)

(1) ["' *Give us some grog*,' they exclaimed, '*it will be all one an hour hence.*'—'*I know we must die*,' replied the gallant officer, coolly, '*but let us die like men!*'—*armed with a brace of pistols* he kept his post, even while the ship was sinking." — *Loss of the Abergavenny.*]

(2) ["However, by great exertion of the chain-pump, we *held our own.* All who were not seamen by profession, had been employed in *thrumming a sail.*" — *Ibid.*]

XXXIX.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,
And for the moment it had some effect;(1)
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,
Nor rag of canvass, what could they expect?
But still 'tis best to struggle to the last,
'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd:
And though 'tis true that man can only die once,
'Tis not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.(2)

XL.

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from thence,
Without their will, they carried them away;
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day
On which they might repose, or even commence
A jurymast or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

XLI.

The wind, in fact, perhaps, was rather less,
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could hope
To weather out much longer; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope

(1) [—— "*which was passed under the ship's bottom, and I thought* had some effect."— *Loss of the Abergavenny.*]

(2) [MS. — "'T is ugly dying in the Gulf of Lyons."]

For want of water, and their solid mess (1)
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope
Was used — nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

XLII.

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew (2)
A gale, and in the fore and after hold
Water appear'd; yet, though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps: — a wreck complete she roll'd,
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.

XLIII.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
Could do no more: he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,
And if he wept at length, (3) they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

(1) ["*The ship laboured so much*, that I *could scarce hope she would swim* till morning: our sufferings were very great *for want of water.*"— *Loss of the Abergavenny.*]

(2) ["*The weather again threatened*, and by noon *it blew a storm.* The ship laboured greatly; *the water appeared in the fore and after hold. The leathers* were nearly consumed, and the *chains of the pumps*, by constant exertion, and the friction of the coils, were rendered almost useless."— *Ibid.*]

(3) ["At length, *the carpenter came* up from below, and told the crew, who were working at the pumps, *he could do no more for them.* Seeing their efforts useless, many of them burst into tears, and wept like children."— *Ibid.*]

XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now(1)
Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
Of candles to their saints—but there were none
To pay them with; and some look'd o'er the bow;
Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.(2)

XLV.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks; some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun,
And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair;

(1) ["I perceived *the ship settling by the head.* It was not in my power to encourage the ship's company any longer with a prospect of safety."—*Loss of the Abergavenny.*]

(2) ["You cannot imagine," says Cardinal de Retz, (who narrowly escaped shipwreck in the Gulf of Lyons)—"you cannot imagine the horror of a great storm: *you can as little imagine the ridicule of it.* Every body were at their prayers, or were confessing themselves. The private captain of the galley caused, in the greatest height of the danger, *his embroidered coat and his red scarf* to be brought to him, saying, that a true Spaniard ought to die bearing his king's marks of distinction. He sat himself down in his great elbow-chair, and with his foot struck a poor Neapolitan in the chops, who, not being able to stand, was crawling along, crying out aloud, 'Senhor Don Fernando, por l'amor de Dios, confession.' The captain, when he struck him, said to him, 'Inimigo de Dios piedes confession!' and on my representing to him, that his interference was not right, he said that that old man gave offence to the whole galley. A Sicilian Observantine monk was preaching at the foot of the great mast, that St. Francis had appeared to him, and had assured him that we should not perish. I should never have done, were I to describe all the ridiculous sights that are seen on these occasions." The prophecy of the monk was a safe one, in a *double* sense; for, if it had failed, there would have been no one to contradict it.]

And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee. (1)

XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'Twas difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less:
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition; (2)
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress:
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

XLVII.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet;
Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so;
Six flasks of wine; and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below, (3)
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.

(1) ["Some appeared perfectly resigned, *went to their hammocks*, and desired their messmates *to lash them in*; others were for securing themselves to gratings and small rafts; but the most predominant idea was that *of putting on their best* and *cleanest clothes*. The boats were got over the side." — *Ibid.*]

(2) [MS. — "Men will prove hungry, even when next perdition."]

(3) ["Eight bags of rice, *six flasks of wine*, and a *small quantity of salted beef and pork*, were put into the long-boat, as provisions for the whole." — *Wreck of the Sydney.*]

XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove in the beginning of the gale;(1)
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail,(2)
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail;
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
To save one half the people then on board.

XLIX.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail,(3)
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,(4)
If any laughter at such times could be,

(1) ["The *yawl was stove* alongside and sunk." — *Centaur.*]

(2) ["*One oar* was erected for a *main-mast*, and the other bent to the breadth of the *blankets for a sail.*" — *Loss of the Wellington Transport.*]

(3) [MS. — "Which being withdrawn, discloses but the frown
Of one who hates us, so the night was shown," &c.]

(4) ["As *rafts* had been mentioned by the carpenter, I thought it right *to make the attempt.* It was impossible for any man to deceive himself with the hopes of being saved on a raft in such a sea as this." — *Centaur.*]

Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

LI.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,(1)
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.(2)

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell —
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave, —
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,(3)
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

(1) ["*Spars, booms, hencoops*, and *every thing* buoyant, were therefore *cast loose*, that the men might have some chance to save themselves; for the boats were at some distance." — *Loss of the Pandora.*]

(2) ["We had scarcely quitted the ship, when she gave a heavy *lurch to port*, and *then went down, head foremost.*" — *Lady Hobart.*]

(3) ["At this instant, one of the officers told the captain she was going down, and bidding him farewell, leapt overboard: the crew had just time to *leap overboard*, which they did, uttering *a most dreadful yell.*" — *Pandora.*]

LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.(1)

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so few —
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV.

All the rest perish'd; near two hundred souls
Had left their bodies; and what's worse, alas!
When over Catholics the ocean rolls,
They must wait several weeks before a mass

(1) [It is an awful moment when a ship takes her last heel, just before going down. When the "Pandora" sunk, the surgeon says, "the crew had just time *to leap overboard*, accompanying it with a most *dreadful yell*. The cries of the men drowning in the water was at first awful in the extreme; but as they sunk and became faint, they died away by degrees!" How accurately has Byron described the whole progress of a shipwreck, *to the final catastrophe!* — Barrow's *History of the Bounty*.]

Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
Because, till people know what's come to pass,
They won't lay out their money on the dead—
It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

LVI.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,
For Juan wore the magisterial face
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
Of eyes were crying for their owner's case:
Battista, though, (a name call'd shortly Tita)
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,
But the same cause, conducive to his loss,
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave
As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,
And so he found a wine-and-watery grave;
They could not rescue him although so close,
Because the sea ran higher every minute,
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

LVIII.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don Jóse's,
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,
For on such things the memory reposes
With tenderness—stood howling on the brink,

Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses!)
No doubt, the vessel was about to sink;
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd
Off, threw him in, then after him he leap'd.(1)

LIX.

He also stuff'd his money where he could
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
Not knowing what himself to say, or do,
As every rising wave his dread renew'd;
But Juan, trusting they might still get through,
And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

LX.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze:
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And made them bale without a moment's ease,(2)
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

(1) ["The boat, being fastened to the rigging, was no sooner cleared of the greatest part of the water, than a dog of mine came to me running along the gunwale. *I took him in.*" — *Shipwreck of the Betsey.*]

(2) ["It blew a violent storm, so that between the seas the sail was becalmed; and when *on the top of the wave, it was too much to be set*, but we could not venture to take it in, for we were in very imminent danger and distress; *the sea curling over the stern* of the boat, which obliged us *to bale with all our might.*" — *Bligh's Open Boat Navigation.* See BARROW's *Eventful History*, p. 99.]

LXI.

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boat still
Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast:
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpass'd,(1)
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

LXII.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale: to run
Before the sea until it should grow fine,
Was all that for the present could be done:
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
Were served out to the people, who begun(2)
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion;
They did their best to modify their case,
One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,

(1) ["Before it was dark, *a blanket* was discovered in the boat. This was immediately bent to one of the stretchers, and under it, *as a sail*, we scudded all night, in expectation of being *swallowed by every wave*." — *Centaur.*]

(2) ["*The sun rose red and fiery, a sure indication of a severe gale of wind.* — We could do nothing more than run before the sea. — *I served a tea-spoonful of rum to every person.* The bread we found was *damaged* and rotten." — BLIGH.]

While t'other half were laid down in their place,
At watch and watch; thus, shivering like the tertian
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.(1)

LXIV.

'Tis very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it: this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

LXV.

'Tis said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,
Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,
That some, I really think, *do* never die;
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
And *that*'s their mode of furnishing supply:
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

(1) ["As our lodging was very wretched and confined *for want of room*, I endeavoured to remedy this defect, by putting ourselves *at watch and watch*; so that *one half* always sat up, while the other half *lay down* in the bottom of the boat, with *nothing to cover us but the heavens*."—BLIGH.]

LXVI.

'T is thus with people in an open boat,
They live upon the love of life, and bear
More than can be believed, or even thought,
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear;
And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there;
She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Your labouring people think beyond all question,
Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;
For on the third day there came on a calm,
And though at first their strength it might renew,
And lying on their weariness like balm,
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
In spite of all remonstrances, and then
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men!
And carry them to shore; these hopes were fine,
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

LXX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air, (1)
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child:
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)
What could they do? and hunger's rage grew wild:
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.(2)

LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,

(1) ["The fourth day came, and not a breath of air, &c." — BLIGH.]

(2) ["The fourth day we began to suffer exceedingly from hunger and thirst. I then seized my dog, and plunged my knife into its throat. We caught his blood in the hat, receiving in our hands and drinking what ran over; we afterwards drank in turn out of the hat, and felt ourselves refreshed." — *Shipwreck of the Betsey.*]

With some remorse received (though first denied)
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,(1)
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,
They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not; savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see
The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

LXXIII.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food.(2)

(1) ["Now, however, when Mr. Byron was at home with his dog, a party came to tell him their necessities were such, that they must eat the dog, or starve. In spite of Mr. B.'s desire to preserve the faithful animal, they took him by force and killed him. Thinking he was entitled to a share, he partook of their repast. Three weeks afterwards, recollecting the spot where the dog was killed, he went to it, and was glad to make a meal of the *paws and skin*." — COMMODORE BYRON'S *Narrative*.

(2) [The fact of men, in extreme cases, destroying each other for the sake of appeasing hunger, is but too well established — and to a great extent, on the raft of the French frigate Méduse, when wrecked on the coast of Africa, and also on the rock in the Mediterranean, when the Nautilus frigate was lost. — BARROW.]

LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes;
And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,
And none to be the sacrifice would choose;
At length the lots were torn up,(1) and prepared,
But of materials that much shook the Muse—
Having no paper, for the want of better,
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

LXXV.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed,
In silent horror,(2) and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
'T was nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

(1) "Being driven to distress for want of food, they *soaked their shoes*, and two *hairy caps* which were among them, in the water; which being rendered soft, each partook of them. But day after day having passed, and the cravings of hunger pressing hard upon them, they fell upon the horrible and dreadful expedient of eating each other; and in order to prevent any contention about who should become the food of the others, they cast lots to determine the sufferer." — *Sufferings of the Crew of the Thomas.*]

(2) ["*The lots were drawn:* the captain, summoning all his strength, wrote upon slips of paper the name of each man, folded them up, put them into a hat, and shook them together. The crew, meanwhile, preserved *an awful silence;* each eye was fixed and each mouth open, while terror was strongly impressed upon every countenance. The unhappy person, with manly fortitude, resigned himself to his miserable associates." — *Famine in the American Ship Peggy.*]

LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death:
The surgeon had his instruments, and bled(1)
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
You hardly could perceive when he was dead.
He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
Like most in the belief in which they're bred,
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains;
But being thirstiest at the moment, he
Preferr'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins:(2)
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
And such things as the entrails and the brains
Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow —
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

LXXVIII.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
Who were not quite so fond of animal food;
To these was added Juan, who, before
Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could

(1) ["*He requested to be bled to death, the surgeon* being with them, and having *his case of instruments* in his pocket when he quitted the ship." — *Thomas.*]

(2) ["No sooner had the fatal instrument touched the vein, than the operator applied his parched lips, and *drank the blood as it flowed*, while the rest anxiously watched the victim's departing breath, that they might proceed to satisfy the hunger which preyed upon them to so frightful a degree." — *Ibid.*]

Feel now his appetite increased much more;
'T was not to be expected that he should,
Even in extremity of their disaster,
Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

LXXIX.

'T was better that he did not; for, in fact,
The consequence was awful in the extreme;
For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
Went raging mad (1) — Lord! how they did blaspheme!
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,
And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven knows:
And some of them had lost their recollection,
Happier than they who still perceived their woes;
But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,
For having used their appetites so sadly.

LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,
As fattest; but he saved himself, because,
Besides being much averse from such a fate,
There were some other reasons: the first was,

(1) ["Those who glutted themselves with human flesh and gore, and whose stomachs retained the unnatural food, soon perished with *raging insanity*," &c. — *Thomas.*]

He had been rather indisposed of late;
And that which chiefly proved his saving clause,
Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,
By general subscription of the ladies.

LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,
But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,
And others still their appetites constrain'd,
Or but at times a little supper made;
All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead:(1)
At length they caught two boobies, and a noddy,(2)
And then they left off eating the dead body.

LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
Remember Ugolino(3) condescends
To eat the head of his arch-enemy
The moment after he politely ends

(1) ["Another expedient we had frequent recourse to, finding it supplied our mouths with temporary moisture, was *chewing* any substance we could find, generally a bit of canvass, or even *lead*." — *Juno.*]

(2) ["On the 25th, at noon, we caught *a noddy*. I divided it into eighteen portions. In the evening we caught *two boobies*." — BLIGH.]

(3) "Quandò ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti
Riprese il teschio misero co' denti,
Che furo all' osso, come d'un can forti."

[The passage is thus powerfully rendered by Dante's last translator, Mr. Ichabod Wright —

"Then both my hands through anguish I did bite;
And they, supposing that from want of food
I did so, sudden raised themselves upright,
And said — 'O father, less will be our pain,
If thou wilt feed on us: thou didst bestow
This wretched flesh — 't is thine to take again:'
Then was I calm, lest they the more should grieve.

His tale: if foes be food in hell, at sea
'Tis surely fair to dine upon our friends,
When shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

LXXXIV.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth
When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where Truth is — in a well.

LXXXV.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,

Two days all silent we remain'd. O thou
Hard Earth! Why didst thou not beneath us cleave?
Four days our agonies had been delay'd
When Gaddo at my feet his body threw,
Exclaiming, 'Father, why not give us aid?'
He died — and as distinct as here I stand
I saw the three fall one by one, before
The sixth day closed: then, groping with my hand,
I felt each wretched corpse, for sight had fail'd:
Two days I called on those who were no more —
Then hunger, stronger even than grief, prevail'd."
This said — aside his vengeful eyes were thrown,
And with his teeth again the skull he tore,
Fierce as a dog to gnaw the very bone. —
Inferno, canto xxx. v. 60.]

They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher (1)
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd;
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black,
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
To taste of heaven — If this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan. (2)

(1) ["In the evening there came on a squall, which brought the most seasonable relief, as it was accompanied with *heavy rain*: we had no means of catching it, but by spreading out our clothes; catching the drops as they fell, or *squeezing them out* of our clothes." — *Centaur.*]

(2) ["I particularly remember the following instances: — Mr. Wade's boy, a *stout healthy lad*, *died early*, and almost without a groan; while another, of the same age, but of a less promising appearance, held out much longer. Their fathers were both in the fore-top, when the boys were taken ill. Wade, hearing of his son's illness, answered, with indifference, that '*he could do nothing for him*,' and left him to his fate." — *Juno.*]

LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;(1)
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth — but in vain. (2)

XC.

The boy expired — the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,

(1) ["*The other father* hurried down. By that time only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the weather-quarter gallery. To this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail, to prevent his being washed away." — *Juno.*]

(2) ["Whenever the *boy was seized* with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and *wiped away the foam from his lips*; and if a *shower came*, he made him open his mouth to *receive the drops*, or gently *squeezed them into it from a rag*." — *Ibid.*]

He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast;(1)
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.(2)

XCI.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appear'd to be

(1) ["In this affecting situation, both remained four or five days, till *the boy expired.* The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, looked *wistfully* at it, and when he could no *longer entertain any doubt*, watched it in silence *until* it was carried *off by sea;* then wrapping himself in a piece of canvass, *sunk down*, and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the *quivering of his limbs*, when a wave broke over him."—*Juno.*]

(2) [This sublime and terrific description of a shipwreck is strangely and disgustingly broken by traits of low humour and buffoonery;—and we pass immediately from the moans of an agonising father fainting over his famished son, to facetious stories of Juan's begging the paw of his father's dog, and refusing a slice of his tutor!—as if it were a fine thing to be hard-hearted, and pity and compassion were fit only to be laughed at.*—JEFFREY.]

* I will answer your friend, who objects to the quick succession of fun and gravity, as if in that case the gravity did not (in intention, at least,) heighten the fun. His metaphor is, that 'we are never scorched and drenched at the same time.' Blessings on his experience! Ask him these questions about 'scorching and drenching.' Did he never play at cricket, or walk a mile in hot weather?—Did he never spill a dish of tea over himself in handing the cup to his charmer, to the great shame of his nankeen breeches? Did he never swim in the sea at noonday with the sun in his eyes and on his head, which all the foam of ocean could not cool? Did he never draw his foot out of too hot water, d—ning his eyes and his valet's? Did he never tumble into a river or lake, fishing, and sit in his wet clothes in the boat, or on the bank, afterwards, 'scorched and drenched,' like a true sportsman? 'Oh for breath to utter!'—but make him my compliments; he is a clever fellow for all that—a very clever fellow."—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray.* Aug. 12. 1819.]

Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that 's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

XCII.

It changed, of course; a heavenly cameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one, (1)
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

XCIII.

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—
It is as well to think so, now and then;
'Twas an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged; and most surely no men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—
Quite a celestial kaleidoscope. (2)

(1) ["Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it; very beautiful it is in its brightness; it encompasses the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."—*Son of Sirach.*]

(2) [An instrument, invented by Sir David Brewster, which pleases the eye by an ever-varying succession of splendid tints and symmetrical forms, and has been of great service in suggesting patterns to our manufacturers.—E.]

XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage (probably it might have err'd
Upon its course), pass'd oft before their eyes,
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
Night fell:—this seem'd a better omen still.(1)

XCV.

But in this case I also must remark,
'Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark
Was not so safe for roosting as a church;
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
Returning there from her successful search,
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
But not with violence; the stars shone out,
The boat made way; yet now they were so low,(2)
They knew not where nor what they were about;

(1) ["*About this time a beautiful white bird, web-footed, and not unlike a dove in size and plumage*, hovered over the mast-head of the cutter, and, notwithstanding the pitching of the boat, frequently *attempted to perch on* it, and continued to *flutter there till dark*. Trifling as this circumstance may appear, it was considered by us all as a *propitious omen*."—*Loss of the Lady Hobart Packet.*]

(2) [MS.—"The boat sail'd, but their spirits were so low,
They knew not," &c.]

Some fancied they saw land, and some said "No!"
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns, (1)
And all mistook about the latter once.

XCVII.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out and swore,
If 't was not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wish'd that land he never might see more; (2)
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for
For shore it was, and gradually grew [shore;
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare, (3)
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further care;

(1) ["I found it necessary to caution the people against being deceived by the *appearance of land*, or calling out till they were convinced of the reality, more especially as *fog-banks* are often mistaken for land: several of the poor fellows nevertheless repeatedly exclaimed *they heard breakers*, and some the *firing of guns*." — *Lady Hobart.*]

(2) ["*At length one of them broke into a most immoderate swearing fit of joy*, which I could not restrain, and declared, that *he had never seen land in his life, if what he now saw was not land*." — *Centaur.*]

(3) ["The joy at a speedy relief affected us all in a most remarkable way. Many *burst into tears; some looked at each other with a stupid stare, as if doubtful* of the reality of what they saw; while several were in such a lethargic condition, that no animating words could rouse them to exertion. At this affecting period, I proposed offering up our solemn thanks to Heaven for the miraculous deliverance." — *Lady Hobart.*]

While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep: they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,(1)
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind:
They thought that in such perils, more than chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

C.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it: they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been tost,
So changeable had been the winds that blew;
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the highlands
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale:
Their living freight was now reduced to four,

(1) ["After having suffered the horrors of hunger and thirst for many days, they providentially took a *small* turtle whilst *floating asleep on the surface of the water.*" — *Thomas.*]

And three dead, whom their strength could not avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

CII.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd them to
Such things a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew;(1)
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

CIII.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

(1) ["Our bodies were nothing but skin and bones, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags. An indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire, the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity." — BLIGH.]

CIV.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore,—and overset her.(1)

CV.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
Had often turn'd the art to some account:
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.(2)

CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry:
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

(1) ["They discovered land *right ahead*, and steered for it. There being a very *heavy surf*, they endeavoured to turn the boat's head to it, which, from weakness, they were unable to complete, and soon afterwards *the boat upset.*"—*Escape of Deserters from St. Helena.*]

(2) [See *antè*, Vol. V. p. 129.]

CVII.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 't was dash'd
Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea:

CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

CIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea;
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse from out the famish'd three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

CXI.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

CXII.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wish'd it death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

CXIII.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

CXIV.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom — and hers, too.

CXV.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant, — one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure, — then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

CXVI.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

CXVII.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'T is as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip — sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary,
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done —
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal). (1)

(1) [MS. — " A set of humbug rascals, when all's done —
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their d——d ideal."]

CXIX.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 't is just
One should not rail without a decent cause:
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws,
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

CXX.

And such was she, the lady of the cave:
Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave;
For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case:
Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun;
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,
But through them gold and gems profusely shone:
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flash'd on her little hand; but, what was shocking,
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

CXXII.

The other female's dress was not unlike,
But of inferior materials: she
Had not so many ornaments to strike,
Her hair had silver only, bound to be
Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,
Was coarser; and her air, though firm, less free;
Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,
Which are—(as I must own)—of female growth,
And have ten thousand delicate inventions:
They made a most superior mess of broth,
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's
Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

CXXIV.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair,
Lest they should seem princesses in disguise;
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize;
And so, in short, the girls they really were
They shall appear before your curious eyes,
Mistress and maid; the first was only daughter
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he;
But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connection with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he,—though of men,
Like Peter the Apostle,—and he fish'd
For wandering merchant-vessels, now and then,
And sometimes caught as many as he wish'd;
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain
He sought in the slave-market too, and dish'd
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)
A very handsome house from out his guilt,
And there he lived exceedingly at ease;
Heaven knows, what cash he got or blood he spilt,
A sad old fellow was he, if you please;
But this I know, it was a spacious building,
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter, call'd Haidée,
The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;
Besides, so very beautiful was she,
Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles:
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below
The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she found,
Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—
Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half drown'd;
But being naked, she was shock'd, you know,
Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,
As far as in her lay, "to take him in,
A stranger" dying, with so white a skin.

CXXX.

But taking him into her father's house
Was not exactly the best way to save,
But like conveying to the cat the mouse,
Or people in a trance into their grave;
Because the good old man had so much "νους,
Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
He would have hospitably cured the stranger,
And sold him instantly when out of danger.

CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best
(A virgin always on her maid relies)
To place him in the cave for present rest:
And when, at last, he open'd his black eyes,
Their charity increased about their guest;
And their compassion grew to such a size,
It open'd half the turnpike-gates to heaven—
(St. Paul says, 't is the toll which must be given.)

CXXXII.

They made a fire,—but such a fire as they
Upon the moment could contrive with such
Materials as were cast up round the bay,—
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch
Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay
A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch;
But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such plenty,
That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,
For Haidée stripp'd her sables off to make
His couch; and, that he might be more at ease,
And warm, in case by chance he should awake,
They also gave a petticoat apiece,(1)
She and her maid,—and promised by daybreak
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

(1) [MS.—"And such a bed of furs, and a pelisse."]

CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose:
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows),
Just for the present; and in his lull'd head
Not even a vision of his former woes [spread(1)
Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which sometimes
Unwelcome visions of our former years,
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

CXXXV.

Young Juan slept all dreamless:—but the maid,
Who smooth'd his pillow, as she left the den
Look'd back upon him, and a moment stay'd,
And turn'd, believing that he call'd again.
He slumber'd; yet she thought, at least she said
(The heart will slip, even as the tongue and pen),
He had pronounced her name—but she forgot
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's house she went,
Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,
She being wiser by a year or two:
A year or two's an age when rightly spent,
And Zoe spent hers, as most women do,
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge
Which is acquired in Nature's good old college.

(1) [MS. — ——"which often spread,
And come like opening hell upon the mind,
No 'baseless fabric,' but 'a wreck behind.'"]

CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still
Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd upon
His rest; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,
And the young beams of the excluded sun,
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill;
And need he had of slumber yet, for none
Had suffer'd more — his hardships were comparative (1)
To those related in my grand-dad's "Narrative." (2)

(1) [MS. — "Had e'er escaped more dangers on the deep; —
And those who are not drown'd, at least may sleep."]

(2) [Entitled "A Narrative of the Honourable John Byron (Commodore in a late expedition round the world), containing an account of the great distresses suffered by himself and his companions on the coast of Patagonia, from the year 1740, till their arrival in England, 1746; written by Himself." This narrative, one of the most interesting that ever appeared, was published in 1768. "It is well known," says the Commodore in his preface, "that the 'Wager,' one of Lord Anson's squadron, was cast away upon a desolate island in the South Seas. The subject of this book is a relation of the extraordinary difficulties and hardships through which, by the assistance of Divine Providence, a small part of our crew escaped to their native land; and a very small proportion of those made their way, in a new and unheard-of manner, over a large and desert tract of land, between the western mouth of the Magellanic straight, and the capital of Chili; a country scarce to be parallcled in any part of the globe, in that it affords neither fruits, grain, nor even roots proper for the sustenance of man; and what is still more rare, the very sea, which yields a plentiful support to many a barren coast, on this tempestuous and inhospitable shore is found to be almost as barren as the land; and it must be confessed, that to those who cannot interest themselves with seeing human nature labouring from day to day, to preserve its existence, under a continual want of such real necessaries as food and shelter from the most rigorous climate, the following sheets will afford but little entertainment. Yet, after all, it must be allowed, that there can be no other way of ascertaining the geography and natural history of a country, which is altogether morass and rock, incapable of products and culture, than by setting down every minute circumstance which was observed in traversing it. The same may be said of the inhabitants, their manners, religion, and language. What fruits could a European reap from a more intimate acquaintance with them, than what he will find

CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidée: she sadly toss'd and tumbled,
And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,
Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which she stumbled,
And handsome corpses strew'd upon the shore;
And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,
And call'd her father's old slaves up, who swore
In several oaths — Armenian, Turk, and Greek —
They knew not what to think of such a freak.

CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,
With some pretence about the sun, that makes
Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set;
And 'tis, no doubt, a sight to see when breaks
Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are wet
With mist, and every bird with him awakes,
And night is flung off like a mourning suit
Worn for a husband, — or some other brute. (1)

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in the following accidental observations? We saw the most unprofitable spot on the face of the globe, and such it is described and ascertained to be. It is to be hoped some little amends may be made by such an insight as is given into the interior of the country; and I find what I have put down, has had the good fortune to be pleasing to my friends; insomuch, that the only fault I have yet had laid to my papers is that of being too short in the article of the Spanish settlements. But here, I must say, I have been fearful lest the world in general, who may find compassion and indulgence for a protracted tale of distress, may not give the same allowance to a luxurious imagination, triumphing in a sudden transition from the most dismal to the gayest scenes in the universe, and thereby indulging an egotism equally offensive to the envious and censorious."]

(1) [MS. — " Wore for a husband — or some such like brute."]

CXL.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight,
I 've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sat up on purpose all the night, (1)
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate;
And so all ye, who would be in the right
In health and purse, (2) begin your day to date
From daybreak, and when coffin'd at fourscore,
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four. (3)

CXLI.

And Haidée met the morning face to face;
Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race
From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,
That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread;
Or the Red Sea — but the sea is not red. (4)

(1) [MS. — —— " although of late
I 've changed, for some few years, the day to night."]

(2) [In the year 1784, Dr. Franklin published, in one of the Paris papers, a most ingenious essay on the advantages of early rising, as a mere piece of economy. He estimates the saving that might be made in that city alone, by using *sunshine instead of candles*, at ninety-six millions of French livres, or four millions sterling *per annum*. — HILL.]

(3) [The plan of going to bed early, and rising betimes, has been called the golden rule for the attainment of health and long life. It is sanctioned by various proverbial expressions; and when old people have been examined, regarding the causes of their long life, they uniformly agreed in one particular, — that they went to bed early, and rose early. — SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.]

(4) [" My opinion is, that it is from the large trees or plants of coral, spread every where over the bottom of the Red Sea, perfectly in imitation of plants on land, that it has obtained this name." — BRUCE.]

CXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,
Taking her for a sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air. (1)

CXLIII.

And when into the cavern Haidée stepp'd
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept;
And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as death
Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

CXLIV.

And thus like to an angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd; and there
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes — lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

(1) [MS. — —— "just the same
As at this moment I should like to do; —
But I have done with kisses — having kiss'd
All those that would — regretting those I miss'd."]

CXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have victual,
And that a shipwreck'd youth would hungry be;
Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,
And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbouring sea;
And so, she cook'd their breakfast to a tittle;
I can't say that she gave them any tea,
But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish, honey,
With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

CXLVI.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and
The coffee made, would fain have waken'd Juan;
But Haidée stopp'd her with her quick small hand,
And without word, a sign her finger drew on
Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand;
And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a new one,
Because her mistress would not let her break
That sleep which seem'd as it would ne'er awake.

CXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
A purple hectic play'd like dying day
On the snow-tops of distant hills; the streak
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay, [weak;
Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and
And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,
Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault. (1)

(1) [MS. — "Besides the natural vapours of the vault."]

CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,
Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest, (1)
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
Had further sleep a further pleasure made;
For woman's face was never form'd in vain
For Juan, so that even when he pray'd
He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek
The pale contended with the purple rose,
As with an effort she began to speak;
Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,
Although she told him, in good modern Greek,
With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,
That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

(1) [MS. — "Fair as the rose just pluck'd to crown the wreath,
Soft as the unfledged birdling when at rest."]

CLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,
Being no Grecian; but he had an ear,
And her voice was the warble of a bird,
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard; (1)
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why — an overpowering tone,
Whence Melody descends as from a throne.

CLII.

And Juan gazed as one who is awoke
By a distant organ, doubting if he be
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
By the watchman, or some such reality,
Or by one's early valet's cursed knock;
At least it is a heavy sound to me,
Who like a morning slumber — for the night
Shows stars and women in a better light.

CLIII.

And Juan, too, was help'd out from his dream,
Or sleep, or whatsoe'er it was, by feeling
A most prodigious appetite: the steam
Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing
Upon his senses, and the kindling beam
Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneeling,
To stir her viands, made him quite awake
And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

(1) [MS. — "That finer melody was never heard,
The kind of sound whose echo is a tear,
Whose accents are the steps of Music's throne."]

CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles;
Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and mutton;
And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on:
But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,
For some of these are rocks with scarce a hut on;
Others are fair and fertile, among which
This, though not large, was one of the most rich.

CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking
That the old fable of the Minotaur—
From which our modern morals, rightly shrinking,
Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore
A cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking
The allegory) a mere type, no more,
That Pasiphae promoted breeding cattle,
To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.

CLVI.

For we all know that English people are
Fed upon beef—I won't say much of beer,
Because 'tis liquor only, and being far
From this my subject, has no business here;
We know, too, they are very fond of war,
A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear;
So were the Cretans—from which I infer
That beef and battles both were owing to her.

CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised
His head upon his elbow, and he saw
A sight on which he had not lately gazed,
As all his latter meals had been quite raw,
Three or four things, for which the Lord he praised,
And, feeling still the famish'd vulture gnaw,
He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

CLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied: and she,
Who watch'd him like a mother, would have fed
Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see
Such appetite in one she had deem'd dead:
But Zoe, being older than Haidée,
Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)
That famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

CLIX.

And so she took the liberty to state,
Rather by deeds than words, because the case
Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate
Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace
The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,
Unless he wish'd to die upon the place —
She snatch'd it, and refused another morsel,
Saying, he had gorged enough to make a horse ill.

CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd
Pair of scarce decent trowsers—went to work,
And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,
And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk,
Or Greek—that is, although it not much matter'd,
Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk,—
They furnish'd him, entire, except some stitches,
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

CLXI.

And then fair Haidée tried her tongue at speaking,
But not a word could Juan comprehend,
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end;
And, as he interrupted not, went eking
Her speech out to her protégé and friend,
Till pausing at the last her breath to take,
She saw he did not understand Romaic.

CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
And read (the only book she could) the lines
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
The answer eloquent, where the soul shines
And darts in one quick glance a long reply;
And thus in every look she saw exprest
A world of words, and things at which she guess'd.

CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
  And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
  No doubt, less of her language than her look:
As he who studies fervently the skies
  Turns oftener to the stars than to his book,
Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better
From Haidée's glance than any graven letter.

CLXIV.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
  By female lips and eyes — that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
  As was the case, at least, where I have been;(1)
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong
  They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss; —(2)
I learn'd the little that I know by this:

CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,
  Italian not at all, having no teachers;
Much English I cannot pretend to speak,
  Learning that language chiefly from its preachers,

(1) [When at Seville in 1809, Lord Byron lodged in the house of two unmarried ladies; and in his diary he describes himself as having made earnest love to the younger of them, with the help of a dictionary. "For some time," he says, "I went on prosperously, both as a linguist and a lover, till, at length, the lady took a fancy to a ring which I wore, and set her heart on my giving it to her, as a pledge of my sincerity. This, however, could not be; — any thing but the ring, I declared, was at her service, and much more than its value, — but the ring itself I had made a vow never to give away."]

(2) [MS. — "Squeezes of hands — *et cetera* — or a kiss."]

Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week
I study, also Blair, the highest reachers
Of eloquence in piety and prose—(1)
I hate your poets, so read none of those.

CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,
A wanderer from the British world of fashion,(2)
Where I, like other "dogs, have had my day,"
Like other men, too, may have had my passion—
But that, like other things, has pass'd away,
And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on:
Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me
But dreams of what has been, no more to be. (3)

CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun
To hear new words, and to repeat them; but
Some feelings, universal as the sun,
Were such as could not in his breast be shut
More than within the bosom of a nun:
He was in love,—as you would be, no doubt,
With a young benefactress,—so was she,
Just in the way we very often see.

(1) [See Kennedy's "Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron at Cephalonia," pp. 136. 162.]

(2) ["In 1813, I formed, in the fashionable world of London, an item, a fraction, the segment of a circle, the unit of a million, the nothing of something. I had been the lion of 1812."—*B. Diary*, 1821.]

(3) [MS.—"Foes, friends, sex, kind, are nothing more to me
Than a mere dream of something o'er the sea."]

CLXVIII.

And every day by daybreak—rather early
For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—
She came into the cave, but it was merely
To see her bird reposing in his nest;
And she would softly stir his locks so curly,
Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,
Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth, (1)
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

CLXIX.

And every morn his colour freshlier came,
And every day help'd on his convalescence;
'Twas well, because health in the human frame
Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence,
For health and idleness to passion's flame
Are oil and gunpowder; and some good lessons
Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,
Without whom Venus will not long attack us. (2)

(1) [MS. — "Holding her sweet breath o'er his cheek and mouth,
As o'er a bed of roses," &c.]

(2) [Doctors are not unanimous as to this conclusion. Ovid, indeed, who is good authority here, has said —

"Et Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit;"

but he qualifies this presumption in another place, by recommending moderation in our cups; for wine, saith he, is to love, what wind is to flame;

"Nascitur in vento, vento restringuitur ignis,
Lenis alit flammam, grandior aura necat:"

but Aristophanes also, before Ovid, had christened wine, "the milk of Venus." But Athenæus ascribes the chastity of Alexander to his excessive compotations; and Montaigne supports the argument of Athenæus, by the converse of the same proposition, when he attributes the successful gallantries of his cotemporaries to their temperance in the use of wine. — Rev. C. Colton.]

CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart, (without heart really
Love, though good always, is not quite so good,)
Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—
For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood,—
While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly:
Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food; (1)
But who is their purveyor from above
Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan, or Jove.

CLXXI.

When Juan woke he found some good things ready,
A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes
That ever made a youthful heart less steady,
Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size;
But I have spoken of all this already—
And repetition 's tiresome and unwise,—
Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,
Came always back to coffee and Haidée.

CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,
That bathing pass'd for nothing; Juan seem'd
To her, as 't were, the kind of being sent,
Of whom these two years she had nightly dream'd, (2)

(1) [MS. — "For without heart love is not quite so good;
Ceres is commissary to our bellies,
And love, which also much depends on food,
While Bacchus will provide with wine and jellies,
Oysters and eggs are also living food."]

(2) [MS. — —— "Juan seem'd
To her, as 't were, the kind of being sent,
Of whom she had for these last two years dream'd."]

A something to be loved, a creature meant
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd
To render happy; all who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin. (1)

CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
Enlargement of existence to partake
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake:
To live with him for ever were too much;
But then the thought of parting made her quake:
He was her own, her ocean-treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last. (2)

CLXXIV.

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair Haidée
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took
Such plentiful precautions, that still he
Remain'd unknown within his craggy nook;
At last her father's prows put out to sea, (3)
For certain merchantmen upon the look,
Not as of yore to carry off an Io,
But three Ragusan vessels, bound for Scio.

(1) [Lord Byron appears to have worked up no part of his poem with so much beauty and life of description, as that which narrates the loves of Juan and Haidée. Whether it be an episode, or an integral part of his epic, it is well worth all the rest. — BRYDGES.]

(2) [MS. — "He was her own, her ocean-lover, cast
To be her soul's first idol, and its last."]

(3) [MS. — "At last her father took a voyage to sea."]

CLXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,
So that, her father being at sea, she was
Free as a married woman, or such other
Female, as where she likes may freely pass,
Without even the incumbrance of a brother,
The freest she that ever gazed on glass:
I speak of Christian lands in this comparison,
Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in garrison.

CLXXVI.

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk
(For they must talk), and he had learnt to say
So much as to propose to take a walk,—
For little had he wander'd since the day
On which, like a young flower snapp'd from the stalk,
Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—
And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,
And saw the sun set opposite the moon. (1)

CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
A better welcome to the tempest-tost;
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
Save on the dead long summer days, which make
The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.

(1) [MS. — "And saw the sun-set, and the rising moon."]

CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach
Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your champagne,
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,
That spring-dew of the spirit! the heart's rain!
Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach
Who please,—the more because they preach in vain,—
Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter.
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

CLXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication:
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
The hopes of all men, and of every nation;
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk
Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion:
But to return,—Get very drunk; and when
You wake with headach, you shall see what then.

CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king;
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow.
Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow, (1)
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

(1) [MS.—"A pleasure naught but drunkenness can bring,
For not the blest sherbet all chill'd with snow,
Nor the full sparkle of the desert-spring,
Nor wine in all the purple of its glow."]

CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I
Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the coast—
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,
And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,
And dolphin's leap, and little billow crost
By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

CLXXXII.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition;
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the sun,
Thought daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

CLXXXIII.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

CLXXXIV.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.

CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never reckon'd;
And if they had, they could not have secured
The sum of their sensations to a second:
They had not spoken; but they felt allured,
As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,
Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they clung—
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.(1)

CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
The twilight glow, which momently grew less,
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

CLXXXIX.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
They felt no terrors from the night, they were
All in all to each other: though their speech
Was broken words, they *thought* a language there,—

(1) [MS.— —"I 'm sure they never reckon'd;
And being join'd — like swarming bees they clung,
And mix'd until the very pleasure stung."]

Or,

"And one was innocent, but both too young,
Their heart the flowers, &c."]

And all the burning tongues the passions teach
Found in one sigh the best interpreter
Of nature's oracle — first love, — that all (1)
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

CXC.

Haidée spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,
Nor offer'd any; she had never heard
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd;
She was all which pure ignorance allows,
And flew to her young mate like a young bird;
And, never having dreamt of falsehood, she
Had not one word to say of constancy.

CXCI.

She loved, and was beloved — she adored,
And she was worshipp'd; after nature's fashion,
Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,
If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion, —
But by degrees their senses were restored,
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;
And, beating 'gainst *his* bosom, Haidée's heart
Felt as if never more to beat apart.

CXCII.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
Was that in which the heart is always full,
And, having o'er itself no further power,

(1) [MS. — "They had no further feeling, hope, nor care,
Save one, and that was love — first love — that all," &c.]

Prompts deeds eternity can not annul,
But pays off moments in an endless shower
Of hell-fire — all prepared for people giving
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

CXCIII.

Alas! for Juan and Haidée! they were
So loving and so lovely — till then never,
Excepting our first parents, such a pair
Had run the risk of being damn'd for ever;
And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,
And hell and purgatory — but forgot
Just in the very crisis she should not.

CXCIV.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
Gleam in the moonlight; and her white arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around her lies
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;
She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
He hers, until they end in broken gasps;
And thus they form a group that's quite antique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

CXCV.

And when those deep and burning moments pass'd,
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms;

And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,
And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,
Pillow'd on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
With all it granted, and with all it grants.(1)

CXCVI.

An infant when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

CXCVII.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
All that it hath of life with us is living;
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving;
All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,
Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving;
There lies the thing we love with all its errors
And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

CXCVIII.

The lady watch'd her lover — and that hour
Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude

(1) [MS. — "Pillow'd upon her beating heart — which panted
With the sweet memory of all it granted."]

She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
And all the stars that crowded the blue space
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

CXCIX.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

CC.

They are right; for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

CCI.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation,
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;

Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:(1)
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.(2)

CCII.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this;
Haidée was Passion's child, born where the sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen: what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing.—She had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love, beyond, her heart beat *here*.

CCIII.

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that beat!
How much it costs us! yet each rising throb
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,
That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob
Joy of its alchymy, and to repeat
Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a tough job
To make us understand each good old maxim,
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

(1) [Perhaps there are not a few woman who may profit from seeing in what a style of contemptuous coldness, the sufferings to which licentious love exposes them are talked of by such people as the author of Don Juan. The many fine eyes that have wept dangerous tears over the descriptions of the Gulnares and Medoras, cannot be the worse for seeing the true side of *his* picture.—Blackwood.]

(2) [Lady Caroline Lamb was supposed by Lord Byron to have alluded to him in her novel of "Glenarvon," published in 1816.]

CCIV.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed: (1)
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradise. (2)

CCV.

Oh, Love! of whom great Cæsar was the suitor,
Titus the master, Antony the slave,
Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,
Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose grave
All those may leap who rather would be neuter—
(Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave) (3)—
Oh, Love! thou art the very god of evil,
For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

(1) [MS. — "In their sweet feelings holily united,
By Solitude (soft parson) they were wed."]

(2) [Don Juan is dashed on the shore of the Cyclades, where he is found by a beautiful and innocent girl, the daughter of an old Greek pirate, — with whom, as might be supposed, the same game of guilt and abandonment is played over again. There is, however, a very superior kind of poetry in the conception of this amour; — the desolate isle — the utter loneliness of the maiden, who is as ignorant as she is innocent — the helpless condition of the youth — every thing conspires to render it a true romance. How easy for Lord Byron to have kept it free from any stain of pollution! What cruel barbarity, in creating so much of beauty only to mar and ruin it! This is really the very suicide of genius. — BLACKWOOD.]

(3) [MS. — Or,
"Leucadia's { crag / cliff } still overlooks the wave."]

CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state precarious,
And jestest with the brows of mightiest men:
Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,
Have much employ'd the muse of history's pen;
Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,
Such worthies Time will never see again;
Yet to these four in three things the same luck holds,
They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckolds.

CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers; there's Epicurus
And Aristippus, a material crew!
Who to immoral courses would allure us
By theories quite practicable too;
If only from the devil they would insure us,
How pleasant were the maxim (not quite new),
"Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail us?"
So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.(1)

CCVIII.

But Juan! had he quite forgotten Julia?
And should he have forgotten her so soon?
I can't but say it seems to me most truly a
Perplexing question; but, no doubt, the moon
Does these things for us, and whenever newly a
Palpitation rises, 't is her boon,
Else how the devil is it that fresh features
Have such a charm for us poor human creatures?

(1) [See note introductory to the tragedy of "Sardanapalus," *ante*, Vol. XIII. p. 64.]

CCIX.

I hate inconstancy — I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid;
Love, constant love, has been my constant guest,
And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,
And whisper'd, "Think of every sacred tie!"
"I will, my dear Philosophy!" I said,
"But then her teeth, and then, oh, Heaven! her eye!
I'll just enquire if she be wife or maid,
Or neither — out of curiosity."
"Stop!" cried Philosophy, with air so Grecian,
(Though she was masqued then as a fair Venetian;)

CCXI.

"Stop!" so I stopp'd. — But to return: that which
Men call inconstancy is nothing more
Than admiration due where nature's rich
Profusion with young beauty covers o'er
Some favour'd object; and as in the niche
A lovely statue we almost adore,
This sort of adoration of the real
Is but a heightening of the "beau ideal."

CCXII.

'T is the perception of the beautiful,
A fine extension of the faculties,
Platonic, universal, wonderful,
Drawn from the stars, and filter'd through the skies,
Without which life would be extremely dull;
In short, it is the use of our own eyes,
With one or two small senses added, just
To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

CCXIII.

Yet 't is a painful feeling, and unwilling,
For surely if we always could perceive
In the same object graces quite as killing
As when she rose upon us like an Eve,
'T would save us many a heartach, many a shilling,
(For we must get them any how, or grieve,)
Whereas if one sole lady pleased for ever,
How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver!

CCXIV.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes night and day, too, like the sky;
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
And darkness and destruction as on high:
But when it hath been scorch'd, and pierced, and riven,
Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
Pours forth at last the heart's blood turn'd to tears,
Which make the English climate of our years.

CCXV.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,
But very rarely executes its function,
For the first passion stays there such a while,
That all the rest creep in and form a junction,
Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, compunction,
So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,
Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd "central."(1)

CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more
In this anatomy, I've finish'd now
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,
That being about the number I'll allow
Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;
And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,
Leaving Don Juan and Haidée to plead
For them and theirs with all who deign to read.(2)

(1) [The Canto concludes with some ironical eulogies on constancy, its rarity, and its value, winding up with some caustic sarcasms; from the whole tenor of which, we are led to conclude that Lord Byron has no higher an opinion of men, nor of women, than that profane wit, who said, that when there were but two brothers on the earth, one of them killed the other; and that when Eve had only Adam —

"Elle aima mieux pour s'en faire conter,
Prester l'oreille aux fleurettes du diable,
Que d'estre femme et ne pas coqueter." — COLTON.]

(2) ["You say that one-half is very good: you are wrong; for, if it were, it would be the finest poem in existence. Where is the poetry of which one-half is good? Is it the Æneid? is it Milton's? is it Dryden's? is it any one's except Pope's and Goldsmith's, of which all is good? and yet these two last are the poets your *pond poets* would explode. But if one-half of these two Cantos be good in your opinion, what the devil would you have more? No — no; no poetry is *generally* good — only by fits and starts — and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there. You might as well want a midnight *all stars*, as rhyme all perfect."—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray.*]

DON JUAN.

CANTO THE THIRD. (1)

(1) [Lord Byron began to compose Canto III. in October, 1819; but the outcry raised by the publication of Cantos I. and II. annoyed him so much, that he for a time laid the work aside, and afterwards proceeded in it only by fits and starts. Mr. Moore, who visited him while Canto III. was in progress says — "So sensitive, indeed, — in addition to his usual abundance of this quality, — did he, at length, grow on the subject, that when Mr. W. Bankes, who succeeded me as his visiter, happened to tell him, one day, that he had heard a Mr. Saunders (or some such name), then resident at Venice, declare that, in his opinion, 'Don Juan was all Grub-street,' such an effect had this disparaging speech upon his mind (though coming from a person who, as he himself would have it, was 'nothing but a d—d salt-fish seller'), that, for some time after, by his own confession to Mr. Bankes, he could not bring himself to write another line of the Poem; and one morning, opening a drawer where the neglected manuscript lay, he said to his friend, 'Look here — this is all Mr. Saunders's Grub-street.'" — Cantos III. IV. and V. were published together in August, 1821, — still without the name either of author or bookseller. — E.]

DON JUAN.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

HAIL, Muse! *et cetera.* — We left Juan sleeping,
Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,
And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew weeping,
And loved by a young heart, too deeply blest
To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,
Or know who rested there, a foe to rest,
Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,
And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood to tears!

II.

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast — but place to die —
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.(1)

(1) [This, we must allow, is pretty enough, and not at all objectionable in a moral point of view. We fear, however, that we cannot say as much for what follows: marrying is no joke, and therefore not a fit subject to

III.

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is love,
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her:
One man alone at first her heart can move;
She then prefers him in the plural number,
Not finding that the additions much encumber.

IV.

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs;
But one thing's pretty sure; a woman planted—
(Unless at once she plunge for life in prayers)—
After a decent time must be gallanted;
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted;
Yet there are some, they say, who have had *none*,
But those who have ne'er end with only *one*.(1)

V.

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combine,
Although they both are born in the same clime;
Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour
Down to a very homely household savour.

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joke about; besides, for a married man to be merry on that score, is very like trying to overcome the toothach by a laugh. — Hogg.]

(1) [These two lines are a versification of a saying of Montaigne.]

VI.

There's something of antipathy, as 't were,
Between their present and their future state;
A kind of flattery that's hardly fair
Is used until the truth arrives too late—
Yet what can people do, except despair?
The same things change their names at such a rate;
For instance—passion in a lover's glorious,
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

VII.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;
They sometimes also get a little tired
(But that, of course, is rare), and then despond:
The same things cannot always be admired,
Yet 't is "so nominated in the bond,"
That both are tied till one shall have expired.
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was adorning
Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.

VIII.

There's doubtless something in domestic doings
Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis;
Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages;
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss:
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life? (1)

(1) [MS. — "Had Petrarch's passion led to Petrarch's wedding,
How many sonnets had [illegible]?"]

IX.

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,
All comedies are ended by a marriage;
The future states of both are left to faith,
For authors fear description might disparage
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage;
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,
They say no more of Death or of the Lady.(1)

X.

The only two that in my recollection
Have sung of heaven and hell, or marriage, are
Dante(2) and Milton,(3) and of both the affection
Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar
Of fault or temper ruin'd the connection
(Such things, in fact, it don't ask much to mar);
But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
Were not drawn from their spouses, you conceive.(4)

(1) [The old ballad of "Death and the Lady" is alluded to in Shakspeare.]

(2) Dante calls his wife, in the Inferno, "la fiera moglie." [See *antè*, Vol. XI. p. 276.]

(3) Milton's first wife ran away from him within the first month. If she had not, what would John Milton have done?

(4) [From whatever causes it may have arisen, the coincidence is no less striking than saddening, that, on the list of married poets who have been unhappy in their homes, there should already be found four such illustrious names as Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, and Dryden; and that we should now have to add, as a partner in their destiny, a name worthy of being placed beside the greatest of them. — MOORE.]

XI.

Some persons say that Dante meant theology
By Beatrice, and not a mistress — I,
Although my opinion may require apology,
Deem this a commentator's phantasy,
Unless indeed it was from his own knowledge he
Decided thus, and show'd good reason why;
I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstatics
Meant to personify the mathematics.(1)

XII.

Haidée and Juan were not married, but
The fault was theirs, not mine: it is not fair,
Chaste reader, then, in any way to put
The blame on me, unless you wish they were;
Then if you 'd have them wedded, please to shut
The book which treats of this erroneous pair,
Before the consequences grow too awful;
'Tis dangerous to read of loves unlawful.

XIII.

Yet they were happy, — happy in the illicit
Indulgence of their innocent desires;
But more imprudent grown with every visit,
Haidée forgot the island was her sire's;
When we have what we like, 'tis hard to miss it,
At least in the beginning, ere one tires;
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

(1) ["Lady B. would have made an excellent wrangler at Cambridge." — *B. Diary.*]

XIV.

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,
For into a prime minister but change
His title, and 't is nothing but taxation;
But he, more modest, took an humbler range
Of life, and in an honester vocation
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,(1)
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

XV.

The good old gentleman had been detain'd
By winds and waves, and some important captures;
And, in the hope of more, at sea remain'd,
Although a squall or two had damp'd his raptures,
By swamping one of the prizes; he had chain'd
His prisoners, dividing them like chapters
In number'd lots; they all had cuffs and collars,
And averaged each from ten to a hundred dollars.

XVI.

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,
Among his friends the Mainots; some he sold
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
Toss'd overboard unsaleable (being old);
The rest—save here and there some richer one,
Reserved for future ransom in the hold,
Were link'd alike, as for the common people he
Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli.

(1) [MS. — "Display'd much more of nerve, perhaps of wit,
Than any of the parodies of Pitt."]

XVII.

The merchandise was served in the same way,
Pieced out for different marts in the Levant,
Except some certain portions of the prey,
Light classic articles of female want,
French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothpicks, teapot, tray,
Guitars and castanets from Alicant,
All which selected from the spoil he gathers,
Robb'd for his daughter by the best of fathers.

XVIII.

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens,
He chose from several animals he saw—
A terrier, too, which once had been a Briton's,
Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a pittance;
These to secure in this strong blowing weather,
He caged in one huge hamper altogether.

XIX.

Then having settled his marine affairs,
Despatching single cruisers here and there,
His vessel having need of some repairs,
He shaped his course to where his daughter fair
Continued still her hospitable cares;
But that part of the coast being shoal and bare,
And rough with reefs which ran out many a mile,
His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

XX.

And there he went ashore without delay,
Having no custom-house nor quarantine
To ask him awkward questions on the way
About the time and place where he had been:
He left his ship to be hove down next day,
With orders to the people to careen;
So that all hands were busy beyond measure,
In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treasure.

XXI.

Arriving at the summit of a hill
Which overlook'd the white walls of his home,
He stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam!
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
With love for many, and with fears for some;
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

XXII.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,
After long travelling by land or water,
Most naturally some small doubt inspires—
A female family's a serious matter;
(None trusts the sex more, or so much admires—
But they hate flattery, so I never flatter;)
Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

XXIII.

An honest gentleman at his return
May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn
To his memory—and two or three young misses
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches,—
And that *his* Argus (1) bites him by—the breeches.

(1) ["Thus near the gates, conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.
He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet,
In vain he strove, to crawl and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceived; he turns his head, and dry'd
The drop humane; then thus impassion'd cry'd:

'What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise?
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves: Or was he prized
For worthless beauty! therefore now despised?
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.'

'Not Argus so, (Eumæus thus rejoin'd,)
He served a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!'

This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing monarch pauses at the door.
The dog, whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies;
So closed for ever faithful Argus' eyes!"

POPE, *Odyssey*, b. xvii.]

XXIV.

If single, probably his plighted fair
Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;
But all the better, for the happy pair
May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,
He may resume his amatory care
As cavalier servente, or despise her;
And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,
Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.

XXV.

And oh! ye gentlemen who have already
Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean
An honest friendship with a married lady—
The only thing of this sort ever seen
To last—of all connections the most steady,
And the true Hymen, (the first's but a screen)—
Yet for all that keep not too long away,
I've known the absent wrong'd four times a day.(1)

XXVI.

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had
Much less experience of dry land than ocean,
On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad;
But not knowing metaphysics, had no notion
Of the true reason of his not being sad,
Or that of any other strong emotion;
He loved his child, and would have wept the loss of her,
But knew the cause no more than a philosopher.

(1) [MS. — "Yet for all that don't stay away too long,
A sofa, like a bed, may come by wrong."]

XXVII.

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,
His garden trees all shadowy and green;
He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,
The distant dog-bark; and perceived between
The umbrage of the wood so cool and dun
The moving figures, and the sparkling sheen
Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various dyes
Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies.

XXVIII.

And as the spot where they appear he nears,
Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,
He hears—alas! no music of the spheres,
But an unhallow'd, earthly sound of fiddling!
A melody which made him doubt his ears,
The cause being past his guessing or unriddling;
A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after,
A most unoriental roar of laughter.

XXIX.

And still more nearly to the place advancing,
Descending rather quickly the declivity,
Through the waved branches, o'er the greensward
'Midst other indications of festivity, [glancing,
Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing
Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he
Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance(1) so martial,
To which the Levantines are very partial.

(1) [This dance is still performed by young men armed cap-à-pie, who execute, to the sound of instruments, all the proper movements of attack and defence. — CLARKE.]

XXX.

And further on a group of Grecian girls,(1)
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
Were strung together like a row of pearls,
Link'd hand in hand, and dancing; each too having
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—
(The least of which would set ten poets raving); (2)
Their leader sang—and bounded to her song,
With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

XXXI.

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,
Small social parties just begun to dine;
Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,
And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;
Above them their dessert grew on its vine,
The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er,
Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store.

XXXII.

A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
There wreathe his venerable horns with flowers;
While peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers

(1) ["Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances."—LADY M. W. MONTAGU.]

(2) [MS.—"That would have set Tom Moore, though married, raving."]

His sober head, majestically tame,
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
His brow, as if in act to butt, and then
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.(1)

XXXIII.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,
Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic cheeks,
Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,
The gesture which enchants, the eye that speaks,
The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
Made quite a picture of these little Greeks;
So that the philosophical beholder
Sigh'd, for their sakes — that they should e'er grow older.

XXXIV.

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales
To a sedate grey circle of old smokers
Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,
Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,
Of rocks bewitch'd that open to the knockers,
Of magic ladies who, by one sole act,
Transform'd their lords to beasts (but that's a fact).

XXXV.

Here was no lack of innocent diversion
For the imagination or the senses,
Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the Persian,
All pretty pastimes in which no offence is;

(1) [This verse reads like the description of some antique basso-relievo. — HILL.]

But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,
Perceiving in his absence such expenses,
Dreading that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills.(1)

XXXVI.

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ
The happiest mortals even after dinner—
A day of gold from out an age of iron(2)
Is all that life allows the luckiest sinner;
Pleasure (whene'er she sings, at least) 's a siren,
That lures, to flay alive, the young beginner;
Lambro's reception at his people's banquet
Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

XXXVII.

He—being a man who seldom used a word
Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise
(In general he surprised men with the sword)
His daughter—had not sent before to advise
Of his arrival, so that no one stirr'd;
And long he paused to re-assure his eyes,
In fact much more astonish'd than delighted,
To find so much good company invited.

(1) [The piratical father of Haidée having remained long at sea, it was supposed he had perished, and she, in consequence, took possession of all his treasures, and surrendered herself to the full enjoyment of her lover. The old gentleman, however, returns, and, landing on a distant part of the island, walks leisurely towards his home, while Juan and his daughter are giving a public breakfast to their friends and acquaintances. The description of the fête is executed with equal felicity and spirit; we think it would be difficult to match the life and gaiety of the picture by any thing of the kind in English—perhaps in any other poetry.—Blackwood.]

(2) ["Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron."—Hudibras.]

XXXVIII.

He did not know (alas! how men will lie)
That a report (especially the Greeks)
Avouch'd his death (such people never die),
And put his house in mourning several weeks,—
But now their eyes and also lips were dry;
The bloom, too, had return'd to Haidée's cheeks.
Her tears, too, being return'd into their fount,
She now kept house upon her own account.

XXXIX.

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and fiddling,
Which turn'd the isle into a place of pleasure;
The servants all were getting drunk or idling,
A life which made them happy beyond measure.
Her father's hospitality seem'd middling,
Compared with what Haidée did with his treasure;
'T was wonderful how things went on improving,
While she had not one hour to spare from loving.(1)

XL.

Perhaps you think in stumbling on this feast
He flew into a passion, and in fact
There was no mighty reason to be pleased;
Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,
The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,
To teach his people to be more exact,
And that, proceeding at a very high rate,
He show'd the royal *penchants* of a pirate.

(1) [MS. — "All had been open heart, and open house,
Ever since Juan served her for a spouse."]

XLI.

You're wrong.—He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought;
No courtier could, and scarcely woman can
Gird more deceit within a petticoat;
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society.(1)

XLII.

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,
Tapping the shoulder of the nighest guest,
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,
Boded no good, whatever it express'd,
He ask'd the meaning of this holiday;
The vinous Greek to whom he had address'd
His question, much too merry to divine
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

XLIII.

And without turning his facetious head,
Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,
Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,
"Talking's dry work, I have no time to spare."

(1) [The portrait of this man is one of the best, if not the very best, of all Lord Byron's gloomy portraits. It may be the Corsair grown into an elderly character and a father; but it is equal to the finest heads that ever Michael Angelo or Caravaggio painted with black and umber. — MAGINN.]

A second hiccup'd, " Our old master's dead,
You'd better ask our mistress who's his heir."
" Our mistress!" quoth a third: " Our mistress!—
pooh!—
You mean our master—not the old, but new."

XLIV.

These rascals, being new comers, knew not whom
They thus address'd—and Lambro's visage fell—
And o'er his eye a momentary gloom
Pass'd, but he strove quite courteously to quell
The expression, and endeavouring to resume
His smile, requested one of them to tell
The name and quality of his new patron,
Who seem'd to have turn'd Haidée into a matron.

XLV.

" I know not," quoth the fellow, " who or what
He is, nor whence he came—and little care;
But this I know, that this roast capon's fat,
And that good wine ne'er wash'd down better fare;
And if you are not satisfied with that,
Direct your questions to my neighbour there;
He'll answer all for better or for worse,
For none likes more to hear himself converse."(1)

(1) " Rispone allor' Margutte, a dir tel tosto,
Io non credo piu al nero ch' all' azzurro;
Ma nel cappone, o lesso, o vuogli arrosto,
E credo alcuna volta anco nel burro;
Nella cervigia, e quando io n' ho nel mosto,
E molto piu nell' espro che il mangurro;
Ma sopra tutto nel buon vino ho fede,
E credo che sia salvo chi gli crede."
PULCI, *Morgante Maggiore*, ca. 18. st. 151.

XLVI.

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,
And certainly he show'd the best of breeding,
Which scarce even France, the paragon of nations,
E'er saw her most polite of sons exceeding;
He bore these sneers against his near relations,
His own anxiety, his heart, too, bleeding,
The insults, too, of every servile glutton,
Who all the time was eating up his mutton.

XLVII.

Now in a person used to much command—
To bid men come, and go, and come again—
To see his orders done, too, out of hand—
Whether the word was death, or but the chain—
It may seem strange to find his manners bland;
Yet such things are, which I can not explain,
Though doubtless he who can command himself
Is good to govern—almost as a Guelf.

XLVIII.

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,
But never in his real and serious mood;
Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,
He lay coil'd like the boa in the wood;
With him it never was a word and blow,
His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood,
But in his silence there was much to rue,
And his *one* blow left little work for *two*.

XLIX.

He ask'd no further questions, and proceeded
On to the house, but by a private way,(1)
So that the few who met him hardly heeded,
So little they expected him that day;
If love paternal in his bosom pleaded
For Haidée's sake, is more than I can say,
But certainly to one deem'd dead returning,
This revel seem'd a curious mode of mourning.

L.

If all the dead could now return to life,
(Which God forbid!) or some, or a great many,
For instance, if a husband or his wife
(Nuptial examples are as good as any),
No doubt whate'er might be their former strife,
The present weather would be much more rainy—
Tears shed into the grave of the connection
Would share most probably its resurrection.

LI.

He enter'd in the house no more his home,
A thing to human feelings the most trying,
And harder for the heart to overcome,
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dying;
To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb,
And round its once warm precincts palely lying
The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

(1) [The account of Lambro proceeding to the house is poetically imagined; and, in his character may be traced a vivid likeness of Ali Pacha, and happy illustrative allusions to the adventures of that chief. — GALT.]

LII.

He enter'd in the house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home;—and felt,
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome: *there* he long had dwelt,
There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er,
There his worn bosom and keen eye would melt
Over the innocence of that sweet child,
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

LIII.

He was a man of a strange temperament,
Of mild demeanour though of savage mood,
Moderate in all his habits, and content
With temperance in pleasure, as in food,
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant
For something better, if not wholly good;
His country's wrongs and his despair to save her
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

LIV.

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,
The hardness by long habitude produced,
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,
The mercy he had granted oft abused,
The sights he was accustom'd to behold,
The wild seas, and wild men with whom he cruised,
Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
And made him a good friend, but bad acquaintance.

LV.

But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian days;
'T is true he had no ardent love for peace —
Alas! his country show'd no path to praise
Hate to the world and war with every nation
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

LVI.

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd
Its power unconsciously full many a time, —
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours.

LVII.

But whatsoe'er he had of love reposed
On that beloved daughter; she had been
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and seen;
A lonely pure affection unopposed:
There wanted but the loss of this to wean
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
And turn him like the Cyclops (1) mad with blindness. (2)

(1) [MS. — "And make him Samson-like — more fierce with blindness."

(2) [See Pope's Odyssey.]

LVIII.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock;
The ocean when its yeasty war is waging
Is awful to the vessel near the rock;
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
Their fury being spent by its own shock,
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire(1)
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

LIX.

It is a hard although a common case
To find our children running restive — they
In whom our brightest days we would retrace,
Our little selves re-form'd in finer clay,
Just as old age is creeping on apace,
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
But in good company — the gout or stone.

LX.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing
(Provided they don't come in after dinner);(2)
'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring
Her children up (if nursing them don't thin her);

(1) [MS. — "Not so the single, deep, and wordless ire,
Of a strong human heart," &c.]

(2) ["I said, I disliked the custom which some people had of bringing their children into company, because it in a manner forced us to pay foolish compliments to please their parents." — JOHNSON. "You are right, sir; we may be excused for not caring much about other people's children, for there are many who care very little about their own." — *Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 393.]

Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).
A lady with her daughters or her nieces
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

LXI.

Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,
And stood within his hall at eventide;
Meantime the lady and her lover sate
At wassail in their beauty and their pride:
An ivory inlaid table spread with state
Before them, and fair slaves on every side;
Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service mostly,
Mother of pearl and coral the less costly.

LXII.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes;
Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all meats,
And saffron soups, and sweetbreads; and the fishes
Were of the finest that e'er flounced in nets,
Drest to a Sybarite's most pamper'd wishes;
The beverage was various sherbets
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best for use.

LXIII.

These were ranged round, each in its crystal ewer,
And fruits, and date-bread loaves closed the repast,
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,
In small fine China cups, came in at last;

Gold cups of filigree made to secure
The hand from burning underneath them placed,
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were boil'd
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoil'd.

LXIV.

The hangings of the room were tapestry, made
Of velvet panels, each of different hue,
And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid;
And round them ran a yellow border too;
The upper border, richly wrought, display'd,
Embroider'd delicately o'er with blue,
Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,
From poets, or the moralists their betters.

LXV.

These Oriental writings on the wall,
Quite common in those countries, are a kind
Of monitors adapted to recall,
Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to the mind
The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,
And took his kingdom from him: You will find,
Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than Pleasure.

LXVI.

A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,
A genius who has drunk himself to death,
A rake turn'd methodistic, or Eclectic—(1)
(For that 's the name they like to pray beneath) (2)—

(1) [See the Eclectic Review among the "Testimonies of Authors," *ante*, p. 12.]

(2) [MS. —"For that 's the name they like to cant beneath."]

But most, an alderman struck apoplectic,
Are things that really take away the breath,—
And show that late hours, wine, and love are able
To do not much less damage than the table.

LXVII.

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appear'd quite new;
The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet)—
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.(1)

LXVIII.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
Had done their work of splendour; Indian mats
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
Over the floors were spread; gazelles and cats,
And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things, that gain
Their bread as ministers and favourites—(that's
To say, by degradation)—mingled there
As plentiful as in a court, or fair.

LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,

(1) [MS.—"The upholsterer's 'fiat lux' had bade to issue."

Fretted with gold or silver:—by command,
The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.(1)

LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's:
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
With buttons form'd of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

LXXI.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorn'd its only mould;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.(2)

(1) [MS.—"Kept for all comers who might wish to dine."]

(2) This dress is Moorish, and the bracelets and bar are worn in the manner described. The reader will perceive hereafter, that as the mother of Haidée was of Fez, her daughter wore the garb of the country.—["The description of Haidée applies to an Albanian, not a Greek girl."—CALT.]

LXXII.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar above her instep roll'd (1)
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;
Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furl'd
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

LXXIII.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal
Her person (2) if allow'd at large to run,
And still they seem resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

LXXIV.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,

(1) The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sovereign rank in the women of the families of the deys, and is worn as such by their female relatives.

(2) This is no exaggeration: there were four women whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their hair in this profusion; of these, three were English, the other was a Levantine. Their hair was of that length and quantity, that, when let down, it almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a superfluity. Of these, only one had dark hair; the Oriental's had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the four.

And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.(1)

LXXV.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
(It is the country's custom),(2) but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,
And in their native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touch'd with henna; but again
The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

LXXVI.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;
She had no need of this, day ne'er will break
On mountain tops more heavenly white than her:
The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
She was so like a vision; I might err,
But Shakspeare also says 't is very silly
"To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

(1) [—— "But Psyche owns no lord—
She walks a goddess from above;
All saw, all praised her, all adored,
But no one ever dared to love."
Cupid and Psyche, from Apulcius, by Mr. HUDSON GURNEY, 1803.]

(2) ["It was, and still is, the custom to tinge the eyes of the women with an impalpable powder, prepared chiefly from crude antimony. This pigment, when applied to the inner surface of the lids, communicates to the eye a tender and fascinating languor." — HABESCI.]

LXXVII.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baracan, and so transparent
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
Like small stars through the milky way apparent;
His turban, furl'd in many a graceful fold,
An emerald aigrette with Haidée's hair in't
Surmounted, as its clasp, a glowing crescent,
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
Dwarfs, dancing girls, black eunuchs, and a poet,
Which made their new establishment complete;
The last was of great fame, and liked to show it:
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
He being paid to satirise or flatter,
As the psalm says, "inditing a good matter."

LXXIX.

He praised the present, and abused the past,
Reversing the good custom of old days,
An Eastern anti-jacobin at last
He turn'd, preferring pudding to *no* praise—
For some few years his lot had been o'ercast
By his seeming independent in his lays,
But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha
With truth like Southey, and with verse like Crashaw. (1)

(1) [MS. — "Believed like Southey — and perused like Crashaw."]
["Crashaw, the friend of Cowley, was honoured," says Warton, "with

LXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
And always changed as true as any needle;
His polar star being one which rather ranges,
And not the fix'd—he knew the way to wheedle:
So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft avenges;
And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd ill),
He lied with such a fervour of intention—
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pension.

LXXXI.

But he had genius,—when a turncoat has it,
The "Vates irritabilis" takes care
That without notice few full moons shall pass it;
Even good men like to make the public stare:—
But to my subject—let me see—what was it?—
Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—
Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mode
Of living in their insular abode.

LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less
In company a very pleasant fellow,
Had been the favourite of full many a mess
Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow;

---

the praise of Pope; who both read his poems and borrowed from them. Being ejected from his fellowship at Peterhouse for denying the covenant, he turned Roman Catholic, and died canon of the church at Loretto." The following are from Cowley's lines on his death:—

"Angels (they say) brought the famed chapel there;
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air:—
'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way."]

And though his meaning they could rarely guess,
Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow
The glorious meed of popular applause,
Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause.

LXXXIII.

But now being lifted into high society,
And having pick'd up several odds and ends
Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,
He deem'd, being in a lone isle, among friends,
That without any danger of a riot, he
Might for long lying make himself amends;
And singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with truth.

LXXXIV.

He had travell'd 'mongst the Arabs, Turks, and Franks,
And knew the self-loves of the different nations;
And having lived with people of all ranks,
Had something ready upon most occasions—
Which got him a few presents and some thanks.
He varied with some skill his adulations;
To "do at Rome as Romans do," a piece
Of conduct was which he observed in Greece.

LXXXV.

Thus, usually, when he was ask'd to sing,
He gave the different nations something national;
'T was all the same to him—"God save the king,"
Or "*Ça ira*," according to the fashion all:

His muse made increment of any thing,
From the high lyric down to the low rational:
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?

LXXXVI.

In France, for instance, he would write a chanson;
In England a six canto quarto tale;
In Spain, he'd make a ballad or romance on
The last war—much the same in Portugal;
In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on
Would be old Goethe's—(see what says De Staël)
In Italy he'd ape the "Trecentisti;"(1)
In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t'ye:

1.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

2.

The Scian (2) and the Teian muse, (3)
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest." (4)

(1) [The poets of the fourteenth century — Dante, &c.]

(2) [Homer.] (3) [Anacreon.]

(4) The νησοι μακαρων of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd Islands or the Canaries.

3.

The mountains look on Marathon(1) —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

4.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they? (2)

5.

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

(1) [MS. — "Eubœa looks on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea," &c.]

(2) "Deep were the groans of Xerxes, when he saw
This havoc; for his seat, a lofty mound
Commanding the wide sea, o'erlook'd the hosts.
With rueful cries he rent his royal robes,
And through his troops embattled on the shore
Gave signal of retreat; then started wild
And fled disorder'd." — ÆSCHYLUS.

6.

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

7.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

8.

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

9.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

10.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

11.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

13.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.(1)

(1) [MS.—"Which Hercules might deem his own."]

14.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

15.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

16.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die: (1)
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine! (2)

(1) . . . "Γενοιμαν
ἱν' ὑλαεν ἐτεστι ποντου
προβλημ' ἁλικλυστον, ἀκραν
ὑπο πλακα Σουνιου. κ. τ. λ." — SOPH. *Ajax.* v. 1217.

(2) [This glorious Ode on the aspirations of Greece after Liberty is instantly followed up by a strain of cold-blooded ribaldry: and, in this way, all good feelings are excited only to accustom us to their speedy and complete extinction, and we are brought back, from their transient and theatrical exhibition, to the staple and substantial doctrine of the work — the non-existence of constancy in women, or honour in men, and the folly of expecting to meet with any such virtues, or of cultivating them for an undeserving world; — and all this mixed up with so much wit and cleverness,

LXXXVII.

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse:
His strain display'd some feeling — right or wrong;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling;(1) but they are such liars,
And take all colours — like the hands of dyers.

LXXXVIII.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper — even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his.

LXXXIX.

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
In chronological commemoration,

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and knowledge of human nature, as to make it irresistibly pleasant and plausible — while there is not only no antidote supplied, but every thing that might have operated in that way has been anticipated, and presented already in as strong and engaging a form as possible. — JEFFREY.]

(1) [Such confidence has Lord Byron in his own powers, that he reverses the rule of Horace, "*Si vis me flere*," &c., and not only makes us weep without weeping himself, but laughs in our face for doing so. — COLTON.]

Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,
Or graven stone found in a barrack's station
In digging the foundation of a closet,(1)
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

XC.

And glory long has made the sages smile;
'T is something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind:
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle:
The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.(2)

XCI.

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;
A little heavy, but no less divine:
An independent being in his day—
Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine;
But his life falling into Johnson's way,
We're told this great high priest of all the Nine
Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd spouse,
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.(3)

XCII.

All these are, *certes*, entertaining facts,
Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's bribes;
Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts;
Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well describes);

(1) [MS.—"In digging drains for a new water-closet."]
(2) [Published in 1818.]
(3) See Johnson's Life of Milton.

Like Cromwell's pranks;—but although truth exacts
These amiable descriptions from the scribes,
As most essential to their hero's story,
They do not much contribute to his glory.

XCIII.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantisocrasy;"
Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who then
Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy;(1)
Or Coleridge,(2) long before his flighty pen
Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy;(3)
When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).

XCIV.

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
Their loyal treason, renegado rigour,
Are good manure for their more bare biography.
Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
Than any since the birthday of typography;
A drowsy frowzy poem, call'd the "Excursion,"
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

(1) [MS. — "Confined his pedlar poems to democracy."]

(2) [See Mr. Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, 1817.]

(3) [MS. — "Flourish'd its sophistry for aristocracy."]

XCV.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
Between his own and others' intellect;
But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, like
Joanna Southcote's Shiloh,(1) and her sect,
Are things which in this century don't strike
The public mind,—so few are the elect;
And the new births of both their stale virginities
Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities.

XCVI.

But let me to my story: I must own,
If I have any fault, it is digression —
Leaving my people to proceed alone,
While I soliloquize beyond expression;
But these are my addresses from the throne,
Which put off business to the ensuing session:
Forgetting each omission is a loss to
The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call "*longueurs*,"
(We've not so good a *word*, but have the *thing*
In that complete perfection which ensures
An epic from Bob Southey every spring—)

(1) [The followers of this fanatic are said to have amounted, at one time, to a hundred thousand. She announced herself as the mother of a second Shiloh, whose speedy advent she confidently predicted. A cradle of expensive materials was prepared for the expected prodigy. Dr. Reece and another medical man attested her dropsy; and many were her dupes down to the moment of her death, in 1814.]

Form not the true temptation which allures
The reader; but 't would not be hard to bring
Some fine examples of the *epopée*,
To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*. (1)

XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, "Homer sometimes sleeps;"
We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes wakes, —
To show with what complacency he creeps,
With his dear "*Waggoners*," around his lakes. (2)
He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps —
Of ocean? — No, of air; and then he makes
Another outcry for "a little boat,"
And drivels seas to set it well afloat. (3)

XCIX.

If he must fain sweep o'er the etherial plain,
And Pegasus runs restive in his "Waggon,"
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?
Or pray Medea for a single dragon?

(1) [Here follows in the original MS. —

"Time has approved Ennui to be the best
Of friends, and opiate draughts; your love and wine
Which shake so much the human brain and breast,
Must end in languor; — men must sleep like swine:
The happy lover and the welcome guest
Both sink at last into a swoon divine;
Full of deep raptures and of bumpers, they
Are somewhat sick and sorry the next day."]

(2) [Wordsworth's "Benjamin the Waggoner," appeared in 1819.]

(3) "There 's something in a flying horse,
There 's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I 'll never float
Until I have a little boat," &c. — WORDSWORTH's *Peter Bell*.

Or if too classic for his vulgar brain,
He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on,
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

C.

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Waggons!" Oh! ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
That trash of such sort not alone evades
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack Cades
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss—
The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"
Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel!" (1)

CI.

T'our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired;
The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight's sky admired;—
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

CII.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,

(1) "The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten."—Mr. W. Wordsworth's *Preface.*

While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,(1)
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

CIII.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 't is but a pictured image?—strike—
That painting is no idol,—'t is too like.

CIV.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print(2)—that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great
Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

CV.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,

(1) [MS.—"While swung the signal from the sacred tower."]
(2) [MS.—"Are not these pretty stanzas?—some folks say—
Downright in print—"]

To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee! (1)

CVI.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's eye. (2)

CVII.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things (3)—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;

(1) [See Vol. XI. *antè*, p. 261. Count Gamba, talking of religion, says —"The first time I had a conversation with Lord Byron on this subject was at Ravenna, my native country, in 1820, while we were riding on horseback in an extensive solitary wood of pines. The scene invited to religious meditation. It was a fine day in spring. 'How,' he said, 'raising our eyes to heaven, or directing them to the earth, can we doubt of the existence of God?—or how, turning them to what is within us, can we doubt that there is something more noble and more durable than the clay of which we are formed?'"]

(2) ["By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind."
DRYDEN's *Theodore and Honoria.*]

(3) "Ἑσπερε παντα φερεις,
Φερεις οινον—φερεις αιγα,
Φερεις ματερι παιδα."—*Fragment of Sappho.*

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
  Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

CVIII.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
  Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
  Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
  Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns! (1)

CIX.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
  Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
  Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb: (2)
  Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

(1) "Era gia l' ora che volge 'l disio,
  A' naviganti, e 'ntenerisce il cuore;
Lo di eh' han detto a' dolci amici a dio;
  E che lo nuovo peregrin' d' amore
Punge, se ode Squilla di lontano,
  Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore."
DANTE's *Purgatory*, canto viii.

This last line is the first of Gray's Elegy, taken by him without acknowledgment.

(2) See Suetonius for this fact.—["The public joy was so great upon the occasion of his death, that the common people ran up and down with caps

CX.

But I'm digressing; what on earth has Nero,
Or any such like sovereign buffoons,(1)
To do with the transactions of my hero,
More than such madmen's fellow man—the moon's?
Sure my invention must be down at zero,
And I grown one of many "wooden spoons"
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs please
To dub the last of honours in degrees).

CXI.

I feel this tediousness will never do—
'Tis being *too* epic, and I must cut down
(In copying) this long canto into two;
They'll never find it out, unless I own
The fact, excepting some experienced few;
And then as an improvement 'twill be shown:
I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is
From Aristotle *passim*.—See Ποιητικης.

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upon their heads. And yet there were some, who for a long time trimmed up his tomb with spring and summer flowers, and one while placed his image upon his rostra dressed up in state robes, another while published proclamations in his name, as if he was yet alive, and would shortly come to Rome again, with a vengeance to all his enemies."]

(1) [MS. — "But I'm digressing — what on earth have Nero
And Wordsworth — both poetical buffoons," &c.]

END OF THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

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